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A COLLECTION OF POEMS ON Various SUBJECTS.

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A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

THE PREFACE.

SUCH is the Conſtitution of Humane Nature, that all Men, engag'd in any Profeſſion, which requires great Induſtry and Attention, are often oblig'd to break off and interrupt their Application, that by ſome interpoſing Entertainments, agreeable to their Inclinations, they may renew their waſted Spirits, and recover ſufficient Vigour, for the Returns of Employment. Among the Varieties of Diverſions, that by various Perſons are pitch'd upon for this Purpoſe, I for my Part have choſen, in the Pauſes and intervening Spaces of buſy Life, to amuſe my ſelf with Poetical

Performances: Not only Sports and Paſtimes, that affect the Body, are purſu'd to relieve the Satiety of Contemplation, and give a Reſpite to the ſeverer Operations of the Mind, but the Change of one Intellectual Exerciſe to another, eſpecially if the firſt is dry and painful, and the laſt does more engage the lighter Faculties of the Mind, proves an effectual and delightful Recreation.

While in the Reſts and Intervals of an Employment, accompanied with great Care and Labour, I have exercis'd my Imagination on Poetical Themes, my Judgment and Inclination led me to Moral and Divine, or other inſtructive, or at leaſt unhurtful Subjects. Nor did I think that the Benefit ſhould be confin'd to my ſelf, but that by making my *Lucubrations* publick, I ought to extend their Uſefulneſs to others: And I have the Satisfaction to be informed, that I am not wholly diſappointed in that Expectation.

Moſt of the POEMS I have ſent abroad, to which I have ſet my Name, are of greater length, than is acceptable to the Generality of Readers, who have now acquir'd

quir'd too nice a Taſte to reliſh a prolix Work, and are too impatient to undergo the Labour of long Reading, tho' at the ſame time they applaud the Writings of *Virgil* and *Taſſo*, and ſubſcribe liberally to a Tranſlation of one of *Homer*'s Poems in Six Volumes. Short Odes, Epiſtles, and Papers of Verſes, are the moſt agreeable Entertainment of the greateſt Part of thoſe, who are taken with the Charms of Poetry.

I have therefore, to gratify theſe Readers, publiſhed this Collection of Poems, of various length upon various Subjects, and indifferent Kinds of Poetry, which for that Reaſon I hope will meet with a more extenſive Reception, if they are not ſo defective in Merit as not to afford them Entertainment. I acknowledge that here are no Beauties and Embelliſhments agreeable to the general Taſte of the polite World, no facetious Conceits, no immodeſt Turns of Wit, nor obſcene Ideas to gratify a looſe Imagination; nor any ſneering, prophane Expreſſions, that obliquely wound Religion, expoſe Morality, and caſt Contempt upon ſacred Things: And having none of theſe Popular Advan-

tages, I am not vain enough to believe that Performances of this Nature will receive an Univerſal Approbation. In the mean time, I perſuade my ſelf that a great Number of Perſons will not be prejudic'd againſt theſe Writings, for their Want of thoſe Flowers of Eloquence, which pleaſe the *Atheiſt* and the *Libertine*, but ſhock the virtuous and modeſt Reader.

This Collection, which is made up of many ſmall Pieces, except the Poem intitul'd, *The Nature of* MAN, that have been already publiſhed, but without my Name, and a great Number that never came abroad before, is divided into Two Parts. The firſt contains Performances of a Miſcellaneous Nature, Panegyricks, Satyre, Hiſtory, *&c.* The ſecond is compoſed of Poems on Moral and Divine Subjects of great Diverſity. In this degenerate State of Nature, Men have ſo little Taſte of thoſe Spiritual and Divine Ideas, which they find in Moral Diſcourſes, whether written in Proſe or Verſe, that few *Engliſh* Poets, either for want of Acquaintance with Great and Exalted Ideas, or of an Impulſive Divine Prin-

Principle, or becauſe they obſerve in the People ſuch a Deadneſs and Indiſpoſition to all Performances of that ſuperiour Kind, have attempted nothing conſiderable on theſe Subjects. I do not mean in the Allegorical or Epick Way, for that *Spencer*, *Milton* and *Cowley* have done; but in the direct and undiſguis'd Lyrick Manner. It is no wonder that a ſenſual, worldly, and immoral Chriſtian, ſhould look upon Poetical Works of this Species as dry and ungrateful, becauſe they offer to his Taſte Sentiments contrary to his own; and, by ſuggeſting a future State, and a Day of Account, diſturb him in his Opinions and Enjoyments: But that a Disbeliever of all Religion ſhould not be entertained with Poetry on Divine and Chriſtian Themes, as well as on Pagan, while he looks upon the one and the other equally as a Fiction, ſeems unaccountable.

It is evident that Theſe Gentlemen are not prejudiced againſt the Merit of an ancient Poem by the Introduction of Pagan Deities, and the Mixture of Divine and Moral Sentiments, agreeable to the Religious

Syſtems that were then received; yet the Intervention of the Divine Being, and the interſperſing of pious Notions according to the Chriſtian Scheme in our Poetical Works, makes them diſtaſteful, and hinders theſe Perſons from obſerving the other Beauties and Perfections of the Writing, notwithſtanding they profeſs an equal Disbelief of all Religions, and pronounce the Chriſtian as fabulous and groundleſs as the Heathen. What Reaſon can be aſſigned for this Want of Uniformity in their Conduct in reſpect to the preſent Religion of their own Country, and that of the ancient *Greek* and *Roman* Pagans, and how this Abſurdity and Inconſiſtency with themſelves can be accounted for, I cannot conceive, unleſs upon this Foot, that notwithſtanding they declare, that they look upon all Theological Principles as falſe, they however feel ſome Miſgivings and Diſtruſt in their Minds, ariſing from the Leavings of natural Conſcience and the Light of Reaſon not entirely extinguiſhed, leaſt natural and revealed Religion ſhould be true. And this demonſtrates, that they have not ſo full a Satisfaction and Aſſu-

rance,

rance, that the Chriſtian Inſtitution is without any reaſonable Foundation to ſupport it, as they are certain of this, in reſpect to the Pagan Schemes; elſe why ſhould they be ſo diſturbed and offended, when they meet with Chriſtian Notions intermix'd with the poetical Perfomances of their Countrymen, while they are not in the leaſt diſpleaſed with any Poem, upon the Account of the ſtrongeſt Infuſion of the Pagan Religion that can be found in it. But I have ſpoke more fully to this in my *Eſſay upon Epick Poetry*.

Hitherto, as I have ſaid, but few of the Wits of this Kingdom, which abounds in Genius and Poetical Inſpiration above any Nation upon Earth, have not thought fit to exerciſe their Pens expreſly and directly in Cultivating Divine and Moral Poetry, but only as I have ſaid in an allegorical and diſguiſing Dreſs. Some Perſons of great Virtue and Piety have attempted it, but theſe having neither poetical Genius nor Judgment, neither a fertile Imagination nor any Knowledge of the Rules and Spirit of Poetry, have

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only writ indifferent Proſe in the pooreſt Verſe. And tho' they juſtly deſerve the Honour of Good Men, they muſt be contented with the Character of bad Poets. This I think is a juſt Cenſure on the greateſt Part of thoſe who have written Religious Books in *Engliſh* Verſe; but I except from this Number the Ingenious Mr. *Watts*, whoſe Divine Poetry is very Laudable, and much Superior to All that have gone before him, in the Lyrick Kind.

Tho' Divine Subjects are moſt Elevated and Excellent in their Nature, and of the higheſt Conſequence to Mankind, yet they meet with ſuch Diſguſt and Oppoſition from ſenſual Habits and vicious Inclinations in the Minds of Men, that Poems of this Nature muſt be wrought up to greater Degrees of Perfection, than others, to make them agreeable and entertaining to the greateſt Part of Readers. To pleaſe a depraved Stomach, that nauſeates plain and wholeſome Foods, it is neceſſary to add the Seaſonings of rich and exquiſite Sauces, to improve Their Taſte,

Taſte, and recommend Them to the ſickly Appetite. For the ſame Reaſon it is required that thoſe poetical Productions, that are intended to furniſh the Mind with ſublime Ideas of Religion and Vertue, and inſpire the Heart with devout and generous Paſſions, ought above others to be accompanied with all the Force of Imagination, the greateſt Strength of Reaſon, and the brighteſt Ornaments of poetical Eloquence, that the diſtemper'd Fancies of the People may be ſo far gratified, as to receive the Impreſſions of the ſolid and inſtructive Sentiments. And here indeed lies the great Difficulty on the Writer, for Moral and Divine Subjects will hardly admit the beautiful Images and Deſcriptions, the ſurprizing and agreeable Metaphors, and other ſplendid Figures of Diction, which may eaſily enrich and enliven other Subjects of Poetry: I have therefore, as far as my Talent extends, endeavoured that the Moral and Divine Pieces in this Collection, ſhould not want thoſe Advantages that may make them entertaining, in order to their being uſeful.

It has been objected to me, that I have already writ too much, and therefore ſhould now ſpare the Preſs: To which I anſwer, that I am unacquainted with the Definition of *Too Much*. Without doubt, all Exceſs is culpable; but it is not poſſible to give a right Idea of it, without aſſigning the juſt Bounds that are tranſgreſſed, when any thing becomes exceſſive: The ſhorteſt Work ill writ is long, and the longeſt well writ is ſhort, at leaſt not tedious. Variety of Themes and Newneſs of Sentiments, accompanied with the equal Life and Energy, will never ſuffer a Performance to be too prolix. Had the *Spectators*, tho' already Voluminous, been continued till this Time on freſh Subjects, and with the ſame Spirit, I am ſatisfied, They would ſtill have been highly Entertaining, and therefore not thought Too Many. I never heard this Objection made to *Spencer*, or to Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, whoſe Works are very Extenſive, much leſs to *Virgil*, or *Cicero*, among the *Latins*; or to *Homer*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Pindar* and other endleſs Writers, among the *Greeks*.

'Tis

'Tis not therefore the Quantity but the Quality of any Productions of the Pen, that make them long: And then an Author may be juſtly cenſur'd for writing Too Much, when he can no longer entertain and inſtruct; and I have no Need of any Admonition from particular Readers upon this Subject, for when this happens to be my Fate, I am well aſſured I ſhall receive a true and timely Notice of it from my Bookſeller.

In ſuch a Time as this, when ſo many Champions are engaged in carrying on Controverſies of great Importance, and the divided People, with great Vehemence and Party-Zeal, intereſt themſelves in the Debate, and cry up the Superior Strength of their reſpective Leaders; while almoſt every Book, that iſſues from the Preſs, carries an Air of Challenge and Defiance, and declares for or againſt ſome litigated Opinions in Politicks or Theology; in ſuch a Time, I ſay, I am the more ſatisfied to let theſe *Poems* go abroad; for perhaps, if they are received and read, they may in ſome Degree ſooth the Inquietude, and

ſof-

ſoften that Eagerneſs and Aſperity of Temper, which naturally ariſes from the ſharp Engagements of Polemical Writers; at leaſt it may not ſeem unſeaſonable to put into the Hands of the People other uſeful Entertainments, that may promote the Exerciſe of Piety and Moral Vertues, and ſometimes interrupt their Application to publick Controverſies, which, tho' they are allowed as neceſſary for diſcovering and ſettling very material Principles, ſhould not however engroſs the Attention of the People.

What I have aſſerted of Religion in general, and a Future State, as well in this as any other of my former Pieces, abſtracting from all worldly Views whatſoever, I declare it to be the Language of my Heart, and the Sentiments of my inmoſt Soul; and if this Declaration ſhould make me Ten Thouſand Enemies, their Diſpleaſure would by no Means diſturb me; and more, the Gentlemen of Irreligious Principles cannot make me a greater Complement, than to ſhew their Diſſatisfaction with my Writings. I ſhould take it unkindly, and look

look upon it as a Neglect, if they did not ſhew themſelves angry upon this Account; For ſhould they expreſs no Reſentment, it would make me fear that I had not touched or diſturbed them, which was really in my Intention, and that my Writings have been ſo far Ineffectual for the Ends I deſigned them. Should I have diſpleaſed no Body, and made no Adverſaries, I ſhould ſuſpect my ſelf of not having well diſcharged my Duty, and ſhould grow uneaſy under Apprehenſions of a guilty Conduct. I am far from being mightily attached to a Party or any particular Sect; but I am not unwilling to be looked on as a Bigot in Chriſtianity in general. I have, from my Youth, embraced that Syſtem; and in riper Years I have, as far as I could, diveſted my ſelf, from the Prejudices and Præ-Occupations of Education, and with ſincere and impartial Application, entered upon an Examination of the Chriſtian Syſtem, and after long and mature Conſideration, eſtabliſhed my Notions about it.

I have expreſs'd my ſelf in this warm Manner, that the *Reader* may be induced

to

to believe that I am in earneſt, and that in the *Divine Poems*, which he will find in this Book, I do not only deſign to entertain his Imagination, as far as I am capable, with the Beauties of Poetry, but likewiſe to produce in the Mind generous Paſſions, and worthy Reſolutions.

ERRATA.

PAge 6. Line 14. dele *the*. p. 38. l. 6. read *thy*. p. 64. l. 2. r. *Heſperia's Sea*. p. 108. l. 16. r. *Native Fire*. p. 112. l. 15. r. *as Lothe*, p. 139. l. 15. r. *to be kind*. p. 153, l. 6. inſtead of *Flame*, r. *Fame*. p. 157. l. 1. inſtead of *Gomer*, r. *Gomez*. p. 158. l. 2. r. *Gomez*. p. 159. l. 3. r. *Gomez*. p. 165. l. 11. r. *Spleen*. p. 174. l. 11. r. *ly under*. p. 193. l. 1. r. *When Fancy*. p. 229. l. 4. r. *Heroick Fame*. p. 230. l. 2. r. *cloud their Senſes*. p 341. l. 4. r. *ſhe mourns*. p. 381. l. 9. r. *Spiritful*, p. 409. l. 14. r. *praiſe*. p. 429. l. 15. r. *and like the Jews*.

ADVICE
TO THE
POETS.
A
POEM

Occaſioned by the

Wonderful Succeſs of Her Majeſty's Arms, under the Conduct of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH in *Flanders*.

Printed in the Year 1706.

A POEM

Occasioned by the

Wonderful Success of Her Ma-
jesty's Arms, under the Conduct of the
Duke of MARLBOUGH in Flanders.

Printed in the Year 1706.

ADVICE
TO THE
POETS.

O, let the Conqueror ſtop his ſwift Career,
A while the Foe, a while the Poet ſpare:
What Muſe can follow with an equal Pace
Thro' the bright Stages of his rapid Race?
He, like the Orbs of Light that roll above,
Does in his glorious Courſe ſo ſwiftly move,

His Conqueſts are ſo ſuddain, ſo compleat,
And the fierce Foe his Arms ſo oft defeat,
The Muſe exhauſted pants and hangs the Wing,
Nor has more Strength to riſe, nor Breath to ſing.
He Danger ſeeks, he asks unequal Fight,
And conquers faſter than our Bards can write;
So thick Illuſtrious Vict'ries on them throng,
That half his Triumphs muſt be left unſung.

To ſink the Proud, and ſuff'ring Nations ſave,
To curb the Tyrant and releaſe the Slave,
Two Winters paſt, at *Anna*'s high Command,
The Chief prepar'd to leave *Britannia*'s Land.
He ſhone in Arms, and to the Great Campaign,
Flew, like a threatning Tempeſt, croſs the Main;
He lands, and at their great Aſſerter's Sight,
Fair Liberty rejoyc'd and publick Right.
The Hero march'd, and on the *Danube*'s Tide
He chang'd the Ballance to *Germania*'s Side,
And terrible chaſtis'd the *Gaul*'s aſpiring Pride.

By

By *Marlbro*'s Sword upheld, the wondring Flood
Was, like *Egyptian* Rivers, turn'd to Blood;
Danubius ſwoln with Spoils of Foreign Lands,
Dead Steeds and Warriors rolling o'er his Sands,
Flow'd on, *Britannia*'s Triumphs to convey
To *Eaſtern* Empires and the *Euxine* Sea.
The *Helleſpont* and high *Byzantia*'s Tow'rs
Shook with the Thunder of the *Britiſh* Pow'rs:
The num'rous Nations of the ſpacious Eaſt
Struck with Amazement ſtood, while from the Weſt
They ſaw ſo bright a Luminary riſe,
And with his rival Beams adorn their Skies.

The Muſe forſaking fair *Britannia*'s *Thames*
Attends the Chief to *Danaw*'s diſtant Streams.
She paſs'd the *German* Sea and *Belgia*'s Soil,
To ſing Immortal Deeds and *Blenheim*'s Glorious Toil:
Now high *Auguſta*, now *Britannia* rung,
With Lyrick Numbers and Heroick Song,
While *Albion*'s Youth, in tuneful Lays unvers'd
Nor yet refin'd, with grateful Zeal rehears'd

Great *Marlbro*'s Wars, and by an early Bloom
Promis'd ripe Numbers and great Men to come;
Adulter Poets all their Riches drain'd,
Rais'd high their Voices and their Sinews ſtrain'd,
And laviſh of their Force, at vaſt Expence
Of generous Fire and Maſter Eloquence,
In Strains ſublime attempted to diſplay
The Martial Toil of *Hochſted*'s wondrous Day;
Which, as unhappy, *Albion*'s Iſle regards
To *Gallick* Warriors and to *Britiſh* Bards;
Thoſe, by contending *Marlbro*' to repel,
And Theſe, by ſinging his Atchievements, fell;
For *Blenheim* was a Theme too bright, too ſtrong,
For *Maro*'s Rapture, or the ~~the~~ *Grecian* Song;
In this Effort we did our Stock exhauſt,
Spent all our Genius, and our Vigour loſt.
Say, ye uncautious Sons of Eloquence,
Waſtful of Wit; and prodigal of Senſe,
Could you believe the *Britiſh* Hero's Sword
Would no more Triumphs, no more Themes afford?

That

That here the Chief's Victorious Course would ceaſe,
That you and *Gallia* might indulge your Eaſe?
That Judgment had been right, had *Marlbro'* fought
For meer Renown, and only Laurels ſought;
For, one brave Toil, like that of *Blenheim*'s Field,
To which the Twelve *Herculean* Labours yield,
Conſummate Vertue to the World diſplays;
We own the Hero, and we ſing his Praiſe.
Had therefore low Deſigns, had Wealth and Fame,
Or mean Ambition kindled *Marlbro*'s Flame,
Like vulgar Warriors, had the Chief with Care
And Caution play'd the doubtful Game of War,
After the wondrous Deeds at *Blenheim* done,
Where all, that Thirſt of Glory ſeeks, was won,
The Hero had reſign'd his high Command,
And roſe from Combate with a winning Hand:
He had retir'd with envy'd Laurels crown'd,
And a delightful Seat on *Iſis* found;
There liv'd from publick Labour free, and far
From Fields of Slaughter, and rude Shocks of War

But 'tis his Country's, 'tis *Europa's* Cauſe,
That to the Camp the mighty *Briton* draws:
Divine Compaſſion to oppreſs'd Mankind,
Like that which dwells in *Anna's* generous Mind,
To lead her Armies forth the Hero's Heart inclin'd.
Fair Liberty, and Right, and antient Laws,
And *Anna's*, which is Humane Nature's Cauſe,
Invite the Chief his Labours to repeat,
And thy Redemption, *Europe*, to compleat.

He yields — he undertakes the pious Toil,
And with the Trophies, with Illuſtrious Spoil,
And Laurels ſprung from *Danaw's* Banks adorn'd,
His rapid Courſe of Glory back he turn'd.
Bleſs'd by the num'rous States to Peace reſtor'd,
And Princes reſcu'd by his conqu'ring Sword,
The great Deliv'rer marches to the *Rhine*,
To break his Chains, and drive encroaching *Sein*.
'Tis done ---- the *Sein's* ambitious Waves ſubſide,
Reluctant roar, and backward roll their Tide.

Oh!

Oh! had not Envy, had not Diſcord reign'd,
And the ſwift Progreſs of his Arms reſtain'd,
The next Campaign had equal Wonders ſhown,
And Triumphs giv'n, like thoſe at *Blenheim* won;
But that which follow'd, on the Chief confers
Vict'ries poſtpon'd, and Glory's full Arrears.

The Solar Orb did from the South retreat,
And thro' the Air diffuſe reviving Heat,
Solace the Soil, exhilerate the Swain,
And Nature looſe from Winter's Chryſtal Chain,
When the Great Chief, at *Anna*'s high Command,
Return'd to chear *Batavia*'s joyful Land:
Dreadful in Arms he march'd to *Brabant*'s Coaſt,
And Terror ſtruck thro' *Gallia*'s ſhuddring Hoſt,
Whoſe Cohorts o'er the Ground, like Locuſts, ſpread,
Each Herb devour'd, and crop'd each verdant Head.
The Vet'ran Troops inur'd to Blood advance,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*,

The Squadrons reach'd thy frighted Fords, *Mehaigne*,
And cover'd all *Ramillia*'s ſpacious Plain.
Here their Brigades, their Ranks embattled cloſe,
Determin'd to withſtand th' advancing Foes,
The *Briton* ſaw — tranſported with the Sight,
And bravely eager of deciſive Fight,
He ſwiftly forward march'd, but march'd in Pain,
Leſt proffer'd War the *Gaul* ſhould not ſuſtain;
But to elude his Fury ſhould retreat,
The only way the Hero to defeat.
He drew — he brandiſh'd his victorious Sword,
Blenheim, remember *Blenheim*, was the Word.
That magick Sound the Cohorts did inſpire,
Their Courage rous'd, and ſet their Veins on Fire.
With *Blenheim* ring the Hills and Vales around,
Lovania's trembling Tow'rs reverberate the Sound.

Unguided Muſe, ſay whether doſt thou ſtray,
In *Marlbro*'s rapid Vortex caught away,
In the bright Eddy loſt, and blind with too much (Day?
Stop

Stop thy ambitious Flight, and modeſt yield
Thy Force unequal to *Ramillia*'s Field;
For thee the Theme is too ſublime and bright,
Thou art not us'd to climb ſo ſteep a Height,
Nor can'ſt thou bear this Blaze, this Streſs of Light.
Can'ſt thou, to Heav'n ſecure from ſinking riſe,
And ſoar with Strength amidſt ſuperior Skies?
Can'ſt thou ſupported with a vig'rous Wing,
To lift'ning Orbs around *Ramillia* ſing,
And make thro' ecchoing Spheres great *Marlbro*'s (Actions ring?
Haſt thou of noble Words a Stock immenſe,
And Stores of rich ineſtimable Senſe,
To furniſh all the Pow'r and Pomp of Eloquence?
Warm Fancy and cool Judgment can'ſt thou ſhow,
Make Numbers charm, and Words like Colours glow?
Then take the Lyre, and in a lofty Strain
Sing *Marlbro*'s Triumphs, ſing *Ramillia*'s Plain.
But unprepar'd make not ſo raſh a Choice;
How ſluggiſh is thy Wing? How weak thy Voice?

Pro-

Proportion'd Strength, Invention, Numbers, Skill,
All Things to thee are wanting, but a Will.
Be then advis'd, the ſtrong Temptation fly,
Nor vain, on thy unequal Strength rely;
For this Attempt more unprovided far,
Than *German* Circles, when engag'd in War.

But ſince the Bards, whoſe Laurels ſpring and (thrive
By *Malbro'*, ſhou'd to *Marlbro'* Tribute give;
Shou'd to remoteſt Realms, their Envoy Fame
Diſpatch, their Hero's Triumphs to proclaim;
Since *Cam* and *Ouze*, which from the *Gaul*'s Alarms
And thine, O *Rome*, ſav'd by the *Briton*'s Arms,
Soft Peace enjoy, and gently murmuring flow,
Should tell the World what they to *Marlbro'* owe,
And ſince, ſuperior in the Field, 'tis fit
We ſhould aſſert the Empire too of Wit,
And make the haughty *Gaul* in both ſubmit:
To ſing *Ramillia*'s Field, ye Bards, awake;
The tuneful Lyre, let none but Maſters take.

Ye

Ye Mercenary Wits, who rhime for Bread,
Ye unfledg'd Muſes, this high Subject dread.
Let not th' Inferior Race, who can indite
A pretty Prologue, or a Sonnet write,
Tho' none ſo forward, none ſo bold as they,
Make on this Theme an impotent Eſſay.
All who can raiſe a Shed, muſt not preſume
To frame a Palace, or erect a Dome.
No more let *Milton*'s Imitator dare
Torture our Language to torment the Ear,
With Numbers harſher than the Din of War;
Let him no more his horrid Muſe employ
In uncouth Strains, pure *Engliſh* to deſtroy,
And from its Ruins yell his hideous Joy.
Away ye Trifiers, who all Rule diſdain,
Who in *Pindarick* ſing *Philander*'s Pain,
And Camps and Arms in *Paſtor Fido*'s Strain.
Hence vain Pretenders to the Song ſublime,
Turners of Verſe, and Finiſhers of Rhime,

Who

Who think with Fame Immortal you are crown'd
By flowing Numbers and harmonious Sound,
That wanting Fire and mindleſs of Deſign,
Ply hard the Pump, and labour every Line,
To make, like empty Clouds, your Diction ſhine:
So many Maſters of this tuneful Skill,
With their melodious Songs the Kingdom fill,
That to compleat poetick Eloquence,
Nothing's demanded, but Deſign and Senſe.

Yet of the few, who can with Judgment praiſe,
And ſing great Actions in becoming Lays,
Let none, betray'd by generous Thirſt of Fame,
Adventure ſingly on this mighty Theme,
Leſt cruſh'd beneath th' unſufferable Weight,
He curſe th' ambitious Flame that caus'd his Fate,
And learn his Error in his Fall too late.
Let various Maſter Bards their Force unite,
And with Confed'rate Art a Song indite;

The Muſes richeſt Treaſures let them drain,
Laviſh their Genius, and exhauſt their Vein;
Let them this gen'rous Reſolution own,
That they are pleas'd and proud to be undone,
While they adorn with all the Muſes Charms,
Bright *Anna*'s Empire, and brave *Churchill*'s Arms.
Tho' any one unvulgar Bard might raiſe
The *Briton*'s Triumphs in ſuperior Lays
To my unfiniſh'd Lines and crude Eſſays;
Yet a diſtinguiſh'd and conſummate Piece
Excelling that of *Mantua*, that of *Greece*,
A wond'rous unexampled Epick Song,
Where all is Juſt, and Beautiful, and Strong,
Worthy of *Anna*'s Arms and *Marlbro*'s Fire,
Does all our Bards aſſociate Strength require.

The Poets, who aſſume this noble Theme,
Muſt have their Hero's Heat, their Hero's Flegme
They muſt have Judgment to direct their Flight,
Be never low, and never out of Sight.

Calm

Calm they muſt be, and yet with equal Grace
Enthuſiaſtick in a proper Place.
Then *Offel* for diſtinguiſh'd Lays renown'd,
And *Melden* with repeated Laurels crown'd;
Harmonious *Shafton*, of ſuperior Name,
Mola and *Corbel* of eſtabliſh'd Fame,
And tuneful *Hugens*, all great Sons of Art,
For this high Task your utmoſt Strength exert;
Let each his Genius know, each take his proper Part.

Let *Remus* and *Mocuto* joyn'd preſide,
Correct your Labours, and your Progreſs guide:
One is with all politer Science grac'd,
Of Thoughts refin'd, and delicate of Taſte;
All to his Judgment as deciſive fly,
And by that Standard, all their Labours try:
And one, like *Rome*'s Immortal *Angelo*,
Does rich and univerſal Genius ſhow:
This Maſter, this Poetick Architect,
Can ſtately Domes and Palaces erect.

The Painter too, and Sculptor in his Turn,
He can the Building, which he rears, adorn.
Let theſe ſuſtain the chief Surveyor's Care:
By theſe directed can the Poets err?
The Age in Taſte, grown curious to a Vice,
(O that it were as Delicate as Nice!)
And all contending Parties will ſubmit
To ſuch a ſoveraign Court of Senſe and Wit:
Let thoſe employ'd the Edifice to raiſe,
Chuſe ſome fam'd Hero worthy of their Praiſe;
Whoſe conquering Arms in *Albion*'s Annals ſhine,
And let the Action ſuit the great Deſign.

Ye Bards, let all the noble Scheme be wrought
With Art and Care, and deep deliberate Thought.
Before the Baſis of the Work you lay,
The ancient Plans of *Greece* and *Rome* ſurvey:
The *Iliad* and the *Æneid* well inſpect,
All that is juſt, and bright, and great, ſelect;
You know their Errors, thoſe you will correct;

With due Connexion let the Parts cohere,
Lean on each other, and each other bear:
Let Order, Rule and Symetry proclaim
The artful Wonders of the happy Frame.
Believe no Coſt too great, but every where
Let Plenty, Wealth, Magnificence appear.
A Plan ſo firm, ſo beautiful contrive,
As may the Critick mock, and Time ſurvive:
A nobler Subject will your Care employ,
Than *Latian* Conqueſts, or the Wars of *Troy*.
Let the ſtupend'ous everlaſting Pile,
Worthy of *Anna*'s Name and *Marlbro*'s Toil,
The Glory of *Ramilla*'s Field ſuſtain,
Longer than *Woodſtock*'s Tow'rs can that of *Blenheim*'s (Plain

Be you, appointed to adorn the Song,
Daring with Care, with Delicacy ſtrong.
Let *Mantuan* Judgment and *Horatian* Words,
The generous Fire which tuneful *Greece* affords,

And

And all the Beauties that in *Spencer* ſhine,
To form your Diction's Dignity combine.
Join to the pureſt Words and ſtrength of Senſe,
The utmoſt Pride and Force of Eloquence;
And all the bold and happy Images,
Which by their maſter-ſtrokes amaze and pleaſe.
Let Epiſodes, contriv'd with Art, ſurprize,
Which from the Subject unconſtrain'd ariſe;
Like Walks and Gardens raviſhing to ſight,
And Pleaſure Houſes, let 'em give Delight.
In your Machines you will no Gods employ,
Who by the Poet liſted fought at *Troy*.
The Pagan Gods become a Pagan Scheme,
But will they too adorn a Chriſtian Theme?
Can you Concern or Admiration move,
By introducing *Pallas*, *Mars*, or *Jove*?
No more than *Indian* Pagods, *Jove* we fear,
And *Mars* no more than *Mahomet* revere;

Yet ſhould you theſe employ to grace your Plan,
You may the *Indian* pleaſe, or *Muſſelman*;
The Chriſtian, who reflects, you never can.

When you the *Briton*'s Character purſue,
Deſign *Æneas* and *Achil[illegible]*o,
Elſe you but half the Hero ſet in view.
Let him in Steel, bright as *Achilles*, ſhine;
Give him his God-like Port, his Arms Divine.
So let his Mien and martial Charms ſurprize,
Let ſuch a Flame irradiate his Eyes;
Make him to Fight, like that brave *Greek*, advance;
So wave his Sword, ſo graſp his trembling Lance:
With ſuch an Ardour and intrepid Air
To Danger fly, and plunge amidſt the War.
Make him augment the *Dyle* with hoſtile Blood,
As the *Greek* Hero dy'd *Scamander*'s Flood.
Then *Marlbro'* draw; (for Poets too can paint,
And never Lights, or Shades, or Colours want)

And give his Picture when engag'd in Fight,
Let him with glorious Slaughter ſmear'd affright,
And pleaſe at once with terrible Delight.

But by the fam'd *Achilles*, Poets, know
The *Briton*'s Courage you imperfect ſhow;
Fierce is the *Greek*, and rugged as the Age,
And next to brutal is his martial Rage.
Churchill is brave, ſerene, unſtain'd with Pride,
And to angelick Warriors more ally'd.
If you would Juſtice to the Hero do,
In a true Light would you his Valour ſhew;
Delineate Fury mix'd with god-like Grace,
And Indignation in a Seraph's Face.
Deſcribe the Leader of the Guards above,
Tell how he charg'd, how he in Battel ſtrove,
And o'er the Plains of Heav'n the vanquiſh'd Rebels drove

Then let the Hero's Character be crown'd,
With all the Vertues in *Æneas* found.

Give him his pious Mind, his generous Heart,
Leave out his boaſtful and ungallant Part,
In *Marlbro'* none can theſe Defects aſſert.
Did the good *Trojan* bear his aged Sire,
On his ſtrong Shoulders from the raging Fire;
Marlbro' on his, ſuſtains a nobler Weight,
His Kindred's, Country's, and *Europa*'s Fate.
The Heads by me ſuggeſted to your Muſe,
And thoſe that you with more Succeſs ſhall chuſe,
As Epick Laws demand, ſhould be expreſs'd
In proper Types, and in Alluſion dreſs'd:
You'll thus the Soul with greater Pleaſure ſtrike,
By ſide Advances and by Views oblique:

Tell how the Prince, who to retrieve his Fame,
From *Boian* Fields to *Belgia*'s Region came,
To make the *Dole* and fair *Ramillia* clear
The *Danube*'s Debt, and *Blenheim*'s vaſt Arrear;
Eager of Conqueſt to the Battel flies,
Revenge and Fury flaſhing in his Eyes.

As

As when a Panther has, with generous Pride,
His Strength in Combat with the Lion try'd,
And quickly vanquiſh'd by ſuperior Might,
Sore maim'd and wounded, ſav'd himſelf by Flight,
If when grown whole he meets the mighty Foe,
His Hair's erected and his Eye-Balls glow:
Fierce he extends his Paws, then threatning ſtands,
And with revengeful Looks new War demands.
He recollects, to animate his Flame,
His painful Wounds, and yet more painful Shame;
In Combat then once more his Fortune tries,
And for Repair to greater Ruin flies.
The *Boian* ſo — Ye Bards, forgive me, you
A nobler Image of that Prince will ſhew.

Tell how the *Gallick* General was diſtreſs'd,
What Grief, what vaſt Diſturbance fill'd his Breaſt,
When firſt he ſaw the plying Cohorts yield,
And to th' advancing *Briton* quit the Field.

Tell how amidſt the trembling Troops he flies,
With Tears and Fury mingled in his Eyes.
How to prevent their Flight and his Defeat,
He ſome did menace, and did ſome intreat:
How he exclaim'd aloud amidſt the Hoſt,
Oh *Gallia!* have thy Sons their Courage loſt?
By *Gallia*'s Safety, and your Monarch's Name,
By your paſt Deeds and military Fame,
Return — Be for your Lives and Honour brave,
Your King, your Country, and your Altars ſave.
In vain — The *Franks* unable to ſuſtain
Unequal Fight, forſook the fatal Plain.

Tell the Diſtraction, tell the dreadful Cry
Of *Gallia*'s pale Battalions, while they fly.
Deſcribe their haughty Leader's troubled Air,
Born down th' impetuous Tide of refluent War.
But firſt to form this Image ſtrong and true,
In *Raphael*'s famous Piece *Maxentius* view,
Whom a great *Briton* did, like This, purſue.

Obſerve

Obſerve him plung'd in *Tyber*'s rapid Tide,
Remark his ſullen Rage, and melancholy Pride;
His vaſt Amazement, Anguiſh, Horror, Care,
And Indignation finiſh'd by Deſpair.
See how he frowns, like a black Tempeſt driv'n
By warring Winds thro' the blue Chace of Heav'n.
Of *Villroy* in his Flight this Picture give,
In his wild Looks let all theſe Paſſions ſtrive;
Let *Marlbro'* on his Rear conſpicuous ſhine,
Make him advance like *Raphael*'s *Conſtantine*:
Give him his Ardour and Majeſtick Grace,
And all the martial Beauties of his Face;
Give him a noble, unaffected Mien,
Sedate in Triumph, as in Fight ſerene.
Give him the Conqueror's and the Judge's Air,
Oblig'd to puniſh, tho' inclin'd to ſpare.
So the deſtroying Angels look'd, who came
To caſt on *Sodom*'s Tow'rs deſtructive Flame:
Reluctant they their fatal Arms employ,
With Pity touch'd, and backward to deſtroy:

They

They would have ſpar'd, they would have Mercy ſhown.
Had not her Crimes to full Perfection grown,
Extorted Wrath, and pull'd Deſtruction down.

Since I the mighty *Conſtantine* have nam'd,
Renown'd in Arms, for Moderation fam'd,
A Chriſtian Hero, and a *Briton* born,
Why may not he, ye Bards, the Song adorn?
May not this Warrior be your noble Theme,
A proper Hero for your Epick Scheme?
In this illuſtrious Leader, may not you
Brave *Marlbro*'s Picture with Applauſe purſue?
The Piety and Love to Human Kind,
Which fill'd, great *Conſtantine*, thy generous Mind,
Are the ſame Vertues we in *Marlbro'* find.
Did not thy States and Subject Realms, O *Rome*,
From *Conſtantine*'s fam'd Arms expect their Doom?
Like vaſt Events on *Marlbro*'s Progreſs wait,
Whoſe Sword, *Europa*, will decide thy Fate.

In this, 'tis true, the Heroes different are,
One gain'd an Empire by ſucceſsful War;
One greater Glory wins, who by his Sword
Reduces Countries for their rightful Lord.

In ſome fit Place, which you know beſt to chuſe,
Deſcribe a Traveller, who in *Paris* views
The Street, in which the *Gaul*'s proud Statue ſtands,
And Veneration from the Crowd demands.
Let the diſdainful Stranger point and ſay,
How ſwift, amazing Change! is thy Decay?
The ſtrong Foundations, which thy Pride ſuſtain,
Break with the Thunder of *Ramillia*'s Plain.
The Tow'rs around thee tremble at th' Alarms
Of *Anna*'s Anger, and her General's Arms.
The *Briton*'s blaſting Flame thy Head invades,
Thy Laurels wither, and thy Glory fades;
This impious Scene of Pride muſt change its Name,
No more the Place of Vict'ry, but of Shame.

See, the reſiſtleſs *Briton*'s Troops advance,
Europe's Deliv'rer, and the Scourge of *France*:
He'll of its Honours ſtrip thy haughty Head,
And on thy ruin'd Glory ſcornful tread:
The States and Cities, which in Fetters bound
At thy triumphant Feet here lie around,
Th' immortal Foe of Tyrants ſhall releaſe,
Unchain thy Slaves, and give *Europa* Peace.

You the Narration will ſo well diſpoſe,
That all the great Campaign you may diſcloſe;
Tell all the Wonders done on *Belgia*'s Plain,
The Countries conquer'd, and the Numbers ſlain,
In the ſhort Compaſs of one Lunar Year;
Superior Orbs run ſwifter their Career.
In a few Days ſuch Actions are atchiev'd,
As will with Pain hereafter be believ'd.
One Month ſo full of Miracles contains,
The mighty Deeds of many great Campaigns;

While *Churchill*'s ſwift illuſtrious Steps out-ſhine
Thy Progreſs, *Cæſar*, and *Adolphus*, Thine.
So thick, ſo great, the confluent Triumphs come,
Confin'd and crowded in ſuch narrow room,
That theſe bright Weeks redundant Fame beſtow,
And with high Tides of Glory over-flow.

If you in Hangings or in Painting ſhew,
For that an Epick Song may fitly do,
What Tow'rs, what Lands, what ſtately Cities yield,
To crown the Labour of *Ramillia*'s Field;
Let her high Gates *Lovania* open lay,
Receive the Conqueror, and Protection pray.
Then to *Bruſſella* let his Arms advance,
Driving along the frighted Herds of *France*.
Pour'd from the Gates of fair *Brabantia*'s Head,
Of reſcu'd Captives let a Deluge ſpread;
Let them in joyful Throngs the *Briton* meet,
Bleſs their Deliv'rer, and embrace his Feet;

Whoſe

Whose Sword releas'd by one amazing Stroke,
Their Feet from *Gallia*'s Chains, their Necks fro
(*Gallia*'s Yo

Describe him entring high *Brussella*'s Gate,
Mid'st loud Applauses in Triumphal State,
Express his Godlike, unelated Air:
(Who so can Conquer, who so Conquest bear?)
Th' Illustrious Vertues which in *Marlbro'* shone,
As once the Glory that did *Moses* crown,
Dazzled the Crowd, but were to him unknown
Let all the eager *Belgians* throng to see
The mighty Chief that set their Nation free,
The Fence of *Europe*'s Rights, the Prop of Liberty
Let Princes, Lords and Counsellors of State,
Augment the Pomp, and on the Triumph wait;
Let 'em deliver to the Conqueror's Hand
Their Keys, and all their Ensigns of Comman

Shew all the Ways of fair *Brabantia*'s Soil,
With Travellers throng'd, and smoaking with
(T

Of Prelates, Princes, Magiſtrates Supream,
Great Soveraign States, and Lords of mighty Name:
Let ſome from fair *Mechlina*'s Tow'rs, and ſome
Pour'd from the Gates of fam'd *Antwerpia* come.
Be theſe from *Bruges*, thoſe from ſpacious *Ghent*,
From *Oud'nard* part, and part from *Lier* ſent.
From every Region let a num'rous Train
Fill every Road, and cover every Plain.
Panting in Clouds of Duſt and bath'd in Sweat,
Let 'em advance to high *Bruſſella*'s Gate;
In grateful Accents there the Hero greet,
And throw themſelves obedient at his Feet.
Let 'em his Favour and his Aid implore,
And to be ſafe, reſign to him their Pow'r.
Thus *Marlbro*'s Arms excel ev'n *Cæſar*'s Fame,
Conqu'ring e'er yet he ſaw, e'er yet he came.
You in your Plan will leave capacious Room
For promis'd Triumphs, and great Deeds to come:
What a luxuriant Harveſt of Renown,
What full ripe Glory will the Autumn crown,

Since

Since early Seeds ſo thick, ſo ripe appear,
That Fame a nobler Bloom did never wear,
Nor pregnant Time Events of more Importance bear.

While I ſo near, ſo long the Hero view,
And Hints ſuggeſt to be improv'd by you,
My waning Flame does in my Veins renew.
I feel an inward Impulſe not unknown;
Urging your Muſe I have provok'd my own.
Oh! did a Portion of the noble Fire,
With which the Hero fought, my Breaſt inſpire;
I'd raiſe my Voice, and with a lofty Strain,
Would to Etherial Fields uplift *Ramillia*'s Plain.
I from the *Roman*'s Brow would win the Bays,
And ſoaring high excel the *Grecian*'s Lays:
The *Trojan* Chief ſhould to the *Briton* yield,
And *Latian* Triumphs to *Ramillia*'s Field;
Scamander's Flood ſhould own ſuperior *Dyle*,
And, *Greece*, thy Deeds ſubmit to *Marlbro*'s Toil.

'Tis

'Tis done — I've compaſs'd my ambitious Aim,
The Hero's Fire reſtores the Poet's Flame;
The Inſpiration comes, my Boſom glows,
I ſtrive with ſtrong Enthuſiaſtick Throws.
Oh! I am all in Rapture, all on Fire,
Give me to eaſe extatick Pangs, the Lyre:
How can a Muſe, that *Albion* loves, forbear
To ſing the Wonders of the glorious War?
I riſe — O whither am I caught away?
I mount, and muſt the tow'ring Muſe obey;
I cut the Space immenſe, and reach the Source of (Day.
Where will the Flight, where will the Labour end!
Thro' the ſteep Gulph I to the Stars aſcend;
Stars which I now behold vaſt Orbs of Light;
Only by Diſtance, little to the Sight:
All Suns of equal Bulk and equal Flame
With that, which rules the World from whence (I came;
All glorious Centers, whoſe attractive Sway,
Revolving Moons and wandring Orbs obey.

Amazing Proſpect! raviſhing Delight!
How vaſtly great they are? How dazling bright?
In beauteous Order, how they hang around?
Good Heav'n — But hark — I hear an ecchoing (Sound.
It does from Sphere to Sphere, from World to World (rebound!
The Noiſe augments, attend; it ſeems to riſe
From *Belgia*'s Land — hark, how it fills the Skies.
This mighty Noiſe is Triumph, 'tis Applauſe,
A loud Rejoycing for ſome Victor Cauſe;
'Tis known — Attentive I theſe Accents clear,
Arms, *Anna*, *Marlbro'*, *Dyle*, *Ramillia* hear.

But ſee, with radiant Wings, ſee yonder flies,
With Joy, and News important in his Eyes,
A heav'nly Envoy, glorious to the Sight;
How bright, how ſtrong, how ſwift he wings his (Flight!
How mild a Glory, what a circling Ray
Does the celeſtial Youth around diſplay?
His chearful Looks declare ſome great Succeſs;
I follow, I attend the bright Expreſs:

With

With him I climb the ſteep Celeſtial Height,
Swift as an Angel's is the Muſe's Flight:
We now arrive at Heav'n's eternal Gate,
Where ſhining Guards in Arms immortal wait;
Who thronging round Heav'n's Miniſter, demand
What happy Tydings from the *Belgian* Land,
Of *Albion*'s General, Guardian Seraph, ſay
What great Events, and what new Triumphs pay
The noble Labour of *Ramillia*'s Day?

That Chief, the beamy Meſſenger replies,
Who on the Juſtice of his Cauſe relies,
His proſp'rous Enſigns daily does advance,
To ſink the Pride, and break the Pow'r of *France*.
The Victor's Arms before him all Things bear,
Like Torrents in the Hills, or Tempeſts in the Air.
The ſtately Cities which *Brabantia* crown,
And *Flandria*'s Tow'rs their rightful Sovereign own,
And from their Necks proud *Gallia*'s Yoke have (thrown.

Hark, now I hear the Shouts of Joy around;
I hear the Triumph's multiplying Sound;
Th' Angelick Acclamations grow, and fill
Each azure Plain, and every cryſtal Hill.
They ſhew by this repeated loud Applauſe,
Thoſe fight in Heaven's, who fight in *Anna*'s Cauſe.
The Shouts of Joy diminiſh; but behold,
Yon Seraph takes his Harp of heav'nly Gold;
Hark, the bleſs'd Poet of the glorious Choir
Begins, he ſtrikes his bright celeſtial Lyre.

How the Terreſtrial *Lucifer*,
The Son of Pride, the haughty *Gaul*,
Does from his high Imperial Sphere,
Struck with *Britannia*'s Thunder, fall!

Th' Almighty gave his high Command,
From all the Hills and Tow'rs of *Belgia*'s Land,
Hang out the Flag, and let the Banner ſtream,
Terror denounce, and growing War proclaim:

Call

Call forth my Warriors from *Batavia*'s Soil,
My Generals from *Britannia*'s Iſle;
Warriors to whom proud Tyrants yield,
To *Gallia* known at *Blenheim*'s Field.
Warriors, who only Godlike Fame reſpect,
Deſpiſe the Danger, and the Spoil neglect.
Let confluent Cohorts crown the Mountain's Head,
And o'er the Plain a Martial Deluge ſpread;
Let them extend their Front, collect their Rear,
And dreadful on their March appear.
Lutetia tremble, ſee the Clouds ariſe,
The Tempeſt darkens all the Skies,
It will Deſtruction on thy Head unload,
And ſpread th' Almighty's Terrors far abroad;
Juſtice no longer will delay,
But will its Debt of Vengeance pay.
Aſpiring City, which exalted high,
Did'ſt with Celeſtial Stars in Luſtre vie;
And mad with Pride, wert wont to ſay,
Europa's Realms ſhall my Commands obey;

The ruin'd Nations woful Cries,
The Widows Tears and Orphans Sighs,
The Seas of Blood, by thy Ambition ſpilt,
(Dire Tokens of enormous Guilt!)
Provoke juſt Heav'n on thy proud Head to pour
Fury fermented high, and as the Crimes mature:
See, drench'd with Wrath Divine, the Tyrant reels,
What Anguiſh, what Diſtreſs he feels?

Againſt the *Gaul*, th' Almighty does declare,
Againſt th' Oppreſſor he denounces War.
His lifted Arm deſcends with ling'ring Sway,
But heavier Strokes will recompence Delay.
Bearing his glitt'ring Sword, and Sun-like Shield,
The Lord of Armies takes the Field;
Graſping his bright Immortal Lance,
He does to *Belgia*'s Plain advance.
The Earth's Foundations quake, the Mountains bow,
And frighted Rivers backward flow:
Nature's ſtrong Fears and vaſt Diſtreſs,
The awful Preſence of her Lord confeſs. Tor-

Torrents of Glory his dread March proclaim,
Clouds and thick Darkneſs, and tempeſtuous Flame.
The *Gaul* before his Terrors flies;
A hideous Yell, and lamentable Cries,
Of routed Warriors fill the Skies.
How red with Slaughter is *Ramillia*'s Plain?
How are the Mountains cover'd with the Slain?
How deeply dy'd with *Gallick* Blood,
Belgia's polluted Rivers roll their Flood?

Ye *Flandrian* Hills and Tow'rs around,
For you beheld the Field, and heard the Sound
Of Arms, and Combat from the Skies rebound,
And ſaw *Britannia*'s Foes ſubdu'd in Fight,
Their Rout intire, and Ignominious Flight;
Tell how againſt the *Gaul* the Battel turn'd,
How from the Field their Cohorts fled,
Like ſcatt'ring Flocks upon the Mountain's Head;
How *Albion*'s Captain, dreadfully adorn'd

With Duſt and Slaughter, did purſue,
How on the Rear he hung, and how his Terrors flew.
The *Gallick* Gen'rals Looks relate,
Enrag'd and curſing their amazing Fate,
Their Conſternation and their Woe declare,
For you their Anguiſh ſaw, and abſolute Deſpair.

Let us in rapt'rous Hallelujahs ſing
The Praiſes of th' Eternal King,
Who ſits above the Empyrean Height,
Enthron'd in Uncreated Light.
He, by his Servant *Anna*'s Hand,
On *Dola*'s Flood in *Belgia*'s Land,
Has the proud Oppreſſor broke,
Who his juſt Vengeance did ſo long provoke:
The hardy Deed will Men below ſurprize,
'Tis wond'rous too in Seraphs Eyes;
This mighty Work of Providence Divine,
In Earth's and Heav'ns Records ſhall ſhine.

Bleſt be *Ramillia*'s Plain, that gave
Eaſe to th' Oppreſs'd, and Freedom to the Slave:
That has rebuk'd th' ambitious *Gaul*;
A glorious Promiſe of th' Tyrant's Fall.
May'ſt thou with flow'ry Honours crown'd,
With Natures richeſt Gifts abound;
May Genial Show'rs, and Heav'nly Dew,
Thy verdant Pleaſures ſtill renew:
Let not the cruel Ploughſhare wound,
Nor the ſharp Harrow tear thy Ground;
Let thy prolifick, but unlabour'd Soil,
Enrich the Farmer, and prevent his Toil:
Unconſcious of inclement Skies,
Be neither chill'd with Cold, nor ſcorch'd with (Heat,
Let no deſtructive Meteor riſe,
Nor Tempeſt on thy peaceful Region beat.
Let not thy Glebe produce a Weed,
Thy Caverns no raw Vapours feed,
Nor ſpotted Plague or Peſtilential Seed.

Unfading

Unfading Bloom and vernal Verdure wear,
And with ſpontaneous Plenty bleſt,
Like *Eden*'s happy Garden reſt,
Thy Soil as fruitful, and as mild thy Air.
Be this its Fate, for this auſpicious Plain
Has ſunk th' Oppreſſor's Hopes, and broke *Eu-*
ropa's Chain
Now, *Dola*, thou before a vulgar Stream,
Among the nobleſt Floods ſhalt have a Name;
Danaw alone ſhall Rival thee,
And *Thames* alone ſuperior be.

Auſpicious Chief, thy great Deſigns purſue,
Defend the Suff'rer, and the Proud ſubdue,
Till by Defect of Foes thy Triumphs ceaſe,
And grateful *Europe* thank thee for her Peace:
Then, 'midſt Applauſes of the Realms reſtor'd,
And Nations ſav'd by thy Victorious Sword;
Return Triumphant to thy Native Soil,
To honourable Eaſe, from glorious Toil.

Let *Anna* then, with a juſt Umpire's Hand,
Of *Europe*'s Pow'r, the balanc'd Scales command:
May ſhe ambitious Monarchies reſtrain,
Religion guard, and Publick Right maintain;
Let her be dear at Home, Abroad rever'd,
By all good Princes lov'd, and by all Tyrants fear'd.

INSTRUCTIONS
TO
VANDER BANK.
A SEQUEL to the
Advice to the POETS.
A
POEM
Occasioned by the
Glorious Success of Her Majesty's Arms, under the Conduct of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, the last Year in *Flanders.*

Printed in the Year 1709.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO

VANDER BANK.



HAVE all thy Bards, *Britannia*, ſpent (their Vein,
Not one rich Genius left, that can (ſuſtain
Th' expenſive Task of *Marlbro*'s (laſt Campaign?
Ruin'd by Conqueſts, do they pray for Peace,
That the hard Taxes on the Muſe may ceaſe?
Thou, Artiſt, who doſt Nature's Face expreſs
In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dreſs;
Doſt figur'd Arras animated leave,
Spin a bright Story, or a Paſſion weave,
By mingling Threads, canſt mingle Shades and Light,
Delineate Triumphs, or deſcribe a Fight;

Do thou relate the Hero's Toil, record
The new Atchievements of his matchleſs Sword.

Since ſome illuſtrious Patron thou wilt need,
If *Ann* propitious ſmiles, thou muſt ſucceed;
Her high Command inſpir'd with martial Flame
The Warrior's Breaſt, ſhe by her pow'rful Name
Prepar'd half beaten Foes to yield the Day,
And for advancing Vict'ries made the Way.

Belgian attend; and from thy noble Loom,
Let the great Chief Auguſt in Triumph come.
For *Blenheim*'s lofty Rooms the Work deſign,
In every Piece let Art and Labour ſhine:
Let glorious Deeds the *Briton*'s Palace crown,
Not thoſe of ancient Hero's, but his own.
In the bright Series of his Story ſhow,
What *Albion*, what Mankind, to *Marlbro'* owe.

I only rude Materials can ſuggeſt,
Some by thy Art too hard to be expreſs'd,
Chuſe what are proper, and neglect the reſt.
If thou with Care, and that thy Genius may,
Improve theſe Hints, refine this crude Eſſay,
Thou may'ſt Illuſtrious, laſting Scenes contrive,
At leaſt the Work will by its Subject live.

Let the firſt Labour on this lofty Theme,
Expreſs the Chief on *Scalda*'s wondring Stream;
From him that Flood immortal Fame derives,
Rivals the *Danube*, and with *Dola* ſtrives.
Deſcribe his Steed, not patient of the Rein,
Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain;
Arch his high Neck, and graceful ſpread his Mane.
Give ample Noſtrils breathing inbred Fire,
Eyes that confeſs the gen'rous Mare and Sire,
Such Life and Pride, as in the Race appear,
Which *Arab* Lords and *Perſian* Monarchs bear.

But with their chief Delight our Eyes to feed,
Mount the brave Leader on his manag'd Steed:
Give him a noble Seat, a Martial Mien,
Scornful of Danger, and in Arms ſerene.
Let his Right Hand his Sword vindictive Sway,
Graſp'd with vaſt Strength, and ſpreading dreadfu
(Day
By which the Tyrant Monſters are deſtroy'd,
Who fill'd with Riot, and with Rapine cloy'd,
Oppreſſion's howling Wilderneſs defend,
And Deſolation's empty Realms extend.
The Looks of Juſtice to the Warrior give,
Where Wrath and Mercy for Dominion ſtrive;
Intrepid Ardour well to *Gallia* known,
Heroick Grace, the mighty *Briton*'s own.
When you expreſs the Leader's Face and Eyes,
Studious with daring Labour to ſurprize,
Could you with in-wrought Glory charm the Sight,
And interwoven Threads of manag'd Light,
You might ſucceed, and do the Conqueror Right.

Le

Let Fame and Vict'ry in inferior Sky,
Hover with balanc'd Wings, and ſmiling fly
Above his Head, and on his Fauchion wait
Aſſiduous, to pronounce *Europa*'s Fate.

On th' adverſe Banks of *Scalda*'s ſilver Tide,
Delineate *Gallia*'s military Pride:
Expreſs her Cohorts covering all the Plain,
Thick as the Waves, that ſpread the troubled Main:
Show them advancing ſwift to *Ganda*'s Walls,
Where *Leſia*'s Current into *Scalda* falls;
Till *Marlbro*'s Marches did their Speed outgo,
And made them ſtop to face th' impending Foe.
So when a Stag, Lord of the Herd, endow'd
With beauteous Limbs, and of high Antlets proud,
Hears the ſhrill Horn, and hallowing Huntſmens (Cries
Ring thro' the Forreſt and embroil the Skies,
Truſting his Feet, more rapid than the Wind,
He flies, and leaves the clam'rous Band behind;

Till ſpent, he ſtands at Bay, erects his Face,
And to a Fight decrees to change the Chace;
Determin'd now, he does th' Invader dare,
And feels unuſual Courage from Deſpair.

O *Belgian*, work a Piece by this Cartone,
And be this Picture by thy Art out-done:
For confluent Nations ſpread a ſpacious Loom,
And give the mighty Hoſt ſufficient room,
Where more Brigades form each extended Wing,
Than *Eaſtern* Monarchs e'er to Combat bring:
Let the wide Van, and deep unnumber'd Rear,
Exuberant War, and Strength immenſe appear.
Here let the Flow'r and Pride of *Spain* advance,
And there the *Belgian* Slaves, that courted *France*.
Let the *Helvetian* martial Youth compoſe
The threatning Front, fierce mercenary Foes,
Who trade in Blood and Rapine; let the *Gaul*
Back to the Rear, a ſafer Station, fall.

Show how the Chief ſprung ardent to the War,
In Arms refulgent, as the Morning Star;
And if the Task be not unequal found
To Looms for Maſter-Skill the moſt renown'd,
The Hero in diſtinct Compartments ſhow,
Supporting here his Friends, and breaking there the Foe.
Let him in every Place ſurprize the Sight,
As if diſpers'd and multiply'd in Fight,
And as the Leader, watchful to protect
His Squadrons, did Ubiquity affect.
Here let him ſtand intrepid and ſedate,
Diſpenſing high Commands and certain Fate;
There let his Arm his reeking Fauchion wield,
Triumph in Slaughter, and pollute the Field
With glorious Spoil; while, like the fabled God
Of War, thro' thick embattled Deaths he rode.
Let him the Vale with Rout and Ruin fill,
Like Torrents ruſhing from an *Alpine* Hill,
Or a high Wind, that o'er the Deſart ſweeps,
Lays waſte the Woods, and rolls the Sand in heaps.

Where his deſtructive Sword the Foe purſu'd,
Expreſs the Lanes the glitt'ring Feller hew'd;
Let Streams of Blood the Victor's Wrath atteſt,
A purple Vintage from the Slain expreſs'd.
Show Warriors quiv'ring in the Pangs of Death,
Rolling their Eyes, and gaſping doubtful Breath;
While ſcatter'd Arms, and Horſe and Horſe-men (ſlain,
An ignominious Medly, ſpread the Plain:
Weave Deſolation, let prodigious Waſte,
And Tracks of Death mark where the Victor paſs'd,
As Conflagrations are by Ruin trac'd.

On a new Scene attentive Care beſtow,
A Princely Youth in poliſh'd Armour ſhow:
Let him advance, and as a Seraph bright,
Raviſh at once and terrify the Sight:
Place him conſpicuous mid'ſt the hoſtile Troops,
Hanover's Pride, and *Albion*'s diſtant Hopes;
Whoſe early Deeds and bloſſoming Renown,
To wond'ring *Europe* have the Hero ſhown.

With

With ſtrong Impatience let him ſeek the Fight,
Eager of Fame, and trembling with Delight.
As when the Eaglet, which the Parent tries,
Not us'd to ſoar, nor conſcious of the Skies,
Againſt the ſtrongeſt Radiance of the Sun
Mounts bold, and makes the genuine Offſpring (known;
So the young Chief undazled, fac'd the Charms
Of martial Glory, and the Blaze of Arms;
Thro' glitt'ring Deaths, and Storms of Smoke and (Flame,
Ardent aſpir'd to the bright Mark of Fame,
And made his firſt Effort his high Deſcent proclaim.
Show how he flew intrepid to the Foe,
Plung'd mid'ſt the Hoſt, and forc'd his Paſſage thro':
How the brave Youth with Vet'ran Captains vy'd;
What Trophies crown'd a Sword, till then untry'd.
So a young Lion, of his matchleſs Might
Yet ignorant, but grown mature for Fight;
If he by chance a ſhaggy Bear deſcries,
Determin'd to the Combat, rapid flies:

Laſhing his Sides he roars, and from afar,
Thro' ecchoing Hills denounces dreadful War;
And ſoon victorious in his firſt Campaign,
The yellow Warrior, Maſter of the Plain,
Conſcious what mighty Strength he had in Store,
Wonders, and grieves, he try'd it not before.

Then let *Germania*'s Angel, and his own,
Each bearing high a Shield and Laurel Crown,
Fly watchful o'er his Head, with one to guard
His Life, with one his Valour to reward.

Artiſt, record how fair *Britannia*'s Iſle,
When firſt ſhe heard the Youth's advent'rous Toil,
Scarce pleas'd with Glory from too daring Fight,
Felt proffer'd Joy ſuſpended by Affright;
While her tall Oaks ſhook on the Mountain's Brow,
And refluent Streams did Conſternation ſhow.

Work a new Piece, deſcribe the *Gallick* Pow'rs,
Quitting the Field to reach *Gandava*'s Tow'rs:
Concern and Trouble in their Eyes expreſs,
Finiſh'd Confuſion, and extream Diſtreſs;
Unfeign'd Amazement, Horror, anxious Care,
And the wild Looks and Features of Deſpair.
Show how the Generals to reſtore the Fight,
Confirm their Legions, and prevent their Flight;
Aſham'd, enrag'd, and griev'd, did Theſe upbraid,
Encourage Thoſe, ſome menace, ſome perſwade;
While all their Efforts unavailing were;
Idle their Threats, and fruitleſs was their Pray'r;
What Words can charm inexorable Fear?
Can Terror liſten? Can Diſtraction hear?
Show how the *Gaul*'s diſorder'd Cohorts fled,
Expreſs their Anguiſh and perplexing Dread,
While Horſe and Foot ſtrove each to have the Van,
And Chiefs Companions of the private Man,
Inglorious Flight! diſregimented ran.

So

So when incumbent Tempeſts preſs the Deep,
And rouſe the frighted Billows from their Sleep;
The liquid Legions crowding, fly ſo faſt,
And ſhove each other with ſuch headlong haſte,
That ſometimes they are rid, and ſometimes ride,
By Turns exalt their Heads, by Turns ſubſide,
O'erwhelm each other, and diſtract the Tide.

Show how the General, whom the *Gauls* adore,
To *Belgia*'s Plains, call'd from *Heſperia*'s Shore,
Gallia's declining Empire to reſtore,
Inſtruct her Troops, new Laurels to acquire,
And in their Breaſts rekindle Martial Fire,
Did to the common Fate reluctant yield,
And with his routed Army left the Field:
He blam'd the Stars, that on his Conduct frown'd,
And, *Marlbro'*, thy ſuperior Genius own'd.
So a fierce Boar on *Mauritania*'s Plain,
The Lyon's Fury does a while ſuſtain,

Till

Till torn and ſunk with vaſt Expence of Blood,
He quits the Field, and ſeeks the ſhelt'ring Wood;
He grinds his Teeth, impatient of Defeat,
Indignant foams, fain would the Strife repeat,
Looks back and threatens in his ſour Retreat.

Then ſhow the Conqu'ror in another Scene,
Protecting with his Arms the brave *Eugene*,
While he the matchleſs Strength of *Liſle* aſſail'd,
And o'er her Tow'rs with loud Applauſe prevail'd.
Witneſs ye ſix times Twenty Thouſand *Gauls*,
Who then advanc'd near *Lilla*'s lofty Walls
To face the Foe, were honour'd with the Sight
Of the brave Cohorts, which you felt in Fight:
Witneſs ye Generals, and ye Princes, proud
Of Veins diſtended with Imperial Blood;
For You Spectators of the Action ſtood.

Next let the Chief advance to *Scalda*'s Banks,
To drive th' unactive *Gaul*, whoſe Warlike Ranks

Spread

Spread thick as Locusts on the adverse Side,
Did in their Guardian Flood and Lines confide.
'Tis done—For when the Out-guards saw from
The *Briton*'s Arms, and cry'd prepare for War,
The Hearts of boastful Chiefs inglorious melt,
And their cold Breasts their well-known Passion fe
Assur'd no more, while *Marlbro*'s Sword invade
By Rivers, Works, and numberless Brigades,
As Terror dictates, they direct their Flight,
Spread all the Plain with Marks of wild Affright,
And ignominious Rout, but none of Fight.

Let *Churchill* next, his conqu'ring Cohorts lead
To save *Brussella*, fair *Brabantia*'s Head;
To break th' united Arms of *France* and *Spain*,
And make the Threats of proud *Bavaria* vain.
Shew how the Foe the *Schela*'s Contagion caught,
Gave cheap Renown, and left the Field unfought;
And how the *Boian* Prince enrag'd to find,
The Laurels blasted, for his Brow design'd;

With

With troubled Pride, and Anguiſh in his Eyes,
Chas'd a Third Time, before the *Briton* flies.
He curs'd the Victor, who his Arms repell'd,
And cruel Fate, that ſtill Succeſs with-held,
But more the Coward Guardians of the *Scheld*.
So when a rav'ning Wolf has long patroul'd,
And found at length a Place to leap the Fold,
He ſeems already of his Prey poſſeſt,
And licks his Jaws, preluding to the Feaſt;
If then the Maſter-Shepherd with his Band
Arrives, their brandiſh'd Weapons in their Hand,
The prowling Robber ſhuns unequal Fight,
And grins, and growls, and rages in his Flight.

While *Gallia*'s Canton'd Troops inglorious reſt,
With frequent Flight, and fruitleſs Toil oppreſt;
O *Britain!* thy great Chief his Eaſe denies,
Patient of Labour and inclement Skies,
He with new Ardour to new Conqueſt flies.

Here freſh Materials for the Loom prepare,
And weave a cold, white Winter-Piece of War:
Ev'n then a Bloom of ſpreading Glory ſhow,
And verdant Laurels forc'd from Beds of Snow.

Confed'rate Pow'rs of *Flandria*, *Gallia*, *Spain*,
A num'rous Army deſtin'd to ſuſtain
Th' invading Foe, did *Ganda*'s Walls maintain.
Much in their Lines, and in the River's Tide,
Much in their Chiefs and Numbers, they confide;
But truſted more to Froſts and Ice, than Arms,
To guard their City from the Foes Alarms;
They hop'd that Tempeſts, arm'd with Snow and (Sleet,
Winds that from *Hyperborean* Mountains beat,
With furious Wings the bleak untrodden Plain,
And cryſtal Deſarts of the frozen Main,
And all th' embattled Meteors would conſpire,
To charge and force the *Briton* to retire:
In vain— Ev'n then, the Hero undiſmay'd,
Advanc'd his Enſigns, and his Wrath diſplay'd;

Againſt

Againſt perfidious *Ghent* his Batt'ry rear'd,
And Winter Thunder for her Walls prepar'd,
The *Gallick* Generals ſaw, and *Marlbro*'s Arms re-
(ver'd.
To pay due Honour to their Royal Head
Burgundia's Lord, they in his Foot-ſteps tread;
Of *Gallia*'s Blood Effuſion to decline,
Yield without Combat, and the Town reſign.

Now *Marlbro*'s Deeds ring thro' the *Belgian* Skies,
And ſwift their Terror propagated flies;
Soon did it reach the liſt'ning Towns around,
How *Bruga*'s Turrets trembled at the Sound?
How frighted, how amaz'd the Warriors ſtood,
Their Sinews ſlacken'd and congeal'd their Blood?
Show, Artiſt, how their Cohorts, wing'd with Fear,
Fled from the Foe, e'er yet he did appear.
Thus *Churchill* ſends abroad his conqu'ring Name,
And wounds at Diſtance by his miſſive Fame.
So oft, when Storms from *Barbary*'s Sun-burnt Soil,
Advance impetuous, and the Deep embroil;

The

The ruſhing Waves th' Infection ſwift convey,
And by their Flight diſtract *Heſpenia*'s Sea,
Which rolls and works beneath a Sky ſerene,
Diſturb'd by Winds unheard, and Clouds unſeen.

Then ſhow how *Bruga*'s Counſellors of State,
And Lords deputed, on the *Briton* wait,
To make their low Submiſſion, and implore
His Mercy to protect them from his Pow'r.

The Hero's Triumphs equal thus appear,
Crowning alike each Seaſon of the Year.
Ev'n Winter's ſelf, whoſe frozen, hoary Head
Was ne'er before with martial Honours ſpread,
For want of Deeds Illuſtrious, can't complain,
Sharing the Glory of this great Campaign.

An Arch of Triumph in another Piece,
Artiſt, contrive, like thoſe of *Rome* and *Greece*.

What Maſter-Sculptors form in Baſe Relieve,
Do thou in bold expreſſive Figures weave.
Let Horſemen firſt in long Proceſſion bear
The glorious Trophies high diſplay'd in Air,
Bavaria's Standards, Emblems of the Fall
Of Neighbour Pow'rs, that aid the faithleſs *Gaul*:
Falſe *Flandria*'s Colours, and *Caſtilia*'s Pride,
And with thy Warrior's Blood, vain King, thy (Lillies dy'd.

Next let the Train bring on the Spoils of *France*,
Augment the Triumph, and in Turn advance.
Deſcribe them lab'ring with th' unweildy Prize,
Their tortur'd Sinews, and their ſtarting Eyes;
Let them beneath their rich Oppreſſion bow,
And ſeem to groan and ſtagger as they go.
Shew, how the Throng with Hands upheld adore
Juſtice Divine, that has by *Anna*'s Pow'r
Compell'd the *Gaul* his Rapine to reſtore;
That has aveng'd the injur'd Nations round,
Curb'd lawleſs Might, and proud Ambition bound.

In a high Car the laurell'd Victor place,
Drawn by the nobleſt Steeds of *Belgia*'s Race,
Thro' deep applauding Crowds on either Side
Sublime, yet unelated, let him ride.
The Seraph Chiefs ſuch Moderation ſhew'd,
When to the Gates of Hell their Hoſt purſu'd
The Rebel Pow'rs, and thro' th' unlightſome Way
Return'd in Triumph to the Coaſts of Day.
Of various Nations let a confluent Throng
Hang on his Wheels, as ſlow they roll along.
Let them, like crowding Waves, each other preſs,
And ſtrain their eager Eyes to ſee and bleſs.
Add to the martial Pomp an endleſs Train
Of Warrior-Slaves, that drag the Conqu'ror's Chain:
Let Lords and Chiefs, impatient of Diſgrace,
With haughty Trouble, melancholly Pace,
And ſullen Shame, bear the hard Fate of War,
And pant amidſt the Crowd behind the Hero's Car.

Let

Let high *Auguſta*'s Sons tranſported meet,
And with loud Joy th' advancing Victor greet;
And let her Speaker for ſuperior Senſe
Renown'd, as well as charming Eloquence,
The ſolemn Progreſs of the Triumph ſtay,
While publick Thanks his Words to *Marlbro*' pay.

Then let the Bards in humble Manner ſtand
With Diſtichs, Sonnets, Prologues in their Hand,
In *Marlbro*'s Praiſe—'Tis all alaſs we know
That from their dry exhauſted Springs can flow.

Let all the Pomp of Decoration grace
The high Pillaſters and the Structure's Face:
Let curious Mottos, Hieroglyphick Art
And myſtick Emblems ſhine on every Part.

Here Liberty in all her heav'nly Charms,
With her gay Offspring Plenty in her Arms,

With chearful Looks and humble Geſture m
Embrace the Victor's Feet, and Homage pay,
Who broke her Chains, reſtor'd her Rights Di
And in her Native Beauties bade her ſhine.

There, to extend the *Briton*'s juſt Renown,
Show Dungeons open'd, Priſons broken down,
Fetters and Chains in Heaps neglected thrown
Which late tormented Slaves and Captives wo
But which, auſpicious Day! they wear no mo
Let ſhouting Throngs of theſe deliver'd Slave
Frequent as ſailing Clouds, or rolling Waves,
With Flow'rs and verdant Branches ſpread
(Ro
And proſtrate kiſs the Ground the Victor trod.

Then raiſe in Files the Gibbet, Rack and Whe
And all the Tortures wrought of Cord or Stee
Plenty of Death, and Luxury of Pain,
Which Maſter Tyrants from their fertile Brain

An

And curſt Projectors of Deſtruction find,
Curious in Torment to afflict Mankind.
Let theſe congeſted Engines, ſet on Fire
By *Marlbro*'s generous Hand, in Flames expire:
Let them as Marks of publick Joy ariſe,
And with applauded Ruin fill the Skies,
To Heav'n and Liberty a grateful Sacrifice.

Attempt another noble Work, and raiſe
A lofty Column to the Hero's Praiſe.
Tho' high *Auguſta*'s Sons, who ſtill reveal
In Liberty's Defence an ardent Zeal,
Studious of Truth and Juſtice ne'er adore
Thy Altars, *Rome*, nor *Gallia*'s lawleſs Pow'r,
May, as they ought, a ſtately Pillar rear,
That ſhall the Victor's Weight of Glory bear;
Yet, *Belgian*, ſtill do thou thy Task purſue,
For ſhould not all the Arts conſpire to ſhew
To the Great *Briton*'s Deeds the Honours due?

Then with the Sculptor and the Architect,
Artiſt, contend, and the proud Pile erect.
With *Marlbro*'s wond'rous Story fill the Space
Between the Spires, which the high Column grace,
Aſcending to the Summit from the Baſe.

Be firſt his ſwift and glorious Courſe expreſt,
When he from *Belgia*'s Regions to the *Eaſt*
Transfer'd the hardy War, did bold advance
To whelm the *Danube* o'er the Pride of *France*.
Thro' diſtant Empires to extend the Fame
Of *Albion*'s Arms, and *Anna*'s awſul Name:
The Wonders done at *Schelenburg* diſplay,
And the great Deeds of *Blenheim*'s glorious Day
Down all the Ebb of Time to Men unborn convey.
Next ſhew the Hero on *Ramilla*'s Plain,
And deathleſs Laurels won that great Campaign:
The Valour ſhown at *Oudenard* repeat,
The *Briton*'s Triumphs and the *Gaul*'s Defeat.

De-

Deſcribe the Conduct and the hardy Toil,
That wreſted from the Foe his darling *Liſle*,
In paſſing *Scalda*'s Flood th' acquir'd Renown,
Bruſſella ſav'd, and *Ganda's* vanquiſh'd Town.

The Angles of the Pedeſtal you'll grace
With Figures proper to adorn each Place;
Chuſe of the following, which ſhall pleaſe you beſt,
If by the Loom all cannot be expreſt.

Chain'd Tyranny expoſe, delineate well
The odious Features of that Fiend of Hell.
When you this Figure horrible deſign,
All *Lybia*'s Plagues, and *Scythia*'s Terrors joyn.
Give to her Eyes a red malignant Glare,
And let the Monſter's threefold Head, for Hair
Black Curls of pois'nous, hiſſing Vipers wear,
Which full of Rage their creſted Necks erect,
And forked Deaths with cloven Tongues eject:

Give her the ſureſt Weapons to deſtroy
Which ſavage Beaſts and rav'ning Birds employ;
The Dragon's Teeth, the Alligator's Jaws,
The Eagle's Pounces, and the Lion's Paws.
Diſtend her hideous Belly with a Load
Of Limbs devour'd, and Seas of guiltleſs Blood.
The Poets, who in Arms their *Pallas* dreſt,
Had in their Fiction greater Art expreſt,
If in her fatal Shield they had diſplay'd
Fierce Tyranny's, and not the *Gorgon*'s Head.

On the next Corner with ingenious Pains
Show vanquiſh'd Envy bound with brazen Chains:
Let her Lean Face Infernal Features wear,
A ſpleenful Aſpect and a ſcornful Air;
With its laſt Dregs let a dark Jaundice taint
Her hateful Skin and loathſome Viſage paint.
Make her fierce Eyes, like livid Flames of Hell,
Burn bloodſhot in their Urns, and backward dwell
Deep in their Caves, like Furies in their Cell.

Let

Let her with endleſs ſelf-tormenting Care,
Gnaw her own Heart, and her own Bowels tear.
Shew how her Jaws her meagre Limbs devour;
Green Floods of Hemlock Gaul and Wormwood (pour
Down her wide Throat, to poiſon every Vein,
Inflame her Boſom, and diſtract her Brain.
Shew with what Rage the Captive Fury views
The ſpreading Laurels on the Victor's Brows,
While ſhe as pale and hideous as Deſpair,
Gnaſhes her Teeth, and graſps her ſnaky Hair.

Next on the Baſe Diſſimulation bind
A mild and courteous, but an odious Fiend;
Who labours moſt to win us to believe
Her Oaths unfeign'd, when moſt ſhe would deceive.
Give her an honeſt Mien, an Aſpect free
From Affectation and Hypocriſy;
Well imitated Truth, and Eyes ſincere
Oft dropping, when ſhe vows, a faithleſs Tear.

Ex-

Expreſs her artful Smiles, that hide the Art,
And friendly Manners, that enſnare the Heart.
In her Right Hand a Monarch's Sceptre place,
And her long Robe of State with Lillies grace
Torn Treaties interweave, and ſolemn Leagues
Broke or eluded by refin'd Intreagues.

Expreſs Ambition next in Fetters bound,
Sunk from her Height, and grov'ling on the Groun
Let thwarted Pride ſit ſullen on her Brow,
And Indignation in her Eye-balls glow.
Let anxious Looks her inward Care atteſt,
And prove that deep Deſigns employ her Breaſ
That warring Paſſions ſtrive within for vent,
Cruel Revenge and haughty Diſcontent;
Paſſions, that ſtill the Fury wakeful keep,
Fierce as the Winds, and reſtleſs as the Deep

In ſome fit Place let pleas'd Spectators ſee
The proud Remains of ruin'd Dignity,

Ri

Rich Purple Robes polluted, broken Crowns,
Fragments of Scepters, and ſubverted Thrones,
Sad Wrecks of Pow'r, which on th' Aſpiring wait
In troubled Empires and in Storms of State:
Her adverſe Fate reluctant let her bear,
Her Fetters ſpurn, her Limbs in Anguiſh tear,
And rave to find her Pomp and Pride depreſs'd,
Her Foes exalted, and her Friends diſtreſs'd,
While ſhe compell'd muſt Spoils immenſe reſtore,
Acquir'd by Fraud, or graſp'd by greedy Pow'r,
Contract her Frontier, all her Slaves releaſe,
And beg the Conqu'ror to preſcribe a Peace.

A SATYRE UPON WIT.

Printed in the Year 1700.

A

SATYR

UPON

WIT.

Printed in the Year 1700.

A

SATYRE

UPON

WIT.

WHO can forbear, and tamely silent sit,
And see his native Land undone by (Wit?
Boast not, *Britannia*, of thy hap- (py Peace,
What if Campaigns and Sea En- (gagements cease,
Wit, a worse Plague, does mightily encrease:
Some monstrous Crimes to Ages past unknown,
Must sure have pull'd this heavy Judgment down;

Whence

Whence Inſect-Wits draw out their noiſy Swarms,
And threaten Ruin more than foreign Arms:
O'er all the Land the hungry Locuſts ſpread,
Gnaw every Plant, taint every flow'ry Bed,
And crop each budding Vertue's tender Head.

How happy were the old unpoliſh'd Times,
As free from Wit as other modern Crimes;
As our Forefathers vig'rous were, and brave,
So they were vertuous, wiſe, diſcreet and grave,
And did alike deteſt the Wit and Knave.
For Wits and Fools they juſtly thought the ſame,
And Jeſter was for both the common Name.
Their Minds for Empire form'd, did long retain
Their noble Roughneſs, and ſoft Arts diſdain;
For Buſineſs born, and bred to martial Toil,
They rais'd the Glory of *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Which then her dreadful Enſigns did advance,
To curb *Iberia*, and to conquer *France*.

But this degenerate, looſe and fooliſh Race
Are ſunk to Wits, and their great Stock debaſe:
Learning and Senſe decay, while Jeſt is grown
The Converſation of the laughing Town,
Where manly Virtues, which we once could boaſt,
Unnerv'd by Mirth and Levity, are loſt.
So far this Plague prevails, I fear, in vain
We now attempt its Progreſs to reſtrain;
It takes Men in the Head, and in the Fit
They looſe their Senſes, and are gone in Wit:
By various Ways their Frenzy they expreſs,
Some with vile Lines run haring to the Preſs,
In Leudneſs ſome are Wits, and ſome in Dreſs.
Some ſeiz'd, like *Graver*, with Convulſions ſtrain
Always to ſay fine Things, but ſtrive in vain,
Urg'd with a dry Teneſmus of the Brain.

Had but the People, ſcar'd with Danger, run
To ſhut up *Will*'s, where this ſore Plague begun,

Had they the firſt infected Men convey'd
Straight to *Moorfields*, the *Peſt-Houſe* for the Head,
The wild Contagion might have been ſuppreſt,
Some few had fall'n, but we had ſav'd the reſt.
An Act like this had been a good Defence
Againſt our great Mortality of Senſe;
But now the Poiſon ſpreads, the Bills run high,
At the laſt Gaſp of Senſe Ten Thouſand lie.
We meet fine Youth in every Houſe and Street,
With all the mortal Tokens out of Wit.

Vannine, that look'd on all the Danger paſt,
Becauſe he 'ſcap'd ſo long, is ſeiz'd at laſt;
By Pox, and Hunger, and by D——n bit,
He Grins and Snarls, and in his dogged Fit
Froths at the Mouth, a certain Sign of Wit.

Craper runs madly 'midſt the ſickeſt Crowd,
And fain would be infected if he could;

Under the Means he lies, frequents the Stage,
Is very Leud, and do's at Learning rage;
Yet happily his Care and Pains are loſt,
By his *Athletick* Conſtitution croſt:
Againſt th' Aſſaults of Wit his Make is Proof,
Still his ſtrong Nature works the Poiſon off;
He ſtill eſcapes, but yet is wond'rous pleas'd
Jeſts to recite, and to be thought diſeas'd.
So Hypocrites in Sin, in this vile Town,
Boaſtful pretend to Vices not their own.

Since this vain Humour has the Realm poſſeſt,
And ſober Heads are grown a ſtanding Jeſt;
Men arm'd with Pow'r ſhould this light Spirit hate,
That ſaps the Church, and undermines the State.
What Throne is ſafe, what Government can laſt,
When impious Wits have laid all Vertue waſte?
While Wiſdom fails, and Probity decays,
In vain we beat our Heads for Means and Ways.

The laughing Mob is up, and range the Town,
With Jeſts and Noiſe they bear all Reaſon down;
Subvert Divine Religion's envy'd Fence,
Set up looſe Wit, and pull down common Senſe.
Our Libraries they gut, and ſhouting bear
The Spoils of ruin'd Churches in the Air.
Their Captain *Tom* do's at their Head appear,
And *S*——*d* in his Gown brings up the Rear.
Aloud the Church and Clergy they condemn,
Curſe all their Order, and their God blaſpheme.
Againſt all Springs of Learning they declare,
Againſt Religion's Nurſeries, and ſwear
They'll of the Schools not One Supporter ſpare.
But chief the Crew affirm by all that's good,
They'll ne'er diſperſe till they have *B*——*ly*'s Blood.
For that ill-natur'd Critick has undone
The fineſt Piece of Wit, that has been ſhown:
Till his rude Strokes had threſh'd the empty Sheaf,
We thought there had been ſomething elſe than
(Chaff
Crown'd

Let Malice rage, the Thouſands whom you raiſe
From threaten'd Death, will bleſs you all their (Days,
And ſpend the Breath you ſav'd in juſt and laſting (Praiſe.

Had not this merry Sickneſs of the Head,
This Plague in Faſhion o'er the Nation ſpread,
Proud of her Sons, *Britannia* might have ſeen
Vaſt Numbers more of great and generous Men.
She had not loſt a Senator in *M*——*l*,
Nor a fine Scholar in the hopeful *B*——*l*:
Now, ſince his fooliſh Rhymes, both Friends and (Foes
Conclude they know, who did not write his Proſe.

Wit do's our Schools and Colleges invade,
And has of Letters vaſt Deſtruction made;
Has laid the Muſes choiceſt Gardens waſte,
Broke their Incloſures, and their Groves defac'd.
We ſtrive in Jeſts each other to exceed,
And ſhall e'er long forget to write or read.

Unleſs a Fund were ſettled once, that could
Make our deficient Senſe and Learning good,
All Hope will be extinguiſh'd; for the Debt
By this looſe Age contracted is ſo great,
To ſet the Muſes Mortgag'd Acres free,
Our Bankrupt Sons muſt ſell outright the Fee.
The preſent Age has all their Treaſure ſpent,
They can't the Int'reſt pay at Five *per Cent.*

Ye noble Patrons, who *Parnaſſus* ſway,
Whom all the Muſes tuneful Sons obey,
Are in your Service and receive your pay,
Exert your Soveraign Pow'r, in Judgment ſit
To regulate the Nation's Grievance, Wit;
Pity the cheated Folks, that ev'ry Day
For Copper Jeſts good Sterling Silver pay:
If once the Muſes Chequer would deny
To take falſe Wit, 'twould loſe its Currency;
Not a baſe Piece would paſs, that paſs'd before,
Juſt waſh'd with Senſe, or thinly plated o'er.

Set

Crown'd with Applauſe this Maſter-Critick ſits,
And round him lie the Spoils of ruin'd Wits:
How great a Man! what Rev'rence were his due,
Could he ſuppreſs the Critick's *Faſtus* too?
As certain Words will Lunaticks enrage,
Who did before appear ſedate and ſage,
So do but *Lock*, or Books, or *Newton* name,
The Wit's in clammy Sweats, or in a Flame.

Horror and Shame! what would the Madmen (have?
They dig up learned *Bernard*'s peaceful Grave;
The ſacred Urn of the fam'd *Stillingfleet*,
We ſee prophan'd by the leud Sons of Wit.
The skillful *Ty——n*'s Name they dare invade,
And yet they are undone without his Aid;
Learning they next to Vertue moſt abhor,
Laugh at Diſcretion, but at Buſineſs more:
For a looſe Wit's an Idle Fool of Parts,
That hates all Liberal and Mechanick Arts.

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Mirth do's enfeeble and debauch the Mind,
Before to Action or to Arts inclin'd.
How mean a Trifler is a ſaunt'ring Wit,
Only to pleaſe with Jeſts at Dinner fit?
What hopeful Youths for Bar and Bench deſign'd,
Seduc'd by this light Vein have *Cooke* declin'd?
For what has Wit to do with Senſe or Law?
Can that in Titles find or mend a Flaw?
Can that ſupply great *T*——*by*'s nervous Senſe,
Or *S*——*n*'s more than *Roman* Eloquence?
The Law will ne'er ſupport this jeſting Breed,
There Blockheads may, but Wits can ne'er ſucceed.

Thy Learning *G*——*ns*, and thy Judgment *H*—*w*
Make you in envy'd Reputation grow;
Had you been Wits, you had been both ſecure
From Buſineſs, and for Satyre too obſcure,
Ill-natur'd, arrogant and very poor,

Let

Their Bills, tho' ne'er ſupported by Truſtees,
Will thro' *Parnaſſus*, circulate with Eaſe:
If theſe come in, the Bank will quickly fill,
All will be ſcrambling up *Parnaſſus* Hill;
They'll crowd the Muſes Hall, and throng to write
Great Sums of Wit, and will be Gainers by't.

V——*e* and *C*——*e* both are wealthy, they
Have Funds of Standard Senſe, need no Allay,
And yet mix'd Metal oft they paſs away.
The Bank may ſafely their Subſcriptions take,
But let 'em for their Reputation Sake,
Take care their Payments they in Sterling make.

Codron will underwrite his *Indian* Wit,
Far fetch'd indeed, ſo 'twill the Ladies fit:
By hearſay he's a Scholar, and they ſay
The Man's a ſort of Wit too in his Way.

Let

Let 'em receive whatever *P——r* brings,
In Lyrick Strains no finer Genius ſings;
'Tis Complaiſance when to divert his Friends
He to facetious Fancies condeſcends.

T——e will ſubſcribe, but ſet no Payment-Day;
For his ſlow Muſe you muſt with Patience ſtay,
He's honeſt, and as Wit comes in will pay.

The Bank, when thus eſtabliſh'd, will ſupply
Small Places for the little loit'ring Fry,
That follow *G——*, or at Will *Ur——*'s ply.
Their Station will be low, but ne'er the leſs
For this Proviſion they ſhould Thanks expreſs,
'Tis ſad to be a Wit and Dinnerleſs.

T——n the great Wit-Jobber of the Age,
And all the Muſes Brokers will engage

Set forth your Edict, let it be enjoyn'd,
That all defective Species be recoyn'd:
R——*r* and *E*---*r*---*t* are Judges fit
To overſee the Stamping of our Wit.
Let theſe be made the Maſters of Eſſay,
For they will every Piece of Metal weigh,
And tell which is too light, or has too much Allay.
'Tis true, that when the coarſe and worthleſs Droſs
Is purg'd away, there will be mighty Loſs..
Ev'n *C*——*e*, *S*——*n*, manly *W*——*ly*,
When thus refin'd, will grievous Suff'rers be.
Into the Melting-Pot, when *D*——*n* comes,
What horrid Stench will riſe, what noiſome Fumes?
How will he ſhrink, when all his leud Allay
And wicked Mixture ſhall be purg'd away?
The Men who *D*——*s* melt, and think to find
A goodly Maſs of *Ballion* left behind,

Copy the *Hibernian* Wit, who, as 'tis told,
Burnt his gilt Leather to collect the Gold.

But when our Wit's call'd in, what will remain
The Muſes learned Commerce to maintain?
How penſive will our Beaus and Ladies ſit?
They'll mutiny for want of ready Wit.
That ſuch a Failure no Man may incenſe,
Let us erect a Bank of Sterling Senſe;
A Bank, whoſe current Bills may Payment make,
Till new-mill'd Wit ſhall from the *Mint* come back.

Let *S——er*, *D——ſet*, *Sh——ld*, *M——gue*,
Lend their great Names, the Project then will do.
The Bank is fix'd, if theſe will underwrite,
Who pay the vaſteſt Sums of Wit at Sight.
Theſe are good Men, in whom we all agree,
Their Notes for Wit are good Security;
Duncombs and *Claytons* in *Parnaſſus* all,
Who cannot ſink, unleſs the Hill ſhould fall.

Their

Their ſeveral Friends to cry the Actions up,
And all the railing Mouths of Envy ſtop.

Ye Lords, who o'er the Muſes Realm preſide,
Their Intereſts manage, and their Empire guide;
Regard your Care, regard the Sacred State,
Laid by Invaders waſte and deſolate.
Tartars, and *Schythians*, have in barb'rous Bands
Rifled the Muſes, and o'er-run their Lands.
The Native Subjects, who in Peace enjoy'd
The happy Seat, are by the Foe deſtroy'd.
Gardens and Groves, *Parnaſſus* did adorn,
Condemn'd to Thiſtles now, and curſt with Thorn;
Inſtead of Flowers and Herbs of wholeſome Uſe,
The Beds rank Weeds and pois'nous Plants produce,
Fitter to be for Witches a Retreat,
Owls, Satyres, Monkeys, than the Muſes Seat;
Who ſince debauch'd by *D——n* and his Crew,
Turn Bawds to Vice, and wicked Aims purſue.

There-

Therefore ſome fit and wholeſome Laws ordain,
That may this wild licentious Courſe reſtrain;
To Vertue and to Merit have regard,
To Puniſh learn, you know how to Reward.

Let thoſe Correction have and not Applauſe,
That Heav'n affront, and ridicule its Laws.
No ſober Judge will Atheiſm e'er permit
To paſs for Senſe, or Blaſphemy for Wit.
Declare that what's Obſcene ſhall give Offence;
Let Want of Decency be Want of Senſe.

Roſcom.

Send out your Guards to ſcow'r the Ways, and (ſeize
The Footpads, Outlaws, Rogues and Rapparees,
That in the Muſes Country rob and kill,
And make *Parnaſſus* worſe than *Shooter*'s Hill.
The ſtricteſt Juſtice ſhould on theſe be ſhown,
Or Schools of Learning ſoon muſt be undone.
For now a vertuous Pen ſcarce peeps Abroad,
And all chaſte Muſes dread the dangerous Road.

If

If in *Parnaſſus* any needy Wit,
Should filch and petty Larceny commit;
If he ſhould rifle Books, and Pilferer turn,
An Inch beſide the Noſe the Felon burn;
Let him diſtiuguiſh'd by this Mark appear,
And in his Cheek a plain Signetur wear.

Chaſtiſe the Poets, who our Laws invade,
And hold with *France* for Wit an Owling Trade:
Felonious *G*—— purſuing this Deſign,
Smuggles *French* Wit, as Merchants Silks and Wine;
But let his Suff'rings doubly be ſevere,
For he both ſteals it there, and runs it here.

Condemn all thoſe, who 'gainſt the Muſes Laws,
Solicite Votes and canvaſs for Applauſe.
When *Torman* writes, he rattles up and down,
And makes what Friends he can, to make the Town.
By Noiſe and Violence they force a Name,
For this leud Town has Setters too for Fame.

It is not Merit now, that recommends,
But he acquires moſt Fame, that makes moſt Friends.

In Panegyrick let it be a Rule,
That for his Senſe, none praiſe a wealthy Fool.
D——n condemn, who taught Men how to make
Of Dunces Wits, an Angel of a Rake.
By Treats and Gifts, our Youth may now commence,
Wits without Brains, and Scholars without Senſe.
They cry up *Darfel* for his Parts; to treat
Let *Darfel* ceaſe, and they their Words will eat.
Great *Atticus* himſelf theſe Men would curſe,
Should *Atticus* appear without his Purſe.
Of any Price you may beſpeak a Name,
For Characters they cut, and Retail Fame;
Bounty's the Meaſure of a Patron's Mind,
For they have ſtill moſt Brains, that prove moſt kind.
Fame on great Men's a Charge, that ſtill goes on;
For Wits, like Scriv'ners, take for *Pro* and *Con*.

Without his Gold, *Pauſanias* had not writ
With *Spartan* Judgment, and *Athenian* Wit.

Thoſe, who by Satyre would reform the Town,
Should have ſome little Merit of their own,
And not be Rakes themſelves below Lampoon.
For all their Libels Panegyricks are,
They're ſtill read backward, like a Witch's Pray'r.
Ell——*t*'s Reproofs, who do's not make his Sport?
Who'll e'er repent that *S*——*d* do's exhort?
Therefore let Satyre Writers be ſuppreſt,
Or be reform'd by cautious *D*——*ſet*'s Teſt.
'Tis only *D*——*ſet*'s Judgment can command
Wit, the worſt Weapon in a Madman's Hand.
The biting Things by that great Maſter ſaid,
Flow from rich Senſe, but theirs from want of Bread.
To laſh our Faults and Follies is his Aim,
Theirs is true Worth and Vertue to defame:
In *D*——*ſet* Wit (and therefore ſtill 'twill pleaſe)
Is Conſtitution, but in them Diſeaſe.

Care ſhould be taken of the Impotent,
That in your Service have their Vigour ſpent.
They ſhould have Penſions from the Muſes State
Too old to write, too feeble to tranſlate.
But let the luſty Beggar-Wits, that lurk
About the Hill, be ſeiz'd and ſet to work.
Beſides ſome Youths Debauches will commit,
And ſurfeit by their undigeſted Wit:
Th' intoxicating Draught they cannot bear,
Their Heads grow giddy e'er they are aware;
Weak Brothers, by Exceſſes it appears,
Have oft been laid up Months, and ſome whole Years
That neither Sick nor Poor you may neglect,
For all the Muſes Invalids, erect
An Hoſpital upon *Parnaſſus* Hill,
And ſettle Doctors there, of Worth and Skill.
This Town can Numbers for your Service ſpare
That live obſcure, and of Succeſs deſpair:

Fra

Fracar has many ſow'r Invectives ſaid,
And Jeſts upon his own Profeſſion ſpread,
And with good Reaſon, 'twill not find him Bread.
And ſome ſuch Doctors ſure you may perſwade
To labour at th' Apothecary's Trade;
They'll make up Medicines, at the Mortar ſweat,
And out of pounded Drugs their Dinner beat.

THE KIT-CATS: A POEM.

Tantæ molis erat——

Printed in the Year 1708.

Advertiſement.

THIS Poem was writ ſome Years ago, as the Reader will perceive, and not deſign'd for the Preſs. But the Author having unwarily let a Copy of it go out of his Hands, which he has not been able to recover, has at length thought fit to make it publick, having Reaſon to believe it will otherwiſe come Abroad, by Means of the Copy before-mention'd.

THE KIT-CATS A POEM.



Sing th' Aſſembly's Riſe, Encreaſe (and Fame,
That condeſcends to honour *Kit-* (*Cats* Name,
Whoſe Pride, like thine, O *Rome*, (from ſmall Beginnings came.

Oh, Thou, who Chief art to the Muſes dear,
Whom Poets court, and Stateſmen love or fear;
Who with an uncontroul'd deſpotick Sway,
Do'ſt ſtill new Burdens on thy Subjects lay;

That tax'd by Thee, with leſs Reluctance bear
The Charge of *Cæſar*'s, than of *Anna*'s War,
And reeking in thy own and *Roman* Sweat
Doſt ancient Conqueſts o'er the *French* Repeat;
Do Thou, great *Bocai*, ſmooth thy ſpacious Brow,
And one kind Smile on my Attempt beſtow.
For Thou, whoſe fertile Genius do's abound
With noble Projects, did'ſt this Order found,
And ſtill do'ſt cheriſh, cultivate and guide
Thy humble Creature, and with decent Pride
Do'ſt, like the God of Wine, the *Kit-Cat* State (beſtride.
Gracious appear, as when thou mount'ſt thy Seat
High in the great Aſſembly to create
Some Peer a Member of the *Kit-Cat* State.
Or when, *Apollo* like, thou'rt pleas'd to lead
Thy Sons to Feaſt on *Hampſtead*'s airy Head;
Hampſtead, that tow'ring in ſuperior Sky
Now with *Parnaſſus* do's in Honour vie,

When warlike *William*, *Albion*'s Scepter ſway'd,
Succour'd th' Oppreſt, th' Oppreſſor's Progreſs ſtaid,
And of *Europa*'s Peace the bleſt Foundations laid;
Illuſtrious Deeds were ſtill the Hero's Aim,
He follow'd Danger, as he flew from Fame;
A Thouſand Ills he bore in *Albion*'s Cauſe,
Patient of every Suff'ring, but Applauſe.
Reverſe of *Lewis*, he (Example rare!)
Lov'd to deſerve the Praiſe, he could not bear;
He ſhun'd the Acclamations of the Throng,
And always coldly heard the Poet's Song.
Hence the great King the Muſes did neglect,
And the meer Poet met with ſmall Reſpect.
But tho' the Muſes and their tuneful Train,
In this fam'd Monarch's Military Reign,
Had of the Royal Favour little Share,
Still they were kinder *Bocai*'s tender Care.
He ſtill careſs'd the unregarded Tribe,
And did to all their various Tasks preſcribe;

From

From whence to Both great Acquiſitions came,
To him the Profit, and to them the Fame.

On the fair Strand, by which with graceful Pride
Unrival'd *Thames* rolls his alternate Tide.
Between the Courts, which moſt the People awe
(In One the Monarch reigns, in One the Law)
A ſtately Building reer'd its lofty Head,
Which both the *Thames* and Town around ſurvey'd;
Here crown'd with Cluſters, *Bacchus* kept his Court,
Where mighty Vats his chearful Throne ſupport;
High o'er the Gate he hung his waving Sign,
A Fountain red with ever-flowing Wine.
Here Politicians uſe to recreate
Their Lungs exhauſted with their long Debate
In ſett'ling or perplexing Points of State.
In Pleaſure here they paſs the waning Night,
And the hard Labours of the Day recite:
They tell how bravely *Artop* Silence broke,
And how much like an Angel *Oran* ſpoke.

How

How ſome Young Orators new come from School
Mounted the Rope, and danc'd without a Pole:
What wretched Speeches t'other Party made,
How weak and how inſipid Things were ſaid
By all their Leading Men; but by their own
What Miracles of Eloquence were ſhown,
What Flames of Fire, what Thunderbolts were thrown.
How all their Speakers but of middle Name,
Surpaſs'd the *Grecian* and the *Roman* Fame.
They tell with how much Negligence of Art,
With how ſincere an Air and open Heart,
The prudent Prolocutor plaid his Part.
Th' elated Victors of their Conqueſt boaſt,
And triumph at the vanquiſh'd Party's Coſt,
And tell how down they look'd, the Queſtion loſt.

One Night in Sev'n, at this convenient Seat,
Indulgent *Bocai* did the Muſes treat,
Their Drink was gen'rous Wine, and *Kit-Cat*'s Pies their Meat.

Here

Here he aſſembled his Poetick Tribe,
Paſt Labours to reward, and new preſcribe:
Hence did the Aſſembly's Title firſt ariſe,
And *Kit-Cat* Wits ſprung firſt from *Kit-Cat*'s Pie
Bocai, the mighty Founder of the State,
Led by his Wiſdom, or his happy Fate,
Choſe proper Pillars to ſupport its Weight.
All the firſt Members for their Place were fit,
Tho' not of Title, Men of Senſe and Wit:
While *Kit-Cats* by their Diſcipline ſecure
Preſerv'd their well-fram'd Conſtitution pure,
Soon from this warm well-cultivated Bed,
Letters came forward, Senſe began to ſpread,
And Wit ſhot up apace its thriving Head.
The languid Muſes now new Life acquire,
And every Genius feels its ~~Nature~~ Fire:
The cheerful Bards their weekly Works rehearſe,
And noble Subjects ſing in noble Verſe.
No ſweeter Lays, nor more exalted Strains
E'er bleſt *Parnaſſus*, or th' *Arcadian* Plains;

The tuneful Tribe with Praiſe each other crown,
And *Bocai* with a Nod approves *Apollo*'s Son.
Old *Thames*, while liſt'ning to the Poet's Song,
In ling'ring Volumes ſlowly crept along;
But ſoon the Flood, that with Reluctance paſt,
To hear the charming Lays return'd in haſte.
Their Converſation fed their mutual Fame,
And made the Bards at Flights much higher Aim:
For Men of Wit, do Men of Wit inſpire,
And Emulation ſtrikes out nobler Fire.

Mean Time, theſe Sons of Wit advanc'd their (Name,
And fair *Auguſta* rang with *Kit-Cat* Fame.
Their brighter Beams eclips'd the fading Toaſt,
That long before unrivall'd rul'd the Roaſt.
Now Crowds to Founder *Bocai* did reſort,
And for his Favour humbly made their Court.
The little Wits attended at his Gate,
And Men of Title did his Levee wait;

For

For he, as Soveraign by Prerogative,
Old Members did exclude, and new receive.
He judg'd who moſt were for the Order fit,
And Chapters held to make new Knights of Wit.

While *Kit-Cats* thus to their firſt Maxims true,
Not of high Station, and in Number few,
Did Wit's juſt Rights and Intereſts purſue,
They were by All eſteem'd, by All careſt,
The Town's Delight, the Life of ev'ry Feaſt;
If not a *Kit-Cat* Wit or Two were there,
Flat was the Wine, and taſtleſs was the Cheer;
To ſuch a Height ſo ſoon their Credit roſe,
And ſuch great Men their Order did compoſe;
But who can flouriſh long and raiſe no envious (Foes?
As when new States induſtrious, frugal, wiſe,
Advancing ſwift to Strength and Wealth ariſe,
The Realms around are jealous of their Pow'r,
Suſpect and fear thoſe they deſpis'd before:

Great

Great Potentates each other's Court alarm,
And to ſuppreſs the growing Neighbour arm.
So here the Foes of Wit ſoon Umbrage took,
And did with Envy on the *Kit-Cat* look.
The numerous Species of the Blockhead Race,
Which the Long Robe, Camp, Gown and Court (diſgrace,
With all the vaſt Variety of Fools
Of Mother-Nonſence, or improv'd in Schools,
The Noiſy and Impertinent, and all
The Fops and Pedants, all the whimſical,
Half-craz'd, half-witted, of the *R——ff* Kind,
Againſt the riſing *Kit-Cat* State combin'd.
O, *Bocai!* all theſe mighty Clans rebell'd
Againſt thy Throne, by Senſe and Wit upheld.
Their envious Tongues thy Government defam'd,
And loud againſt thy ſpreading Fame exclaim'd.
For they aſſert the Privilege to play
The Fool or Madman in their proper Way;
Theſe Sons of Liberty will ne'er endure
The Tyranny of Senſe, or Vertue's Foreign Pow'r.

But

But they in vain the *Kit-Cat* State aſſail'd,
Their ill-laid Plots and bung'ling Malice fail'd.
Fix'd on a Rock, great *Bocai*'s Throne withſtood
Confed'rate Fops, and Folly's confluent Flood.
Reſiſted thus, his Reputation roſe;
For all wiſe Men eſteem, what Fools oppoſe:
Their Leaders raving, that from each Attack
With mighty Loſs their Troops were beaten back,
Reſolv'd in Council on a wiſe Deſign,
What all their Force repell'd to undermine.

In fam'd *Hibernia* on the *Northern* Main,
Where Wit's unknown, and Schools are built in (vain,
Between Two Hills, that riſe with equal Pride,
And with their Tops the floating Clouds divide,
A lazy Lake, as *Lethe* black and deep,
Secure from Storms, extended lies aſleep:
Young vig'rous Winds, which heavy Tempeſts bear,
With fruitleſs Toil ſhove at the ſtagnant Air;

Their

Their Breath all ſpent, they from their Labour ceaſe,
And leave th' unweildy Fogs to reſt in Peace.
The Beaſts, that come for Water, at the Brink
Benumb'd, ſtand Nodding and forget to drink:
The Birds by luckleſs Fortune hither brought,
Fall down, and ſleeping on the Water, float:
The thoughtleſs Boat-Men ſcarcely half awake,
Do never one ſucceſsful Voyage make,
But yawn, and drop their Oars into the Lake.
Theſe Shores, that with this quiet Breed abound,
Kindly ſupply the Neighb'ring Nations round
With calm Commanders, who enjoy their Eaſe,
And rule in Time of War a harmleſs Fleet in Peace.

On the dark Margin of the ſtagnant Flood,
The Temple of the God of Dullneſs ſtood,
With rude Magnificence ſublime in Air,
Thick Walls of Mud the pond'rous Roof did bear.
Of Birds the formal Owl, of Beaſts the Aſs,
Dear to the God, did the dark Niches grace;

And on the Dome's high Front, ill cut in Wood,
Sottiſh *Silenus* and dull *Morpheus* ſtood.
Irregular it ſeem'd in every Part,
Which, as in *China*, here is perfect Art.
In gouty Pillars, thick unlightſome Walls,
With Windows at the Top, like Pidgeon-Holes,
It imitates our hideous Church of *Paul's*.
Such is the Skill, that all the Parts appear
Contriv'd for cold and blind Devotion here.
Sleek pamper'd Prieſts beneath the Altar ſnore,
And ſtretch'd at Eaſe, their ſtupid God adore.
The Vot'ries here eternal Silence keep,
And unreproach'd their Worſhip pay aſleep.
The Idol is compos'd of Maſſy Lead,
And Wreaths of Poppy-Flowers adorn his Head:
Lolling and Yawning in his Chair of State,
His Head reclin'd, the drouzy Figure ſate.
For Incenſe here, inſtead of *Indian* Gums,
Kindled *Nicotian* ſpreads more grateful Fumes,

Which

Which lull the Senſes vex'd with Care and Pain,
Blunt the ſharp Edge of Thought, and kindly cloud the Brain.

Hither the various complicated Foes
That all enrag'd againſt the *Kit-Cats* roſe,
Sworn Enemies to *Bocai* and to Wit,
Sent Deputies for their Employment fit.
The Coxcomb-Clan Sir *Thomas Triſle* choſe,
Prince of the civil Fops and grey-hair'd Beaus:
The grave and bookiſh Blockheads of our Iſle
Sent a fam'd Native of *Hibernia*'s Soil,
Dodwell, of undigeſted Fathers full,
Oppreſt with Learning, and profoundly dull.
The *Vertuoſo* Tribe deputed *S*——, Sloan
Who got the Poll from *L*——*ſt*——*r* but by One. Lister
The Mountebanks were firſt inclin'd to *Read*,
But *Twinkler* nam'd, in *Twinkler* all agreed.
The Politicians did their *Mac*——*h* ſend, Mackworth
Of all the Foes of Senſe a faithful Friend;

He with him took his Books, a pond'rous Load,
Deſign'd an Off'ring to the ſleepy God.
The Pedant Tribe, who Wit and Senſe oppoſe,
And the falſe Criticks, Learning's mortal Foes,
Ch——d, a wond'rous ſhining Genius, choſe.
Strong B——ks was choſen by the lower Gown,
The ſcribling Rakes ſent the poor Devil *Brown*,
Who doom'd to ſtarve, yet fated to believe
He ſhall in eating Circumſtances live,
Do's with a Stomach empty as his Head,
Write in a Garret to the Shops for Bread.
The Lawyers, once of one Opinion, choſe
The great *Aurato* with a loud Applauſe.
Theſe by *Aurato* led, did ſoon proceed
To the fam'd Temple with induſtrious Speed,
When their grave Speaker ſlowly Silence broke,
And thus the God of Dullneſs did invoke;
But hem'd and paus'd, and on his Notes did pore
Repeating often what he ſaid before.

Great drouſy Pow'r, whoſe wide extended Sway,
All the cold Kingdoms of the *North* obey;
Who gently rul'ſt the whole *Hibernian* Iſle,
And a large Part of *Albion*'s Neighb'ring Soil,
We in the Name of all thy Vot'ries there,
Addreſs thy Altars with our humble Pray'r;
An upſtart Sect, one *Bocai* at their Head,
Have great Commotions in *Britannia* bred;
Who would with Arts the *Britiſh* Youth refine,
And the Subverſion of thy Throne deſign.
The Kingdom into Parties they have ſplit,
Rebels to Senſe, and Schiſmaticks in Wit.
In Strength the reſtleſs Sectaries encreaſe,
And interrupt thy quiet Subjects Peace.
Still with freſh Conqueſts they extend their Fame,
And now at univerſal Empire aim.
Thoſe, who to Thee have firm Affection ſhown,
And always labour'd to ſupport thy Throne,

Who ne'er ſuſpected were of ſuch as Sin,
To ſpeak in Favour of the Sect begin.
T——*r* himſelf affects to be Diſcreet
And wav'ring *W*——*d* inclines to be a Wit.
Ev'n *T*—— and *D*——*y* diſaffected grow,
And underhand are treating with the Foe.
Ambiguous *D*—— who to no Side adher'd,
Strangely drawn in, has for the Sect declar'd.
Lugo, whom ſtill we did with Honour name,
That Men of Brains deſpis'd, and laugh'd at Fame,
Aſſumes judicious Airs, and in the Pit,
Grows hot for Senſe, and violent for Wit.
Robell, who Schools and Colleges did mock,
Solid, unchang'd and ſteady as a Rock,
In theſe revolting Times begins to ſhake,
And do's Diſcoveries of Infection make.
Young *Ollan*, ſo well-principl'd, and free
From the wild Notions of fine Company,
Ah, much lamented Youth! is from us loſt,
The graveſt Genius which our Cauſe could boaſt;

Had

Had he eſcap'd his late unhappy Stain,
And not with Wit forc'd his reluctant Brain,
I had enroll'd him my adopted Son,
To him I had bequeath'd my awful Gown.
C———*s* and *S*——*l*, and a Thouſand more,
For whom, as for my ſelf, I would have ſwore,
Who ſtood unſhaken, now begin to ſtart,
Leave their old Friends, and take the Faction's Part.

If thou, great Pow'r, do'ſt not with Speed apply
To this Diſeaſe ſome Soveraign Remedy,
Soon from thy Empire *Albion* will be won,
By *Bocai*'s *Kit-Cat* Squadrons over-run;
Squadrons, for this great Undertaking fit,
All clad in ſolid Senſe and treble poliſh'd Wit.
Proud *Kit-Cats* ſoon will Triumph at thy Coſt,
Nor wilt thou more of *Britain*'s Vot'ries boaſt;
A Revolution, which was never fear'd,
Where thou haſt been ſo lov'd and ſo rever'd.

H——n no longer will thy Shrines adore,
Nor will *Tr——m* e'er obey Thee more.
Great *B——k's* Gownmen, who have ſtill withſtood
All Light and Senſe, and made their Party good,
A num'rous Clan, will All thy Cauſe diſown,
Declare for Wit, and worſhip *Bocai's* Throne.
A Thouſand Politicians will deſert
Their ancient Side, and take the Rebels Part—
More had he ſaid— But ſtrove in vain to keep
His Eyelids ope, then fell down faſt aſleep.

This Pray'r diſturb'd the drozy God's Repoſe,
Who with Reluctance from his Seat aroſe:
He ſtretcht awhile, and did half-waken'd ſtand
Rubbing his heavy Eyelids with his Hand;
But rous'd at length, he to *Aurato* came,
And gave him this kind Anſwer in a Dream.

Thou, who ſo well doſt thy high Poſt adorn,
For fair *Britannia's* and my Service born,

Know

Know, faithful Servant, I ſhall ſtill protect
My *Britiſh* Vot'ries from this hated Sect.
The haughty *Kit-Cats*, who my Pow'r defy'd,
Shall find me able to correct their Pride.
Let not my Friends deſpond, for certain Fate
Decrees the Ruin of the *Kit-Cat* State.
Let *Kit-Cats* ceaſe to boaſt, ceaſe ye to fear,
The Fall, O *Bocai*, of thy Throne is near.
Infernal Pow'rs will ſend at my Requeſt
Faction from Hell, thy Empire to infeſt;
She'll with the Poiſon of her vip'rous Brood
Infect their Veins and agitate their Blood;
Will with malignant Heat their Breaſts inſpire,
And with their Breath blow up Sedition's Fire.

Now angry *Kit-Cats* feel the Fury's Flame,
Talk big, and *Bocai* with Diſhonour name.
Againſt his Miniſtration they inveigh,
His haughty Airs, and arbitrary Sway:

They

They cry he ſep'rate Int'reſt carries on,
Pretends their Profit, but deſigns his own.
Such Defamation ſhall they ſpread Abroad,
And with collected Scandal *Bocai* load,
Till in the troubled State Things deſperate grown,
Outrageous *Kit-Cats* ſhall aſſault his Throne.
Now by Defection univerſal, they
Shall from their Court Rebellion's Flag diſplay,
And ſwear they will no more the Tyrant's Will obey.
They'll then dethrone their Leader, and declare
An *Interregnum* and a vacant Chair.
This crowns my Wiſh, with *Bocai* ſinks their State,
Who elſe has Shoulders equal to its Weight?
Bocai depos'd, the Sect with Faction rent,
Embroil'd in Feuds, and ſow'r with Diſcontent,
Shall into various warring Parties ſplit,
Which bring the Downfal of Imperious Wit.
This Doom attends the upſtart *Kit-Cat* State,
This ſhall be Wit's, this ſhall be *Bocai*'s Fate.

Go back in Peace, my faithful Vot'ries, go,
Let high *Auguſta* my Prediction know;
Let all the Clans and Sects you repreſent,
Reſt in the Proſpect of the great Event.



CRE-

CREMES.

A

SATYRE.

Writ in the Manner of *Horace.*

CREMES.

A

SATYRE.

Written in the late REIGN.



Remes, I gueſs you have at length (embrac'd
More juſt Opinions, and improv'd (your Taſte:
That you are tir'd with Cries of (Clam'rous Hounds,
With tramp'ling growing Corn, and (breaking Mounds,
Weary of conſtant Chaſes and Purſuits,
And living ſtill a Jockey Life in Boots,

Of

Of breaking Limbs to keep your ſelf in Health,
And feeding Dogs and Cocks to ſave your Wealth
That you are cloy'd with courſe ill-manag'd Cheer,
And the brown Nectar of *October* Beer;
And with your Reverend Dunce, who puffs and
(pants
Waddles with Fat, and burſts with Ale and *Nants*;
Who muſt in Jeſt againſt thoſe Vices preach,
Which his looſe Manners do in earneſt teach.
From Noiſe and Nonſenſe you would fain retire,
Leave the Brute Tenant, and the awkard Squire,
Who in his Houſe foments eternal Striſe,
With Pleaſure ſtroaks his Dog, and kicks his Wife.
You'd be no more a great Domeſtick Boy,
Your Mother's Comfort, and your Siſte rs Joy:
And therefore fly to Town to be refin'd,
To make your Fortune, and to know Mankind;
Cremes, your Scheme is wond'rous well deſign'd.

I ſee your Mirth, but Raillery apart,
Tell me the Method and ſucceſsful Art,

By which an humble Fortune One may raiſe;
You know the Town, and all the Means and Ways.

Then to be ſerious, with attentive Ear
The Maxims, which muſt guide your Conduct, hear.
From Prejudice you muſt deliver'd be,
From all Reſtraints of Education free;
And own that Vice and Vertue are the ſame,
That their Diſtinction from groſs Error came,
And that their Nature's one, tho' not their Name.
Miſguided and ill-principled at firſt,
If you would ſhine, ſhake off your pious Ruſt.
In your Opinions ſhould you be ſo odd,
As freely to aſſert and fear a God,
The Scoffing Party will become your Foes,
Deride your Folly, and your Aims oppoſe.
You a new Creed, to pleaſe them, muſt receive,
Embrace *Spinoſa*, or in *Hobbs* believe.

Learn with Delight Religion to explode,
As idle Cant, as Fancy, or as Fraud;
As an ignoble, feeble Paſſion, fit
For giddy Women, not for Men of Wit.
You boldly muſt engage to make it clear,
That Superſtitious, melancholy Fear
Did firſt make Gods, and then their Altars rear.
That Prieſts and Stateſmen did th' Advantage take,
And carry'd on the Cheat for Empire's Sake.
Perhaps with ſecret Fears you'll be poſſeſt,
That the fierce Viper will corrode your Breaſt,
And ill-preſaging Thoughts diſturb your Reſt:
But perſevere, and you will eaſy grow,
Cuſtom will make, and Wine will keep you ſo.

Our Wits, who labour to refine the Town
With Riot, will embrace you as their own,
And their new Convert with Applauſes crown;

From

From all miſgiving Thoughts your Boſom clear,
Sooth your Remorſe, and laugh away your Fear.
Reluctant Reaſon you'll in Fetters keep,
And lay th' inſulting Judge within aſleep.
You'll triumph o'er Religious Knaves with Eaſe,
Mock future Life, and ſoon know where 'twill pleaſe.
You're right put off of Hand, if this be done,
Your Ground well taken, you will ſmoothly run.

Then plunge your ſelf in Company, be known
To all th' Bards and Criticks of Renown,
To all the intreaguing Creatures of the Town.
To gain Acquaintance univerſal ſtrive,
And into all their Vices freely give.
Thus you a Man in Faſhion will commence,
Prais'd for your Mirth, fine Company, and Senſe.

Be ſure at Levees humbly to attend,
Strowling from Lord to Lord the Morning ſpend,

Affect diſtinguiſh'd Impudence, and own
You practiſe all the Leudneſs of the Town,
But all the Vertue, which you have, diſown.
Theſe brighter Days excel dull Ages paſt,
Our Men and Ladies have refin'd their Taſt.
Thoſe lik'd a Head ſagacious, cool, and clear;
Falſe Wits to Us, Buffoons, and Fops are dear.
Do you at Honour and Diſtinction aim,
Acquire in Vice an unexampled Name.

To mend the Laws when Lawyers ſhall engage,
And Players labour to reform the Stage,
When Lines obſcene the Ladies ſhall offend,
And Poets, Poets ſhall with Zeal commend;
Then Men of Merit, who Aſſiſtance need,
By Vertue not obſtructed, ſhall ſucceed.
All Qualities have triumph'd in their Turn,
Arts, great *Auguſtus*, did thy Age adorn;
Thy Reign, O *Charles*, did Senſe and Learning ſhow,
Wits flouriſh'd in thy Son's, and Jeſters now.

When

When first a Genius, great in Wit and Vice,
Do's like some bright unvulgar Beauty rise;
And to display a noble Bloom begins
The Promise of mature illustrious Sins:
From House to House he's carry'd up and down,
To Statesmen, Gen'rals and great Lords made known;
By every Club of mighty Fame approv'd,
By all applauded, and by all belov'd;
Pamper'd with Praise, and with high Flatt'ry fed,
Till oft the too strong Diet turns his Head.
In peaceful Seas he do's with Pleasure ride,
And runs before the Breeze, and with the Tide:
Nor ever wants a favourable Gale,
The Breath of all the Town extends his Sail.

Vertue mean Time to stormy Seas confin'd,
Has Shelves and Sands on either Side, behind
The threat'ning Rocks, and in her Face the Wind.

Pleas'd Neighbours crowd to ſee her in Diſtreſs,
As *Suſſex* Parſons, and their People preſs,
When the loud Tempeſt rages on the Coaſt,
With barb'rous Joy to ſee the Merchant toſt;
Then Eyes upliſted piouſly implore
The Aid of Heav'n, to ſend the Wreck a-ſhore.

Be well with all the Laughers, elſe in vain
You ſtrive a handſome Figure to ſuſtain.
Admire their Senſe, call that vain Thing diſcreet,
This Fool a Stateſman, that Buffoon a Wit.
Your Parts they'll in their Turn with Honour name,
Promote your Int'reſt, and protect your Fame.

In their own Way the Men and Ladies pleaſe,
Drink *Burgundy* with Thoſe, and Tea with Theſe.
On all the paſt and preſent Fops refine,
Make your affected Indiſcretion ſhine.
For all the craz'd, the whimſical, the vain,
And bright conſpicuous Coxcombs now obtain.

Some Strains of Folly next to Madneſs ſhew,
Attempt ſome Strokes of Leudneſs bold and new.
Or elſe invent ſome unexampled Thing,
And careleſs tell it to the laughing Ring.
Thus you will riſe to Fame, you'll be a Wit,
For high and finer Converſation fit,
Ridiculous with Praiſe, and wiſely Indiſcreet.

Learn all Intreagues, but chiefly Love-Affairs,
Find out the Scandal of the private Stairs.
Cringe to the Great, and in a fawning Way
To every Creature Things obliging ſay,
But moſt to thoſe you ſcorn or would betray.
Mark how the Lady's Inclinations tend,
And by the Miſtreſs, make the Lord your Friend.

Write wretched Farce, be ſtupidly prophane,
And pleaſe the Audience with a wanton Scene.
Compoſe bad Plays, or good Ones ill tranſlate,
Your Friends are ſtanch, you need not fear your Fate.

Grow a He—Goſſip, do like *F*——*r*,
Pick Scandal up, record the Tales you hear,
And up and down the wiſe Tea-Tattle bear.
Would you become the Darling of the Town,
Be well with All the Ladies, but your own.
Now make your Choice, pretend to what you pleaſe,
Cry'd up by All, you muſt ſucceed with Eaſe.
You may a Builder, or a Poet be,
By Phyſick you may riſe, or Heraldry.
Your Patrons for you from th' unwilling Court,
Which oft oblige thoſe, who have Pow'r to hurt,
Perhaps unfit Preferment may extort.
Should you a Scholar prove and ſhine in Print,
You may controul the Ord'nance or the Mint.
You never ſaw the Sea, What then? By Land
You may the Chart and Compaſs underſtand,
And Chief's adviſe, how Navies to command.
If you are pleas'd to leave your Native Soil,
You may be ſent to Rule ſome *Weſtern* Iſle;

Your Excellence will that high Poſt become,
Leave there bad Laws, and bring good Money Home.
Or be Intendant of our Foreign Trade,
By Four good Maps your Skill is perfect made.
A Victualer, you may buy the Sailor's Food,
Send them the Bad, and keep your ſelf the Good.

Another Way by which you cannot miſs,
The great Deſign at which you aim, is this:
Turn Politician, Miniſters arraign,
And of imagin'd Grievances complain.
In moving Accents, *Britain*'s Fate diſplay,
Increaſe of Taxes, and of Trade Decay;
Cry out the Waſters of *Britannia*'s Coin,
The Publick name, but Private Good deſign;
That they are Fat by our Conſumption grown,
And empty all our Veins to fill their own.

On the firſt Courtiers let your Fury fall,
Still let them feel your Sting, and taſt your Gaul.

What

Whate'er Misfortunes come by Land or Sea,
With Ardour charge them on the Miniſtry,
For not preventing what they could not ſee.
Let them for caſual Loſſes be arraign'd,
Or by our Merchants or our Fleets ſuſtain'd
By Tempeſts torn, or adverſe Winds detain'd.

Riſe by Degrees, a ſtronger Tone aſſume,
Grow warm, make Heav'n and Earth together come.
Excite your Courage, be in Language bold,
Not *H*—— like, correctly weak and cold.
When at the Court, you for your Country rave,
Call Heav'n to Witneſs, you would only ſave
Old *England*'s Rights, and would not be a Slave.
That you in all this Charge may ſeem ſincere,
With Hands ſpread forth, and Eyes uplifted ſwear,
That you unmov'd can all Aſſaults abide,
That no high Poſt ſhall draw you from your Side,
Much leſs that you will e'er a Place divide.

Whe-

Whether the Queſtion be of War or Trade,
Exclaim aloud the Church will be betay'd.
Againſt her fierce pretended Foes declare,
Show her not ſafe ev'n under *Anna*'s Care.
Phantaſtick Clouds and dreadful Figures form,
Cry out againſt th' imaginary Storm.
Make deep Deſigns, that ne'er were laid, appear,
And paint that Danger, which you do not fear.

Hold Sir, to what do's all this Counſel tend?
This will obſtruct, and not promote my End.
Hearken, Young Man, and you'll your Error mend.
Some Courts by Provocations are endear'd,
Where you are ſo much valu'd, as you're fear'd.
From Oppoſition you'll their Favour find,
Incenſe them to comply, and vex them to be kind.
Weak State-Directors with bold Speech invade;
Make them uneaſy, you'll be eaſy made.

Our

Our Friends, they cry, by Principle are ſo,
Our Int'reſt is to court and gain the Foe;
Tho' every Age arraigns th' ungrateful Scheme,
All practiſe in their Turn, what All condemn.

Good Heav'ns! is this your celebrated Town?
Are theſe your Ways to Riches and Renown?
Can impious Maxims here ſuch Credit gain?
Bold by Succeſs do's Vice unbridled reign?
Do's its licentious Deluge riſe ſo high,
Paſs all Entrenchments, all Reſtraints defy?
Do great Offenders trembling Juſtice awe?
Deride Church-Cenſures, and elude the Law?
Are Parties form'd true Merit to diſgrace,
While Vertue hides her ignominious Face?
Can you a Zeal to ſpread Prophaneneſs own?
In Irreligion are you Bigots grown?
Are Libertines careſs'd with loud Applauſe?
Cabals engag'd to ſink Religion's Cauſe?

Should such be arm'd with Pow'r, and who can tell
How high the Antichristian *Tide may swell?*
They would, O Rome, *thy Violence exceed;*
Pull ev'ry Altar down, burn ev'ry Creed.
Is such a Town for me a fit Abode,
Who own Religion, and revere a God?
Who have th' Immortal coming State in view,
And more than this, who am a Christian too?
From this contagious Seat I'll fly away,
For Health I'd sooner in a Pest-House stay.
In barren Deserts rather live, confin'd
To Savage Creatures of less noxious Kind.
I'd seek the lonesome Margin of the Main,
Hide in the Rock, or range the Sandy Plain:
I'd find some unfrequented River's Tide,
Lodge in the Reeds, or in the Woods abide,
The Forrest-Den I'd chuse, or Mountain-Cave,
To be my Dwelling, and my Vertue save.

TO

TO

COLON

WHY, *Colon*, this melodious Sound?
Why this luxurious endleſs Feaſt?
Can Bowls with gallick *Nectar* crown'd,
And mellow Sychophants around
Aſſwage the Torments of a guilty Breaſt?

Still wilt thou grin in Play-Houſe Pit,
Or ſaunt'ring ſeek the Puppet-Booth,
Can'ſt thou thy monſt'rous Crimes forget?
Can Shows, or Women, Wine or Wit,
The raging Viper in thy Boſom ſooth?

Forbear, vain Man, this fruitleſs Art,
Thy Conſcience ne'er can be appeas'd;

Thou

Thou always feel'ſt her poiſon'd Dart,
Art merry with an aking Heart,
And tho' for ever laughing, yet ne'er pleas'd.

So when *Tarantulas* have bit,
Poor Farmers in *Calabrian* Plains,
They all their rural Labour quit,
And pleas'd with Muſick in their Fit,
Sing, laugh and dance, while rack'd with raging (Pains.

THE

STORY

OF

Don Carlos,

PRINCE of *SPAIN*.

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THE

STORY

OF

Don Carlos,

PRINCE of *SPAIN*.

Carlos, the mighty Second *Philip*'s Heir,
Who now did proud *Caſtilia*'s Scepter bear,
Illuſtrious with Heroick Vertue ſhone,
And every Grace and bright Endowment known
In high-deſcended Youth, of generous Mind,
For Empire, Arms, and worthy Deeds deſign'd;

Bright Life and Spirit breaking from his Eyes,
Did pleaſe at once Spectators, and ſurprize;
Who there could trace great Actions yet to come,
Young Vict'ries ſmiling in their downy Plume,
The Hero's op'ning Bud, and Laurels in their Bloom.
So were his Features mingled, that the Bold
And Warm were temper'd by the Mild and Cold,
The Strong and Martial by the Soft control'd.
Hence did his Aſpect blended Paſſions move,
Delightful Awe and reverential Love:
Diſcreet and juſt, munificent and kind,
Sincere and courteous, and of Senſe refin'd,
The Court's Eſteem he did unrivall'd gain,
And grew the Wonder and the Boaſt of *Spain*.

The *Gallick* Princeſs, his contracted Bride,
Her Neighbour's Envy, and her Nation's Pride,
Poſſeſs'd all Charms and Graces, which conſpire
To form conſummate Beauty, and inſpire

Regard

Regard and Love, whence ſhe the Chief was own'd
Of high-born Virgins, who *Europa* crown'd:
Nor did her Mind ſhine leſs ſurprizing bright,
Serene, ſagacious, and acute of Sight;
Of Thought extenſive, Reaſon clear and ſtrong,
Rarely the Honour of an Age ſo young.
Th' engaging Features of the Royal Maid
By Fame, to Love indulgent, were convey'd
On Wings aſſiduous to the Prince of *Spain*;
He heard, and felt a ſweet unpractis'd Pain
Throb in his Heart, and beat in every Vein.
Willing he entertain'd the gentle Dart,
Approv'd the Pleaſure, and enjoy'd the Smart.
But when he earneſt view'd her Form Divine,
And charming Face, which did in Colours ſhine,
Drawn by a Maſter-Hand in *France* careſt,
Raviſh'd, immod'rate Pleaſure he expreſt,
And form'd a warmer Image in his Breaſt.

Nor did the *Gallick* Princeſs leſs admire
Spain's Royal Youth, but felt a ſecrēt Fire
Spread thro' her tender Breaſt, that glowing ſtrove
With the firſt Efforts of expanding Love;
Which warm'd and in th' indulgent Boſom fed,
Stretch'd out its Limbs, and full-grown Wings (diſplay'd.
By conſtant Couriers now the Royal Pair
Maintain'd fond Commerce with alternate Care,
Which kept alive their languiſhing Deſires,
Supply'd new Fewel, and improv'd their Fires.
Now the high *Pontiff* ſtudious to conſtrain
Alva the Leader of the Pow'rs of *Spain*,
To leave *Heſperia*'s Fields, where then he lay,
And did encamp'd with proud Defiance ſtay
Before high *Rome*, us'd various Arts and Toil,
Lorrain with new Commotions to embroil:
He work'd his Aims; ſoon *Spain* in Arms engag'd,
And War in *Belgia*'s Plains with Fury wag'd.

Two bloody Fields were fought at *Gallia*'s Coſt,
Whoſe Army by inglorious Combat loſt
All the brave Youth her warlike Land could boaſt.
France thus diſgrac'd, enfeebled and diſtreſt,
Panting for Breath and languiſhing for Reſt,
Submiſſive courted Peace, and prudent choſe
To gain at any Coſt her Realm's Repoſe.
A ſolemn Treaty follow'd to concert
A grateful Scheme of Terms to either Part:
Carlos, who rav'd by Turns, by Turns was ſad,
While Arms the Triumph of his Love forbad,
Was joy'd as much, while Fame on ſounding Wings
The News of Peace to ſooth his Paſſion brings.

But, while the Treaty held, the Queen bereft
Of Life, a Widow'd Bed to *Philip* left,
Who bent on farther Nuptials humbly ſu'd,
And by repeated Efforts earneſt woo'd
Th' Illuſtrious Queen, whoſe Vertues *Albion* bleſt,
Till oft repuls'd, he *Gallia*'s Court addreſt

To gain the Bride for *Carlos*' Arms deſign'd:
The *Gaul*, 'tis true, more to the Heir inclin'd
Than the Poſſeſſor of *Iberia*'s Crown,
Whoſe Tide of Life far ſpent ebb'd haſty down;
But all Things balanc'd, *France* could not withſtand,
So much ſhe wanted Peace, the King's Demand.

While certain Fame did this ſad News impart
To the Young Prince, like Light'ning's pointed Dart,
It pierc'd his Breaſt, and wounded deep his Heart.
And tho' the Anguiſh watchful he ſuppreſt,
Yet in Deſpight of Care his Looks confeſt
Too oft ſuſpected Marks of ſecret Pain,
Which to conceal, his Reaſon ſtrove in vain.

Now did the Royal beauteous Bride advance
In Pomp and Splendor from the Court of *France*,
By eaſy Journeys to deceive the Toil,
And reach the Frontier of *Iberia*'s Soil,

Where

Where to receive her with becoming State,
Deputed Lords of *Spain* aſſiduous wait.
Obſequious *Carlos* at their Head attends
The Stranger Queen, and the ſame Car aſcends.
And now with ſecret Rapture he beheld
The heav'nly Charms, that her bright ~~Flame~~ Frame ex-
(cell'd;
And while his Eyes did on her Beauty feaſt,
He felt his Wound bleed freſh within his Breaſt,
Nor would his ſwelling Paſſion be ſuppreſt.
And while the Queen the Royal Lover view'd,
Her tender Looks and gracious Manner ſhew'd,
She would her Stars have more propitious own'd,
Had they her Love and not Ambition crown'd.
With various Converſe they beguil'd the Hours,
Till they arriv'd at high *Madrita*'s Tow'rs,
Where *Philip* pleas'd with his auſpicious Fate,
Receiv'd his Conſort at the Palace Gate;
Whoſe lovely Features, Bloom and winning Grace,
Eclips'd the Beauties of the *Spaniſh* Race:

Of

Of the firſt Rank ſhe ſhone a radiant Star,
The Idol of the Lords, and Envy of the Fair;

The Prince of *Spain*, his Court aſſiduous made,
And ſtill with Pleaſure in her Preſence ſtaid.
The more he ſaw the more he did admire,
Till her bright Form poſſeſs'd his Soul entire.
Nor did he ſtrive his Paſſion to diſguiſe,
But the ſoft Accents of his melting Eyes,
The Eloquence of Looks and Vocal Mien,
Love's tender Diction, told it to the Queen;
Which in her Breaſt did anxious Care create,
Touch'd with the gen'rous Prince's rigid Fate;
Whoſe Reaſon was too Young to rule a Flame,
Which from a Spring approv'd by Vertue came,
And own'd a juſt, tho' unſucceſsful Aim.
She view'd him like a Ship, its Rudder loſt,
On ſwelling Waves by Winds tempeſtuous toſt,
Deſpairing e'er to gain the wiſh'd-for Coaſt.

Philip, *Hiſpania*'s Greatneſs to aſſure,
Augment her Wealth, and wider Sway procure,
Ambitious graſp'd at fair *Navarra*'s Soil,
And hop'd without Expence or Martial Toil
Ungenerous to ſurprize and ſeize the Prey,
And on her Subject Neck clandeſtine lay
Iberia's Yoke, which once ſhe did obey.
Studious by Ways unworthy to ſucceed
In this Attempt inglorious, he decreed
To ſend the Royal Captives from their Court
Secret to ſome remote *Iberian* Fort;
There the impriſon'd Princes to detain,
And ſeize their Kingdom by the Troops of *Spain*.
Alva his General by the King's Command
For this baſe Purpoſe form'd a choſen Band,
Truſting the Conduct to a faithful Hand;
Who, ready *Alva*'s Orders to obey,
Fell ſick, and long in waſting Torment lay.

He

He now convinc'd that Life would ſoon expire,
Stung with Remorſe and Fears of endleſs Fire,
To *Philip*'s Conſort did the Plot impart,
And hop'd her Care the Tempeſt would avert.
Surpriz'd and wond'ring at the black Intent,
She to *Navarra*'s Queen the Secret ſent,
To whom in Royal Blood ſhe was ally'd,
And by the Sacred Bonds of Friendſhip ty'd:
Thus taking Vent the deep Deſign was loſt,
By Heav'n, that guards the Guiltleſs, kindly croſt

Soon as Prince *Carlos* heard the heinous Deed
Unworthy of a Monarch, was decreed,
The Project he indignant did reſent,
And threats to give his generous Paſſion Vent,
Againſt the King's Adviſers oft expreſt,
Which ſhould have ſlept conceal'd within his Breaſt.
He ſaid in Rage, Thoſe who the Scheme deſign'd,
His juſt Diſpleaſure ſhould unpardon'd find.

Alva

Alva and *Gomer*, Fav'rites, One of whom
Wag'd War Abroad, One rul'd the State at Home,
Jealous the Prince, who *Philip*'s Council blam'd,
Againſt their Lives the menac'd Vengeance aim'd,
Surely to diſappoint th' impending Blow,
Concerted *Carlos*' Power to overthrow.

Beſides, the brave *Iberian* Prince of late,
Toucht with the Suff'rings of the *Belgian* State,
Had own'd Compaſſion to their hapleſs Fate.
Where pious *Rome*'s Auguſt Tribunal ſtood
By Arms erected, and upheld in Blood.
This kindled in the Prieſts vindictive Rage,
Whoſe wrathful Flames, no Time nor Arts aſſwage;
Wiſely did *Alva* and his Friend conſpire
To urge the Prelates, and improve their Fire,
That by theſe Holy Mens confed'rate Aid,
The gath'ring Storm might break on *Carlos*' Head.

Fair

Fair *Eboli*, mean Time the envy'd Bride
Of *Gomer*, and *Iberia*'s matchleſs Pride,
For *Carlos*' Life did Snares deſtructive frame,
Who ſhow'd Contempt of her diſcover'd Flame:
Nor was ſhe leſs againſt the Queen enrag'd,
Whoſe Charms ſhe thought the Prince's Heart engag'd.
And hence from diff'rent Principles ſhe joyn'd
With the Two Lords, who *Carlos*' Fate deſign'd.
Since no Incentives jealous Princes move,
Like Rival Pow'rs in Empire and in Love,
To fire the King the Two great Lords arraign,
Of bold and trait'rous Aims the Prince of *Spain*;
While *Eboli* attempts with ſubtile Art
To ſting with painful Jealouſy his Heart.

One Day the King thus to the Lords begun,
Have you obſerv'd the Temper of my Son?
To me, his cloudy Fore-head ſeems to wear
Concern unuſual, and a thoughtful Air,
The Tokens of ſome anxious ſecret Care.

What-

Whate'er it be, his Trouble ſeems unfeign'd,
His Mirth diſſembled, and his Smiles conſtrain'd.

The Monarch ceas'd— And *Gomer* thus reply'd,
His Change of Temper cannot be deny'd.
Perhaps the Suff'rings of the *Belgick* State
Afflict his Soul, and inward Pain create,
For oft he mourns that Nation's preſent Fate.
He of your mod'rate Violence complains,
As too ſevere your gentle Arms arraigns,
And wiſhes oft kind Heav'n would give him Pow'r
To eaſe their Troubles, and their Rights reſtore.
'Tis like the Paſſion of a gen'rous Mind,
Not yet by prudent Rules of State refin'd,
Too much to *Belgia* has his Heart inclin'd.
He cannot ſure foment Sedition's Fire,
Much leſs at Empire can his Thoughts aſpire.
Nor can he *Northern* Hereſy protect,
Tho' ſome ſagacious Heads his Faith ſuſpect.

Hi-

Hither, 'tis true, the *Belgian* Lords reſort,
And from the Prince aſſiduous ask Support;
While conſtant Couriers Commerce cloſe maintain
Between the *Belgian* and the Prince of *Spain*;
Perhaps that thus the Prince they may engage
In Ways your juſt Reſentment to aſſwage,
And win you thence your Army to recall,
And let high *Rome*'s oppos'd Tribunal fall.

He ceas'd— The Lords retir'd, and in their Stead,
Fair *Eboli* for Audience did ſucceed.
Who thus began— Long watchful I have ſeen,
So *Philip* bad, the Intercourſe between
The *Spaniſh* Prince and *Spain*'s Illuſtrious Queen.
Heav'n knows, To Heav'n as Witneſs I appeal,
With ſtrong Reluctance I at laſt reveal
Th' ungrateful Truth I've labour'd to conceal.
But due Obedience to your high Command,
Without deep Guilt can *Eboli* withſtand?

De-

Dejected *Carlos*, ſcarce to Life and Senſe,
While abſent from the Queen, can make Pretence.
The Cloud and ſettled Sadneſs, which he wears
In thoſe black Hours, if her bright Form appears,
Are from his Brow diſpell'd, as Shades of Night
And hovering Miſts are chas'd by riſing Light.
His raviſh'd Eyes ſtill on her Beauty gaze,
Wanton he basks and revels in the Blaze:
As to a Being of celeſtial Race
He often kneels, and now his Arms embrace
Her Feet in amorous Raptures, now he ſtands
Imprinting ardent Kiſſes on her Hands.
The Queen's indulgent Smiles his Flame approve;
She meets his Glances, and confirms his Love.
But here Surmiſe ſhould not proceed too far,
Nor will the King condemn the Royal Pair,
And from Imprudence heinous Guilt infer.
Your Bed, Illuſtrious Monarch, may remain
Still undefil'd, and they without a Stain:

Your Native Goodneſs will incline your Heart
To ſpare uncautious Youth, and Wrath avert.

She ſaid— Then parted from the jealous King,
And in his Boſom left th' envenom'd Sting.
He feels, like warring Winds, ſtrong Paſſions fight
In his vext Soul, that darken Reaſon's Light.
The Storm, which furious on his Vitals reigns,
Drives thro' his Breaſt, and rages thro' his Veins,
O'erwhelms his Heart, and ſcornful of controul
Embroils the Springs of Life, and works his inmoſt (Soul.
In theſe dark Clouds, like rip'ning Thunder, lay)
Livid Revenge prepar'd to break away,
And its deſtructive Terrors to diſplay.
Thoughtful awhile and ſilent *Philip* ſtood,
Forming black Schemes, and meditating Blood;
Then did the King, in theſe fierce Accents, vent
The jealous Paſſion in his Boſom pent.

Ri-

Rivall'd at once in Love and Empire, where
Prudent and generous Minds diſdain to bear
The leaſt ſuſpected Guilt! My Son rebel!
My Queen abuſe my Bed! Perdition, Hell!
Then both muſt die: *Carlos*, thy Fate's decreed,
Juſt Heav'n will ſure applaud the Righteous Deed.
Treaſon and Inceſt joyn'd! thy Life alone,
For Crimes ſo black, ſo monſt'rous, can atone.
'Tis true, thou art my Son; no, *Carlos*, no,
Thou wert my Son, but art no longer ſo.
Mercy be dumb, Compaſſion ceaſe to weep,
And Love, inglorious Coward Paſſion, ſleep
Benumb'd with ſtrong Oblivion, while I wreſt
By Force the ſtruggling Father from my Breaſt,
And ſink indulgent Nature in my Soul,
Which would arreſt my Arms, and ſweet Revenge
(controul.
'Tis done— now, *Carlos*, I my Eyes can cloy
With thy Diſtreſs, and thy laſt Pangs enjoy.

Pleas'd I can ſee thy Eye-balls roll in Death,
And hear thy double Sighs exhauſt thy Breath.

He ſaid— And then to give his Scruples Eaſe,
And his reluctant Conſcience to appeaſe,
He to the pious Fathers ſecret goes,
Who *Rome*'s Auguſt Tribunal did compoſe,
And ask'd their Senſe; Theſe holy Sons of Pride,
A cruel Race of Bigots, thus reply'd.

Since the Young Prince the *Flandrian* Rebel (courts,
Aſpires to Empire, and beſides ſupports
Invented Doctrines by the Chriſtian Creed
And ſacred *Rome* condemn'd, to make him bleed
Muſt be a juſt and meritorious Deed.
By this bright Vertue emulous you ſhine,
Of the juſt Man, who at the Word Divine
Without Regret did *Iſaac*'s Life reſign.
Thus too the King will imitate the Love
And the bleſt Aims, which did th' Almighty move
To let his only Coeternal Son
A Victim die, his Juſtice to atone. Thus

Thus did the Reverend Sycophants combine
To urge the King, and aid his fierce Deſign.
Brave *Carlos* not convicted and unheard
To a warm Bath, at *Philip*'s Word prepar'd,
To ſooth his Luſt of Blood, was now convey'd,
Where by the Steel his Veins were open laid.
Philip, who all Entreaties had deny'd
Of Friends and Princes to his Houſe ally'd,
And unrelenting as the *Parian* Rock,
Did *Carlos*' Pray'r and low Submiſſion mock,
To pleaſe unnatural Hate and vengeful Speen,
Sate, and attentive view'd the Tragick Scene.
Long he beheld the Vital Fountains play,
Which waſted Life, and ſpouting every Way,
Did thro' the red'ning Bath their Streams convey.
He heard his Sighs, his Throbs and ſhort'ning (Breath,
While trickling Sweat preſag'd approaching Death:
Yet did not Pity nor paternal Love
Touch his hard Nature, or his Bowels move.

He then retiring left th' unfiniſh'd Deed,
And thus inſulting *Carlos'* Fate, he ſaid,
My own Phyſician thus I cure my Blood,
And let the Noxious out to ſave the Good.

The bleeding Prince, as the fierce King withdrew,
Stedfaſt purſu'd his Steps while yet in view
With earneſt ghaſtly Looks, and which to paint
All Fancies are too cold, all Words too faint.
Then cry'd — For yet his falt'ring Speech could flow,
My Father, no, nor King, but Tyrant go;
Go cruel Man, th' indelible Diſgrace
Of *Spain*, the Scourge and Blot of Humane Race.
Tygers and Wolves, which tear the harmleſs Herd
With Hunger pinch'd, ſtill their own Offſpring (guard.
But *Philip* riots with inhumane Joy
In his own Blood, do's his own Fleſh deſtroy,
And with th' unnatural Feaſt his Hunger cloy.
But ſince you've wreſted from my longing Arms,
But never from my Heart, the heav'nly Charms

Of

Of *Spain*'s bright Queen with ſpotleſs Vertue crown'd,
Belov'd by me, to me by Contract bound,
Inflicting Death, Compaſſion you have ſhown;
What's Life, when all that's dear in Life is gone?

He ceas'd— and kiſs'd the Image of the Queen,
That in his Hand he held till then unſeen,
And by his deſtin'd Bride from *France* was ſent,
On which he fix'd his Eyes and look'd intent,
Till by Degrees Death's overſpreading Shade
Involv'd his Eye-balls, and his Soul, that ſtaid
Hov'ring a while o'er Life's expiring Flame,
At length forſook th' inhoſpitable Frame.

Now did the raving Monarch, to aſſwage
His jealous Pain, and ſooth vindictive Rage,
Decree his beauteous Queen's untimely Fate,
Nor could her lovely Form, her pregnant State,

And blooming Youth incline his Marble Heart,
Change his black Purpoſe, and his Wrath avert.
Than *Alva*'s Conſort none of all the Fair
Did ranker Hate, or greater Envy bear
To the bright Queen; ſhe at the King's Command
Brought the ſure Poiſon with a willing Hand.
The Queen conſtain'd drank down the deadly Juice,
Which in her boiling Veins did ſoon produce
Deſtructive Ferments and malignant Heats,
From whoſe fierce Rage invaded Life retreats,
In Agonies of Pain and horrid Throws
She lay convuls'd, when to inſult her Woes
And mock her dying Pangs, the Monarch dreſt
As Mourners in a black depending Veſt,
Enter'd the Room with melancholy Pace,
And ſtrong diſſembled Sorrow in his Face.
He tenderly embrac'd the dying Queen,
And with affected Grief, Theatrick Mien,
And woful Voice he bad a long Adieu,
And then the Royal Hypocrite withdrew.

Now

Now while the fatal Draught her Heart aſſail'd
And o'er the laſt Efforts of Life prevail'd,
In ſlow deep Sobs ſhe gaſp'd away her Breath,
Stretch'd out her beauteous Limbs, and lovely
(ſmil'd in Death.



THE

THE

THE NATURE OF MAN. A POEM.

In Three BOOKS.

Quid quæque ferat Regio, & quid quæque recuſet.
Virg.

Printed in the Year 1711.

THE NATURE OF MAN. A POEM.

In Three BOOKS.

THE PREFACE.

About Three Years past I began this Poem; and after I had writ a few Pages, I was inform'd that a French *Author, Monsieur* Quillet, *had already publish'd a Poem in* Latin *on this Subject, which was very well receiv'd: Whereupon I laid by my Papers, and was determin'd to proceed no farther, till afterwards being made acquainted, that the forementioned Author, whom I had never read, had not treated the Subject in the Manner I design'd, nor at all, or very little prevented me in what I made my principal Aim; and being urg'd to go on with what I had begun, the last Summer I resum'd and finish'd it. I have not yet perus'd M.* Quillet's *Book, and therefore if any Thoughts of mine happen to be co-incident with any of that Writer,*

ter, they are notwithſtanding Original and unborrow'd.

The Deſign of this Poem, is to expreſs how far the Diſparity of the intellectual Faculties, Diſpoſitions and Paſſions of Men is owing to the different Situation of their Native Countries in Reſpect of the Sun; and to ſhew what Advantages thoſe receive, who are born in a mild Air and temperate Climate; and what Diſadvantages, in Reſpect of Underſtanding, Reaſon, and Moral Improvements, thoſe Nations lie under, who ſuffer the Extream either of Cold or Heat: This is attempted in the Firſt Book.

Next, the Deſign is to bring down this general Obſervation to particular Inſtances, by giving the diſtinct Characters of many European *Nations, ariſing from the different Nature of the Air and Soil of their reſpective Countries; and this is the Subject of the Second Book.*

In the Third, the Cauſes are enumerated which raiſe and preſerve a worthy and generous Race of Men; and the fatal Errors and Diſtempers of Mind, which bring unavoidable Ruin and Deſtruction on the greateſt and moſt flouriſhing People.

When

When the candid Reader peruſes what I writ in the Third Book, in Honour and Praiſe of Liberty, as it was found in the ancient Republicks of Greece *and* Rome, *and is maintain'd in the preſent Government of the* United Netherlands; *I make no Doubt he will do me the Juſtice to obſerve, that what is ſaid of the Advantages owing to the Freedom of thoſe States, is in Oppoſition to the arbitrary, lawleſs, and tyrannical Empires, which ſucceeded the Change of Government in the Two firſt, and went before the Revolution in the laſt: For, I much prefer the moderate Monarchy of* Great-Britain, *eſtabliſh'd and regulated by Laws, and all other Conſtitutions fram'd and erected according to that excellent Model, to any Species of Government whatſoever; and had* Greece *and* Rome *exchang'd their Republican Form for ſo mild a Monarchy as ours, I believe they had been great Gainers by it. I cannot but applaud the Wiſdom of thoſe who contriv'd our Civil Frame, and ſhall always with Zeal aſſert the higheſt Monarchical Principles, that are not injurious to ſuch an admirable Conſtitution.*

Whether I have done Juſtice to my Subject in this Performance, muſt be determin'd by the Taſte

and

and Judgment of the Reader. If this Poem happens to be in a tolerable Degree entertaining, and much more if it proves useful, by improving the Mind with any right Ideas, and by exciting or confirming any good and generous Passions, I shall receive all the Satisfaction I propos'd to my self in making it Publick.

THE

THE NATURE OF MAN.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Introduction. The Propoſition. The Variety of Vegetables and Animals in various Climates. Great and wiſe Men not the Production of the Torrid Zone, *and the Reaſon why. This Obſervation exemplify'd in the Regions of* Africa, *the Kingdoms and Iſlands of the* Eaſt *and* Weſt-Indies *that lie beneath the* Ecliptick *Line. The cold Regions near the Poles no leſs hurtful to Humane Nature. Inſtances of the Stupidity of thoſe Nations near the* Arctick *Circle: Their Strength of Body: Their long Life. The Advantages of the temperate Climates for Courage, Senſe, Wit and Politeneſs. Thoſe too Cold or too Hot, not more receptive of Religion than fertile of Senſe. The various Kinds of Idolatry in thoſe barbarous Countries.*



Uperior Bards, the Pride of ancient (Days,
Tuneful have honour'd with im- (mortal Lays
The lowing Grazer, and the flee- (cy Flock;
The Goat, that brouzes on the ſhrub- (by Rock,
And generous Steed, that flying leaves behind
The panting Storm, and mocks the lagging Wind,
With Ears erect ſprings ardent to the War,
Or, proud in Triumph, draws the Hero's Car;
The feather'd Clans, that ſoar amidſt the Clouds
Sublime, or perching ſing in ſhady Woods;
And all the ſwift-finn'd Nations of the Floods:
Ev'n Inſects too they rais'd, which artful form
Their waxen Caves; and the Silk-Weaver Worm.

Mean Time Heav'n's Viceroy, Man, whoſe wide (Command
Controuls the ſpacious Realms of Sea and Land,
Is left unſung: Then, Muſe, extend thy Wing
For unattempted Flight, and Humane Nature ſing.

Tell,

Tell, what diſtinguiſh'd Regions chief abound
With Wit and Senſe, what Soil is moſt renown'd
For Strength athletic, what with Valour crown'd.
What different Virtues, and as different Crimes
Owe their Production to peculiar Climes.
Tell, whence a worthy Race does long endure,
And what Defects its Ruin will procure.

In various Countries, we with Wonder find
Birds, Beaſts, and verdant Plants of various Kind:
The Golden Orange-Grove, and ſpreading Vine
Ask a hot Soil, a cold the Fir and Pine.
The Amaranth and odoriferous Roſe
Abhor *Arabia*'s Sands, and *Scythia*'s Snows.
Few Realms, like that of fertile *Britain*, breed
The fair-horn'd Bullock, and the ſwift-heel Steed.

Bright Humane Nature does no leſs demand
An Air adapted, and peculiar Land.

In vain you hope Illuſtrious Youth will ſhine
Beneath th' *Æquator*, or th' *Ecliptick* Line;
Where Sun-burnt Nations, of a ſwarthy Skin,
Are ſully'd o'er with blacker Clouds within.
Their Spirits ſuffer by too hot a Ray,
And their dry Brain grows dark with too much Day.
For while the *Solar Orb*, with Heat intenſe,
Concocts their Gold, it diſſipates their Senſe:
So much his Beam the Nerves of Moiſture drains,
So draws tranſpiring Vapours from the Veins
Thro' gaping Pores, the Channels can't diffuſe
O'er the parcht Head, ſufficient gentle Dews.
Their Spirits burning with too fierce a Fire
Unqualify'd by proper Flegme, acquire
A Diſpoſition ſo inept for Thought,
Few juſt Perceptions in their Minds are wrought.
The ſcorcht and pathleſs Deſarts of the Brain,
Want proper Caves and Cells to entertain
A Crowd of airy Forms and long Ideal Train.

Ob-

Obſerve the Realms from *Congo*'s Lands to thoſe
Which *Æthiopia*'s *Southern* Seas incloſe:
The Inland Tracts, that various Kings obey,
Which the white Mountains of the Moon ſurvey;
Where, fabulous *Atlas*, thy vaſt Shoulders riſe,
And conſtant Winter wear in Summer Skies:
Where *Niger*, wanton with his Silver Pride,
Rolls thro' the burning Land his fruitful Tide;
Benin's and *Zara*'s unfrequented Plains,
Unbleſt with cooling Winds and genial Rains.

Each *India*'s ſpacious Monarchies ſurvey,
Thoſe at the Spring, theſe at the Ebb of Day,
O'er which the Sun deſcribes his Spiral Way.
The various Realms diſperſt in Orient Seas,
The wild *Philippine Iſles*, and barbarous *Celebees*:
Java, *Sumatra*, and *Borneo*'s Land,
And that which rude *Golconda*'s Kings command:

The Climes, where *Siam*'s Lords the Scepter ſway,
And which *Malacca*'s Potentates obey.

Regard the *Weſtern-Indies*, long unknown,
Controul'd by *Europe*'s Kings, or by their own.
The Kingdoms neighbour to the ſandy Shores,
Where fam'd *Hondura*'s Gulph reſiſted roars.
The wealthy Regions of the *Southern* Soil,
Where Foreign Lords enjoy the Natives Toil,
And to *Iberia*'s Ports convey the precious Spoil.
And where the famous *Amazonian* Tide
Do's thro' the Sands, like their own Serpents, glide.

The various Nations of theſe various Lands,
Oppreſt with ſcorching Heats, and Deſart-Lands,
Are, for the moſt, ſo ignorant and blind,
So unreflecting, and ſo dull of Mind,
They caſt Reproach and Shame on Humane Kind.
So void of Senſe the *Hotentot* is found,
Whoſe Speech is ſcarce articulated Sound,

That

That 'tis diſputed, if his doubtful Soul
Augment the Humane or the Brutal Roll:
Nor do's the *Cafres* barb'rous Race expreſs
More Marks of Wiſdom, or of Dullneſs leſs.

Ye Frontier Kingdoms, ſtretch'd on *Guinea*'s Shore,
Enrich'd with Ivory Wealth, and golden Oar;
Ye *Spicy-Iſles*, lav'd by the *Indian* Main,
Count what your Loſſes are, and what your Gain:
And will your Gold and Spices recompence
Your Want of Thought, your Penury of Senſe?
Will ye your cruel Benefactor own,
And bleſs th' immoderate Bounty of the Sun?

As Rays direct are hurtful to the Mind,
So by their Heat our Nature is inclin'd
To various Paſſions, of deſtructive Kind.
The vital Ferments they exalt ſo high,
Their Dews exhal'd, the Channels grow ſo dry;

That fiery Spirits riſing from the Blood,
Aduſt Extraction of the boiling Flood,
Thro' all their fib'rous Paths malignant dart,
Furious extend the Limbs, and fierce impel the (Heart.
The Fire, untemper'd with proportion'd Flegme,
Scorches their Veins, and burns the Meagre Frame.
Theſe Spirits rais'd from Choler to the Brain,
Like thoſe extracted from the baſeſt Grain,
Impure and crude, produce unnatural Heat,
And an ignoble Flame of Life create.
The Natives hence no tender Motions find,
No generous Paſſions agitate their Mind.
Fierce is their Rage, and all the Savage Beaſt
Reigns in their Soul, and haunts their deſart Breaſt;
Where Hate, Revenge, and Jealouſy are bred,
And livid Envy hides her ſpleenful Head.

The Brute and Humane Animals acquire
From theſe hot Skies alike intemperate Fire.

The ſwarthy Nations near the Sun partake
Of the fierce Viper, pois'nous Rattle-Snake,
And Dragon, Bird obſcene, which dreadful flies,
Shoots forth his forked Tongue, and licks the Skies.

Such was the Plague, that in *Arabia*'s Sand,
Stung *Hebrews* reſcu'd from proud *Pharoah*'s Hand;
And round their Limbs in turgid Volumes clung,
While with their Noiſe rehiſſing Mountains rung.
Yet not *Arabia*'s Sands, nor *Lybia*'s Soil,
Not *Zara*'s Deſart, nor the Banks of *Nile*,
Fruitful of Terrors, yield a Savage Race,
Which *Ægypt*'s King in Cruelty ſurpaſs.

See where the Sun waſtes his intenſer Ray,
The *Cannibal*, a Humane Beaſt of Prey,
With more than brutal Fierceneſs drinks the Blood
Of his own Kind, and makes their Limbs his Food.
Th' *Æthiopian*, and the Inland *Moor*,
From *Zanguebar*'s to *Africk*'s adverſe Shore,

Mer-

Merchants of Humane Nature ſtill maintain
Deteſted Trade, and ſell their Race for Gain:
Send their own Offspring Slaves to Foreign Soil,
To ſweat in Mines, or with inceſſant Toil
To plant for *Britiſh* Lords ſome *Indian* Iſle.

Nor is the Glebe to Humane Nature kind,
Between the Circles and the Poles confin'd.
Nor the *North* Regions of the temperate Zone,
Nor *Southern* Lands preſumptive, tho' unknown
Where while th' unfriendly Sun do's Viſits pay,
So cold and ſhort, he ſaves his precious Ray,
And parſimonious makes the leaſt Expence of Day.
Mean Time in dark Abodes the Natives mourn
His quick Departure, and his ſlow Return.

See *Nova Zembla*'s unfrequented Shores,
Whence *Scythia*'s Main reverberated roars:
Iſeland, a wild inhoſpitable Place,
Which the *North* Sea's circumfluent Waves embrace.

Greenland ſurvey, on whoſe unfaithful Coaſt,
Oft fixt in Ice th' advent'rous Ship is loſt:
Where the vaſt Lord of the Mute Clans, the Pride,
As well as Terror, of the Ocean's Tide,
Rolls in the troubled Deep, or wanton lies,
Spouting the miſſive Seas againſt the Skies.
Tartaria's *Eaſtern* Regions, and the Land
Which far and wide *Muſcovia*'s Kings command;
Where in unlightſome Caves the Nations pray
For the ſhort Comfort of returning Day;
And *Norway*'s Hills, whoſe Pines ariſe ſublime,
Which when tranſplanted to *Britannia*'s Clime,
Wing'd in her Fleets o'er all the Ocean roam,
Export her Growth, and fetch the *Indies* Home.

In all theſe Regions, from the Source of Light
Remote and doom'd to long prevailing Night,
See, Cold extream claſps in its rigid Arms
Diſhonour'd Nature, of their Strength diſarms
Her wither'd Limbs, and blaſts her blooming
(Charms.
See

See how ſhe ſickens by the chill Embrace,
Behold her ſquallid Looks and ruin'd Face!
While all her genial Ferments are detain'd
With Ice coercive, and in Froſt-work chain'd.
Here *Hyperborean* Winds, that conſtant blow
From cryſtal Caves, and Hoards immenſe of Snow,
Tempeſtuous range the dreary Plains, and ſweep
The glaz'd Apartments of th' unactive Deep:
Where cutting Sleet, bleak Gales, and beating Rain,
Drive thro' the Air, and ſweep along the Plain.
This fruitleſs Soil, oppreſt with Cold intenſe,
Is barren too of Wit, and void of Senſe.
Th' unſprightly, coarſe, and unfermented Blood,
Form'd of baſe Juices and unwholſome Food,
Flows thick and lazy in the Venal Road.
From this impure and unſubacted Maſs,
By a weak Fire ſublim'd the Spirits paſs
Thro' the trajected Strainers of the Brain,
And ſluggiſh to the Nerves their Paſſage gain.

Un-

Unlabour'd, unrefin'd, and ſlow of Courſe,
They act the brawny Limbs, and give athletick (Force.
While thro' the nervous tough and ſubborn Thread
Of larger Size and Bore they are convey'd,
Vig'rous they move the lab'ring Heart, and warm,
The winding Veins, with Strength the Muſcles arm.
Hence the hard Natives of the frozen Soil
Robuſt of Sinew, and prepar'd for Toil,
Patient of Pains, can unexhauſted bear
The Soldier's Buckler, or the Huntſman's Spear.

Theſe Spirits too, Gueſts of a torpid Brain,
Will ling'ring Life prolong, and Health maintain.
For with its hard conſtringent Graſp the Cold
Shuts up the Pores, and do's their Flight with-hold;
Which elſe expanded with a warmer Ray,
Thro' larger Meſhes ſoon would wing their Way,
Defraud the Limbs, and loſt in Æther ſtray.
Fed ſparingly with Oyl, and dim with Fumes,
The Vital Lamp by ſlow Expence conſumes:

While

While in hot Climes, unthrifty of its Fires,
It blazes high, and waſting ſwift expires.
But then theſe Spirits groſs and unrefin'd,
Slow Miniſters, and Envoys of the Mind,
Can ne'er on Vital Meſſages proceed,
Or for Reports return with proper Speed;
Swift thro' their nervous Channels cannot dart,
No Touches bold or delicate impart:
With no bright Figures furniſh Fancy's Train,
Nor grace with curious Imag'ry the Brain.
The noble Functions of the Soul require
A brighter Flame, and more exalted Fire.

Mean Time the Realms, where Beams indulgent (ſhine
From the *North* Circle to the Tropic Line,
Exempt from each Extream of Cold and Heat,
To *Human Nature* prove a kinder Seat.

The Sun here darts an oblique gentle Ray,
Nor prodigal of Glory do's diſplay
Immoderate Splendor, or deſtructive Day.

Here

Here from the tepid Glebe ſweet Vapours riſe;
Mild is the Air, and clement are the Skies.
Soft Winds their balmy Burden here unload,
And ſcatter genial Juices all Abroad.
Prolifick Heat fermenting Nature warms,
Gladdens her Face, and calls forth all her Charms.
By this her teeming Boſom is ſupply'd
With gay Abundance, and with verdant Pride.
Flocks cloath'd with Fleeces crown the Mountain's (Brow,
And Herds beneath with Duggs diſtended low.
In theſe propitious Climes th' embody'd Mind
Do's happy Inſtruments, of various Kind,
For all her noble Operations find.

Here proper Ferments animate the Blood,
And give juſt Vigour to the bounding Flood.
The vital Streams with due impulſive Force
Spring from the Heart, and triumph in their Courſe;
Rarely a dull unagitated Maſs
Do's lazy linger in its circling Race:

Nor

Nor do's a flaming rapid Torrent fry
The winding Tubes, and leave the Muſcles dry;
While the mild Dews, forc'd with too great a Fire,
Deſert the Limbs, and thro' the Pores perſpire.
The Purple Streams, warm to a juſt Degree,
From Dregs and unconcocted Juices free,
As they pervade the Channels of the Brain,
Their purer Parts thro' the fine Meſhes ſtrain.
Theſe active Liquors, which Admiſſion find
Thro' the ſtrait Paths, and leave the coarſe behind,
Swift to the inmoſt Rooms their Paſſage beat,
And crowd around the Soul's Imperial Seat;
Of ſubtile Matter form'd, refin'd and bright,
As Light'ning ſprightly, and ſerene as Light,
Watching their Soveraign's Nod, they ready ſtand
Apt to perform the Mind's ſupream Command.
Such noble Vital Inſtruments are fit
For Reaſon's Works, and beauteous Turns of Wit.
With finer Strokes they move the tender Strings
Tun'd in the Brain, whence clear Perception ſprings.

~~Whence~~ Fancy makes ſuperior Flight her Aim, When
Wing'd with this vig'rous, clear ſeraphick Flame,
She ranges Nature's univerſal Frame;
Bright Seeds of Thought from various Objects takes,
Whence her fair Scenes and Images ſhe makes:
Spirits ſo ſwift, ſo fine, ſo bold, ſo ſtrong,
Gave *Milton* Genius fit for *Milton*'s Song.

Others have Spirits volatile and gay,
Which in the Brain, like darting Meteors, play,
Or Atomes dancing in the ſolar Ray.
Tho' theſe with Strength Divine can never riſe,
Nor ſtretch the daring Wing in upper Skies:
Yet ſportive with their Wit, that flows with Eaſe,
And Humour, they the Taſte in Faſhion pleaſe.
In Raill'ry fine, in Converſation bright,
They now with Praiſes ſooth, and now with Satyre (bite.

As lighter Airs th' ignoble Audience charm,
Whom the Divine *Scarlatti* cannot warm,

So Sports of Fancy pleaſe the People's Ear,
Who cold the Epick Inſpiration hear.
Of either Kind a Genius we ſhould prize,
One makes us laugh, as One would make us wiſe.

For different Ends the buſy Head is fill'd
With different Spirits from the Blood diſtill'd:
Behold in ſome, theſe Agents of the Mind
Mild, but exalted, active and refin'd;
And from the ſharp and ſullen Vapours freed,
Which from the Bile, and anxious Spleen proceed,
Dart to the Soul a pure, and eaſy Ray,
Serene as Morn, and ſweet as *Eden*'s Day:
Gentle and ſoft, as tepid, genial Rains,
Inſpire a kindly Warmth thro' all the Veins:
Diſpos'd around the Mind's High Judgment-Seat,
They give abundant Light, but moderate Heat.
When Spirits temper'd thus combine, we own
A *Fleetwood* form'd, a *Lock*, or *Tillotſon*.

In

In ſome the Spirits their rich Store diffuſe,
Drawn from a Mixture of digeſted Dews
And equal Fire, which purer Choler joyns,
And the high Ferment of the Spleen refines.
Theſe plenteous riſe, and with their radiant Train
Fill all th' Apartments of th' inlighten'd Brain.
They burn, without exhaling Vapours, bright,
And give a clear and comprehenſive Sight,
Piercing Inſpection, and attentive Thought,
Where Nature's Steps are trac'd, and Schemes of Science wrought.
From Spirits thus diſpos'd expect to ſee
A *Wren*, a *Newton*, or a *Gregory*.

Thoſe, which the able Stateſman's Head inſpire,
Approach yet nearer to Etherial Fire.
Theſe by their frequent Sublimations pure,
Mellow by long Digeſtion, and mature;

Juſtly attemper'd with proportion'd Flegme,
And to a certain Height exalted, frame
A noble, generous, ſtrong, and ſteddy Flame;
Which thro' the Brain Meridian Luſtre ſpreads,
Mild as the Glory, which a Seraph ſheds.
This Flame is vig'rous, laſting, clear, ſerene,
And darts not outward, while it ſhines within.
Hence Judgment flows, and Thoughts ſagacious, (hence
Come ſteddy Temper, and ſuperior Senſe.
This makes a Maſter to direct a State,
And forms the Man denominated Great.
Give to the Brain ſuch Gueſts as theſe, and we
New *Burleighs*, and new *Walſinghams* ſhall ſee.

And may *Britannia*'s Soil with Spirit ſtor'd,
And bleſt with Genius, ſtill a Race afford
In Council able, and with Prudence crown'd,
Not leſs for Wiſdom, than for Arms renown'd,
In Action warm, and in Deſigning cool,
Mighty to conquer, and as fit to rule.

Nor

Nor do's the wild intemperate *Zone* admit
Religion's Empire more than that of Wit,
Alike for Senſe and Piety unfit.

Survey the Regions near th' *Æquator* Line,
To *Congo*'s Sands from ſwarthy *Abyſſine*,
The Nations ſpread on *Guinea*'s golden Shore,
The tawny, black, the long, and ſhort-hair'd *Moor*,
Who drink the *Niger*, or the *Nile* adore;
That People barbarous *Madagaſcar*'s Soil,
Camboia's Kingdom, and *Mindano*'s Iſle,
Who range like Savage Beaſts, the Hill and Wood,
Unciviliz'd, and naked ſnatch their Food,
Nature's pure Growth, and drink the ready Flood.
Theſe ſtupid Nations, this degenerate Race,
Can ſcarce the Being of their Maker trace,
Tho' Marks of Pow'r Divine ſhine bright on Nature's Face.
And thoſe, who Altars for Religion raiſe,
To *Demons*, not to Gods, direct their Praiſe.

Soon as th' unhappy Head of Humane Kind,
By ſecret Guile and flatt'ring Arts inclin'd,
Had (fatal Choice!) embrac'd th' Impoſtor's Cauſe,
Abjur'd his Soveraign, and deſpis'd his Laws;
Inflicted Miſts, and Shades of penal Night
Involv'd his Offspring, and perplex'd their Sight;
Hence, loſt in various Error, they ador'd
Some Fellow-Creature, as their Maker-Lord;
And mumerous Kinds of Idols did revere,
The Objects of their Love, or of their Fear.

Some deify'd the Seraph-Race, that fell
From bright celeſtial Thrones, condemn'd to dwell
In Falſhood's dark Abodes, and reign accurs'd in (Hell.
While theſe Fall'n-Angels, Princes of the Air,
From their low Seats to ours, did oft repair,
To manage here their Empire, to preſide
O'er warring Winds, and wrathful Tempeſts guide,

To

To ripen Plagues, and Torments to diſpenſe,
To ſcourge Mankind, and puniſh bold Offence;
Miſtaken Man, by Terrors thus alarm'd,
Bow'd to the Pow'rs with ſo much Vengeance arm'd:
And to the fierce Tormentors Fanes did reer;
While *Demons* thus were firſt made Gods by Fear.

Th' Apoſtate Spirits proud to be ador'd,
And vie in Honours with their Soveraign Lord;
In various Climes appointed various Modes,
By which th' Uſurpers were aton'd as Gods.
In Perſon ſome, diſguis'd in Humane Shape,
Met their Adorers, ſome aſſum'd the Ape.
The Satyr's Form ſome did capricious chuſe,
Some did the Goat's, and ſome the Serpent's uſe;
Others were pleas'd, from different Taſte of Pride,
Unſeen in various Idols to reſide:
Temples and Domes were rais'd, the high Abodes
Of wing'd, four-footed, and of reptile Gods.

Some did the Town, and ſome the Deſart love;
Theſe choſe the Hill, and thoſe the ſhady Grove.
Here burning Incenſe ſooth'd their Noſtrils, there
They view'd the proſt'rate Crowd, and heard their (abject Pray'r.
Here impious Prieſts, full of the *Demon* Gueſt,
With trembling Limbs and agitated Breaſt,
Exclaiming loud the Fiend within confeſt.
While ſome with Rites uncouth, and hollow Notes
Exploded frightful thro' their lab'ring Thoats,
From murm'ring Bowels raving did diſpenſe
Dark Oracles, and Words of doubtful Senſe,

As Evil Spirits were by Men implor'd,
So Good, their own Invention, were ador'd.
Such Deities their Guardian *Genij* were,
Who rul'd wide Realms, or made great Towns their (Care;
And thoſe, who ſtill aſſiduous did attend
Their Fav'rite's Perſon, and his Life defend;

Such

Such thoſe commiſſion'd to protect their Tow'rs,
And guard their Walls againſt invading Pow'rs;
And *Lares*, plain, familiar, inmate Gods,
Who watchful kept their Votaries Abodes.

Thoſe of their Race, who uſeful Arts did find,
Or bleſt with gen'rous Labour Humane Kind,
By States too grateful were enrol'd Divine,
And mid'ſt the Stars did Gods illuſtrious ſhine.
Bacchus, and *Ceres*, who obtain'd a Place
High in the Heav'ns among th' Immortal Race,
Their Prieſts and Altars to their Skill did owe;
One taught to plant the Vine, and One to ſow.
Robuſt *Alcides*, whoſe heroick Toil,
From Plagues and Monſters freed his Native Soil,
By Strength Athletick climb'd to Heav'n and rais'd
His Temples by the Club, which reſcu'd Nations
(prais'd.
On *Æſculapius* Altars they beſtow'd,
Firſt their Phyſician, and at length their God.

Some

Some duller yet of Reaſon, more debaſe
The Dignity of Man's ſuperior Race,
While ſtupid they with ſacred Honours crown
Creatures of Rank inferior to their own;
Worſhip wild Inmates, which the Woods infeſt,
The Deſart's Terror, or the Mountain's Gueſt,
That walk, and run, or on their Bellies creep,
Traverſe the Air, or range the ſpacious Deep.

Rude *Africk* Realms, far from the Tropic Lines,
On which the Sun, profuſe of Glory, ſhines,
Abject, their own Deſtroyers idolize,
And ſtock with Monſter-Gods th' affronted Skies.
The wild and barb'rous Nations of the Land,
That ſtretches near the *Erythræan* Strand,
The Viper, Snake, and Baſilisk adore,
And from their Plagues and Torments Aid implore.

Ægypt bow'd down before the Crocodile,
Who fierce infeſts their other God, the *Nile*;
The Terror That, and This the Bleſſing of their Soil.

While Heroes dead, and Demons were prefer'd
To Thrones Divine, and Beaſts were Gods declar'd,
Ev'n Herbs themſelves, cheap verdant Deities,
From Earth tranſplanted, flouriſh'd in the Skies.
Ægypt in Garden Pow'rs her Safety plac'd,
Divinities of high delicious Taſte:
Her Sons, like modern *Rome*, their Gods did eat,
Who fixt in Domes, or on their Tables ſet,
Did raiſe Devotion now, and now their Hunger treat.

Some lifting to the glorious Sun and Skies
Magnificent with Stars, their wond'ring Eyes
In Error loſt, took for their Maker God
His Throne refulgent and Auguſt Abode.

But

But Muſe return, and thy firſt Aim purſue,
With cloſer Flight, and with leſs diſtant View.

Nor do the Nations which inhabit near
Arcturus, and the never-ſetting *Bear*,
In *Nova Zembla*, and *Iſelandia*'s Iſle,
In *Lapland* Hills, and bleak *Muſcovia*'s Soil,
More noble Dictates of Religion own,
Than the Brute Kingdoms of the *Torrid Zone*.
This heav'nly Plant, which Life Divine beſtows,
Rare in incliment Air ſucceſsful grows,
'Tis ſcorcht with *Libia*'s Heats, and nip'd with (*Ruſſia*'s Snows.

'Tis true th' Almighty can with Eaſe diſplay
O'er dull benighted Realms celeſtial Day;
And to th' unapteſt Natures can impart
Transforming Pow'r, and with unerring Art
Bend the reluctant Will, and new create the Heart.

Yet

Yet who ſhall tax his Goodneſs, who arraign
Of Providence Divine the ſecret Chain,
If chief we ſee his Bleſſings the Reward
Of Thoughts more Humane, and of Minds prepar'd?
Nations, 'tis known, with finer Nature bleſt,
And Senſe and Wit ſuperior to the reſt,
Sooneſt Divine Religion's Charms diſcern,
Meet the bleſt Teacher, and her Dictates learn.

And hence, ye various Nations dull of Thought,
To near the Solar Orb, or too remote,
Stupid of Mind, and obſtinate of Will,
Unconſcious of the Rules of Good and Ill,
Rarely your Souls to pious Acts incline,
Or feel th' impulſive Force of Light Divine:
Obdurate, rarely in your yielding Breaſt,
You entertain the Beatifick Gueſt.
Your Hearts, as barren as your Rocks and Sand,
Her Charms and pow'rful Influence withſtand;

Whoſe

Whoſe heav'nly Rays defeated thence recoil,
Like Sun-Beams waſted on unfruitful Soil.

Know, hardy Atheiſts, who inſulting ſay
Some populous Realms to Gods no Homage pay,
And therefore Nature's univerſal Law
Imprints not on the Mind Religious Awe;
That thoſe, who no ſuperior Being own,
Are more from Beaſts by Shape, than Reaſon known.

Then impious Maxims, which affront the Skies,
From Want of Wit, and not Abundance riſe.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE

THE NATURE OF MAN.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

THE Character of the French *Nation: Their Virtues and Vices. Of the* Spaniard. *Of the Inhabitants of the* Northern *Coaſt of* Africa *ſtretching along the* Mediterranean-Sea. *Of the* Italians. *Of the* Germans. *Of the People of the* United-Netherlands. *Of the* Britons. *An Epiſodical Digreſſion, in Praiſe of* Britiſh *Liberty. The* Britons *Vices.*

NOW ſee what Genius of diſtinguiſh'd Kind,
What Paſſions, Manners more or leſs refin'd,
What Vice, what Virtue, eminent their own,
Make Neighbour Nations from each other known.

Fer-

Fertile of Spirit, Senſe, and ſubtile Wit,
Gallia affords a Race of Natives fit
For high Command, for Schools and liberal Arts,
Yet not alike in all her various Parts.
The temperate Tracts view'd by the diſtant Sun,
With Rays more ſlanting, which extended run
From *Bourbon*'s healing Waters to the Coaſt,
Where in the *Main* fair *Sequana* is loſt,
Excel the reſt, and more abundant yield
Senſe for the Court, and Courage for the Field.
The brighteſt Stars, that Honour *Gallia*'s Skies,
Neighbours to *Britain*'s *Southern* Empire riſe.
'Tis to this Soil the boaſtful Kingdom owes
Her fam'd *Carteſius*, here her *Calvin* roſe.
The nearer they approach th' Æquator Line,
The thinner, and leſs beautiful they ſhine.

From their pure Air, and mild, delightful Seat,
Where the contending Rivals, Cold and Heat,

Main-

Maintain a conſtant Balance, while they ſtrive
With equal Vigour, *Gallia*'s Sons derive
That Eaſe and Joy, which ſhow them free from Care,
Their active Nature, and their ſprightly Air.

While Reaſon's brighter Beams adorn their Mind,
Of Thought acute, and Faculties refin'd,
Ready they frame Perceptions, whence the Brain
Is fill'd abundant with a buſy Train
Of Images, which lively, light and gay
Range all its Walks, and thro' th' Apartments play,
Good Humour give, and cheerful Scenes diſplay.

The *Gauls* with finer Spirits ſtill abound,
More for Diſcernment, than for Wit renown'd,
Which yet they do not want, nor are with plenty crown'd.
And tho' their Fancy is not rich and ſtrong,
Not vig'rous, bold, and fit for Epick Song,
Their Taſte is exquiſite, and Judgment right;
And hence they cenſure, better than they write.

Weak and diluted Notions they diſpenſe,
Their Thoughts not full, nor ſinewy their Senſe.
Their Words not great, yet beautiful and clean,
And tho' too oft their Sentiments are lean,
We ſtill conceive with eaſe, the Thing they mean.

Polite of Manners, eaſy of Acceſs,
With winning Phraſe, and elegant Addreſs,
Courteous th' enquiring Stranger they Careſs.
Graceful and fluent, and in ſpeaking clear,
At once they pleaſe the Eye, and ſooth the Ear.

Active, induſtrious, and intent on Gain,
Gallia, thy Sons inceſſant Toil ſuſtain.
Frugal and temperate in their Food and Wine,
Tho' both delicious, they Exceſs decline.
Hence they their known Alacrity maintain,
Their Bodies healthful, and ſerene their Brain.

Splen-

Splendid in Houſes, Equipage, and Dreſs,
For Show and Pomp their Paſſion they expreſs.
Fawning and ſervile to the Great they bow,
While ſcornful they inſult the Mean and Low:
They thirſt for Praiſe immod'rate, and proclaim
In fulſome Stile, a Benefactor's Name;
And when their lawleſs Monarch is the Theme,
To court a Tyrant, they their God blaſpheme.
They boaſt with haſty Pride each ſmall Succeſs,
And as ſmall Loſſes ſoon their Souls depreſs;
Still in Extreams their Paſſions they employ,
Abject their Grief, and inſolent their Joy.

Matchleſs in Treaties, they the Ear amuſe
With doubtful Phraſe, and Words of various uſe,
And with unfeign'd Hypocriſy abuſe.
To work their Aim they ſtill new Methods find,
Traverſe their Courſe, and ſail againſt the Wind.

Gameſters in Politicks, they know the Way
To win, is ſtill to bring new Frauds in play.

This mean ungenerous Race, for Thraldom fit,
Obſequious to the Yoke their Necks ſubmit.
Their abject Minds ev'n Liberty diſdain,
Pleas'd to be Slaves, they boaſt the Tyrant's Reign,
And ſervile hug their ignominious Chain.

The *Gaul* by Nature is not cruel made,
Nor ſecret in Revenge do's Life invade.
But then the Fierceneſs, which his Clime denies,
Plenteous his falſe Religion's Flame ſupplies.
Inverted Zeal! whoſe Dictates can controul
All inbred Goodneſs, and corrupt the Soul.
Tell, great *Lutetia*, how thy Sons, refin'd
From the good Paſſions of a generous Mind,
Devout Aſſaſſins grew, and to aſſwage
Their Luſt of Slaughter, and Religious Rage,

Did

Did all thy Streets with holy Murder ſtain,
And fill thy high Apartments with the Slain;
Did their feirce Hands with crimſon Seas pollute,
And terrible in Arms proud Hereſy confute.

The Solar Rays, to which th' *Iberian* Race,
Owe their lean Bodies, and their ſwarthy Face,
Unqualify'd by proper Cold, inſpire
Their ſcalded Veins with too intenſe a Fire.
Whence from the glowing Heart the ruſhing Tide
Thro' the hot Channels do's impetuous ride;
And while the Streams, thinn'd by immod'rate Heat,
Break thro' the Skin, and thro' the Strainers ſweat,
The boiling Floods of high fermented Juice
Too fiery Spirits in the Brain produce.
And ſince the Paſſions, which the Heart ſurprize,
All from the Spirits various Nature riſe,
On which the Mind's high Faculties depend,
While they Ideas frame, or chooſe an End:

The Cauſe of *Spaniſh* Temper here we find,
Why to ſuch Virtues, and ſuch Faults inclin'd.

Th' *Iberian* makes his Honour chief his Care,
Nice in his Taſte, and in his Rules ſevere.
In Friendſhip ſteddy, faithful to his Truſt,
True to his Prince, and to his Neighbour juſt,
Arm'd in the Field he feels the martial Flame,
Taſtful of Glory, and the Hero's Name,
He do's in Fight intrepid Courage ſhow,
Ardent attacks, or firm ſuſtains the Foe.
Religious he performs his ſolemn Vows,
And no eluſive Subterfuge allows,
Unleſs from *Rome*'s diſpenſing Pow'r it flows.

Able in Council, and for Action born,
Heroes and Stateſmen once did long adorn
Iberia's Land, her Empire did defend,
And with her Frontier did her Fame extend.

Suc-

Succeſs her Schemes, and Vict'ry crown'd her Arms,
While diſtant Kingdoms ſhook at her Alarms.
This ſhews her happy Soil fit Men can yield
To rule the State, or conquer in the Field.

Her Men of Genius merit great Renown
By Wit and Senſe, and Humour, all their own;
Yet, like their Beauties, they are thinly ſown.
And both theſe Kinds that grace their Native Sphere,
Of the firſt Rank and Magnitude appear.

But haughty Pride and Idleneſs efface
Part of the Glory of the *Spaniſh* Race.
On Neighbours round they look diſdainful, proud
Of their unmingled, old *Caſtilian* Blood.
They take up Honour on their Father's Grant,
While Merit, not their own, th' Uſurpers vaunt;
Believe the Hero is entail'd, and claim
In a right Line Hereditary Fame.

Of Toil impatient, they their Hours employ
In ſoft Delights, and various Scenes of Joy.
Amours to them, and frequent Feaſts are dear,
And all th' exalted Pleaſures of the Ear.
But if too poor ſuch coſtly Sweets to taſte,
Their wretched Lives in ſullen Sloth they waſte.
Careleſs the Natives and unactive ſtand,
Mindleſs to plough the Ocean, or the Land.
Unthrifty they conſume their gather'd Store,
Spite of th' *Indies* deſtin'd to be poor;
Indies which more induſtrious Neighbours drain,
Enjoy the Thing, and leave the Name to *Spain*.

Immortal Hatred and malicious Will,
O *Spain*, the Boſoms of thy Natives fill.
Too near advanc'd to *Mauritania*'s Shore,
They feel the Paſſions of the cruel *Moor*.
Witneſs, ye peaceful *Indian* Nations, you
Who peopled *Mexico* and till'd *Peru*:

What

What Racks, what Tortures of diſtinguiſh'd Kind,
Able in Torment did your Maſters find,
Frugal of Death, tho' liberal of Pain,
To ſink your Stock, and plant the Growth of *Spain*?
To ſooth the *Spaniard*'s raging Luſt of Blood,
From your exhauſted Veins what Rivers flow'd?
From your unhappy Seats, what dreadful Cries,
What Groans did long uninterrupted riſe,
And form infernal Noiſe amid'ſt the howling Skies?

Nor do's in *Spain* her ſelf the Trav'ller ſee
Leſs odious Marks of *Spaniſh* Cruelty.
Witneſs the Fate of her own Native *Moor*,
Proſcrib'd, deſtroy'd, and baniſh'd from her Shore,
Nor guarded by the Oaths *Caſtilia*'s Monarch (ſwore.

Yet their Lay-Fierceneſs we indignant ſee
Is mild compar'd with Clergy-Cruelty;
Theſe Reverend Tyrants, abſolute of Will,
With fetter'd Slaves their ſacred Priſons fill.

And

And ſtock their heav'nly Labour-Houſes, where
The curious Artiſts Men for Heav'n prepare
On Racks of Holy Uſe contriv'd with ſtudious (Care.
With Engines, form'd by Art Divine, they wreſt
Pernicious Error from the ſtubborn Breaſt,
And with celeſtial Piety endu'd
Scourge Hereticks to Heav'n, and force them to (be good.

The Tawny Race, that People *Africk*'s Land,
Between the *Northern* Tropick and the Strand,
Whoſe Barrier-Rocks and riſing Sands reſtrain
Th' inſulting Billows of the Midland Main,
Scotcht by a near and more inclement Sun,
In Senſe and Virtue is by *Spain* outdone;
But not in great Degree, for near the Coaſt
The Natives Genius and Reflection boaſt.
Witneſs the Race in ancient *Carthage* born,
Who bright in Virtue, *Africk* did adorn.
Valiant they ſtrove with *Rome*'s Ambitious State,
Rival in Arms, with undecided Fate

To

To which the Subject World ſhould Homage pay,
Thy Laws, O *Rome*, or, *Carthage*, thine obey.
Till Diſcord, Faction, Strife too fierce to tame,
And Envy kindled by th' unrival'd Fame
Of the great Heroes, who their Armies led,
And far and wide their Praiſe and Terror ſpread,
Soon broke the Punick Pow'rs, and made them yield,
Victors till then, the long conteſted Field.
And had ſome noble *Carthaginian* Pen,
Wrote the brave Actions of their valiant Men,
Greater Eſteem perhaps we ſhould expreſs
To *Africk* Heroes, and to *Roman* leſs.
May *Britans* ne'er by Envy's Pow'r miſled,
A Vice by bright Heroick Virtue bred,
Madly their flowing Tide of Fortune ſtem,
Nor Victory forſake, e'er that abandons them.

Nor after did theſe Regions leſs abound
With Men of Wit, with Senſe and Virtue crown'd
And for celeſtial Piety renown'd.

Here

Here did the various Luminaries riſe
Of the firſt Order in the Chriſtian Skies.
Tertullian, *Cyprian*, and *Auguſtine*, bred
In this warm Land, did Light abundant ſpread,
And more than rival'd *Rome*'s aſpiring Head.
Yet laſting Hate, Reſentment, Pride and Spleen,
Revenge, and Cruelty, and haughty Mien,
More than in *Spain*, are here conſpicuous ſeen.

Heſperia's Soil, which turbid *Adria*'s Waves,
And th' *Hetrurian* adverſe Billows lave,
Whence humid Vapours ſtill exhaling riſe,
Sooth the hot Air, and qualify the Skies,
A middle Diſpoſition do's obtain,
Not mild as *Gallia*, nor ſo hot as *Spain*.
Hence ſhe affords a Race diſtinct from both,
From *Gallick* Lightneſs free, and *Spaniſh* Sloth.
A lofty Genius in her Natives ſhines,
For Empire turn'd, and apt for vaſt Deſigns.

Wit-

Witneſs the Heroes, who in ancient Days,
By Actions worthy of Immortal Praiſe,
From Pole to Pole, *Auſonia*'s Fame did ſpread,
And made high *Rome* the World's Imperial Head.

When mighty Storms, which in the *North* aroſe,
From *Alba*'s Banks, and *Scandinavia*'s Snows,
To fair *Heſperia* threat'ning bent their Courſe,
And ruſhing down her Hills with rapid Force,
Had with their Thunder *Rome*'s proud Empire broke,
And made her Neck receive a Foreign Yoke,
Behold a Scheme form'd by unvulgar Senſe;
Thy ſubtile Sons, O *Rome*, to recompenſe
Their Loſs of Pow'r, did Means ſucceſsful find
To found a wider Empire o'er the Mind.
Witneſs the mitred Monarchs, who controul
Reluctant Conſcience, and command the Soul.
Who, as erroneus, Nature's Light aſperſe;
The Judgment, which our Senſes paſs, reverſe;

And by th' uſurp'd Authority of Heav'n
Repeal the juſt Decrees by Reaſon giv'n:
Who Schemes of new Religion have enjoyn'd,
Impos'd Belief, enſlav'd the free-born Mind,
And artful by the manag'd World to come,
Have conquer'd this, and Heav'n annex'd to *Rome*;
Poſſeſt of all the dreadful Strength of Hell,
Its Magazines of Pain and Death, compel
The Earth's affrighted Nations to obey
Proud *Rome*'s Command, and own her Soveraign Sway:
To compaſs this, *Auſonia* muſt abound
With Genius ſtrong and vaſt, and Thought profound.

Here roſe the ſacred *Machiavellian* Kind,
Of ſubtile Head, and Politicks refin'd,
Fruitful of Projects, and in Council great,
Fit to ſupport, or undermine a State.
Open and free, while moſt reſerv'd, expert
To dreſs Deſigns, and act a double Part,
Moſt artful, when they ſeem moſt free from Art.

So-

Solemn they vow, but ſtill their Minds ſuppreſs,
Intending Ruin while they moſt careſs.

This happy Land in all her various Parts,
Has ſtill been friendly to the liberal Arts;
But chief the Regions, which their Wealth diſplay
Between the Mountains and the Midland Sea.
The Sun and Soil indulgent here conſpire
To raiſe bright Genius and Poetick Fire.
Hence riſe diſtinguiſh'd Bards of every Kind,
Fertile of Thought, and elevated Mind;
Some fit in Azure Heights to ſtretch the Wing,
And in ſuperior Lays heroick Virtue ſing:
And ſome with humble Flight to range the Plains;
The Hills and Groves, and tell in gentle Strains
The Labours, and the Loves of Rural Swains.
Of the great Pair, who yet unrivall'd ſhine
In Epick Song, *Italia*, *Virgil*'s Thine;
And where's the Voice admir'd for Lyrick Lays,
That with thy *Horace* merits equal Praiſe?

In

In Muſick too th' *Auſonians*, nice of Taſte,
Unmatch'd in Skill their Neighbours ſtill ſurpaſt,
Whether they ſtrike th' extended Vocal String,
Or eloquent in Sound ſome tender Paſſion ſing.
When *Margarita* moves us with her Song
Melodious, artful, delicate and ſtrong;
When *Nicolini* we in Rapture hear,
Whoſe Motion charms the Sight, and Voice the Ear;
Surpriz'd *Italia*'s Genius we admire,
None ſing ſo ſweet, as none ſo touch the Lyre.

Strangers amaz'd ſee how her ſtately Rooms,
Her gilded Tow'rs and elevated Domes,
Matchleſs Productions of the Painter boaſt,
Which all his fertile Energy exhauſt:
Where Skill Divine great *Raphael* do's exert,
And Nature re-create with rival Art:
See, Plants in verdant Fields of Canvaſs riſe,
And Birds aſcend in well-imagin'd Skies.

The Herds and Flocks, the Pencil's Creatures, fill
Th' extended Vally, and adorn the Hill:
On Humane Limbs it Shape and Strength beſtows,
While vital Fire in kindling Colours glows,
Makes the ſtrong Lines a living Aſpect wear,
And in the Eyes the whole bright Soul appear.

Here too illuſtrious Architects abound,
Tho' few in *Buonarota*'s Sphere are found.
Her lofty Structures to the Skies aſpire,
While to reveal their Pride the Clouds retire.
How much her Domes and Palaces delight,
Where Order, Pomp, Magnificence and Height,
Beauty and Strength conſpire to pleaſe the Sight!

Yet Jealous, Proud, with quick Reſentment fir'd,
Reluctant to Forgiveneſs, and inſpir'd
By ſecret Fury, with clandeſtine Arms,
Italia's Sons revenge imagin'd Harms.

The pois'nous Plant of Cruelty do's here
Luxuriant ſpring, and Fruits full ripen'd bear.
What Seas of Blood were with unrivall'd Guilt
By *Sylla*'s Hand, and thine, fierce *Marius*, ſpilt?
How did the dire Proſcriptions of the Three,
Octavius, *Lepidus*, and *Anthony*,
Pollute high *Rome* with Heaps of noble Dead,
And Streets with moiſt Patrician Purple ſpread?
How did her *Neroes*, and their Tyrant Race,
Imperial Plagues, the Terrour and Diſgrace
Of Humane Kind, regale their greedy Eyes
With Scenes of Death, their Ears with Groans and Cries?

Yet guilty *Rome*, thy *Neroes*, *Maximins*,
And all the Tyrants of the Pagan Lines,
Who red with Slaughter fill'd th' Imperial Throne,
Are by thy Chriſtian Potentates out-gone.
With pure celeſtial Piety endu'd,
They Humane Nature from their Breaſts exclude,
And fill their Hands, they lift to Heav'n, with Blood.

Theſe

These Sons of Wrath, this unrelenting Tribe,
Condemn whole Nations, and their Kings proscribe.
Doom Crowds of guiltless Men to cruel Chains,
To Death, and after to infernal Pains;
And their immortal Cruelty extend
Beyond the Grave, where all Lay-Torments end.

Now view the Regions, which their Fields display,
From the wild Shores of *Adria*'s boist'rous Sea,
And from the *Alps*, thrown up by Nature's Hand,
High Frontier Lines to guard *Ausonia*'s Land,
To *Albia*'s Mouth, and the rough *Swevic* Waves,
And from the Banks, which rapid *Rhinus* laves,
To the East Regions of th' *Hircynian* Wood,
Sarmatian Hills, and fair *Odera*'s Flood.
These numerous Nations, where the Sun displays
His oblique Glory, and less active Rays,
Are in proportion less acute, and more
Unapt for Thought, than those describ'd before,

Hence finer Spirits here do leſs abound,
And noble Poets are unfrequent found.
Yet this Defect their Tempers recompence
With a judicious Taſte, and ſolid Senſe;
Prudent, tho' not in Converſation bright,
Not rude as *Ruſſia*, nor as *France* polite;
And tho' they rare as Wits or Criticks ſhine,
Or Schemes of dark Philoſophy deſign,
Yet uſeful Knowledge ſtudious they purſue,
Improve invented Arts, or find out new.
They ſhew a plain Simplicity of Mind,
Honeſt, tho' rough; ſincere, tho' not refin'd.
Faith, Friendſhip, and Integrity they boaſt,
Virtues long ſince in well-bred Nations loſt.

Of Sloth impatient, and the downy Bed,
Not with rich Wines, nor coſtly Diſhes fed,
Pliant they keep their Limbs, their Sinews ſtrong,
Maintain firm Health, and active Life prolong.

Hence Toil immenſe the hardy Natives bear,
Patient of trackleſs Land, and rig'rous Air,
If with the Huntſman's Arms they chaſe the Game,
Or with the Soldier's ſeek heroick ~~Flame~~ *Fame*.

Nor do's the rolling Sun a Soil ſurvey,
In all the Stages of his annual Way,
Which yields more martial Fire, and where we find
To Strength of Body ſo much Courage join'd.
The Laurel, which rewards the Hero's Toil,
Luxuriant grows in all this friendly Soil.
The warlike Youth controul the haughty Race,
Who rule *Byzantium*, and inhabit *Thrace*;
And bold in Arms, with like Succeſs, repel
The *Seine*'s proud Waters, when they threatning ſwell.

Yet Cruelty and untam'd Fierceneſs, Crimes
The frequent Growth of Military Climes,
And haughty Nature, do too much debaſe
The Name and Honour of the *German* Race.

Oft with the ſtrong Extraction of their Grain,
They ~~cool'd~~ their Senſes, and inflame their Brain,
While in their Breaſts unbridled Paſſions reign.
Britons, their Sons, hence learn'd th' immod're uſe
Of Wine, and ſtrong intoxicating Juice.

Regard *Batavia*, whoſe well peopled Plain,
By Art is wreſted from th' indignant Main.
Her moiſt, but fruitful Glebe and temp'rate Skies,
Produce a Stock induſtrious, frugal, wiſe.
'Tis true, their humid Air and marſhy Field
Do not abundant Wit and Fancy yield,
Yet while their moderate, but prevailing Flegme
Reſtrains the Spirits too impetuous Flame,
They reaſon well, and juſt Ideas frame.
Than Her's, few Stateſmen boaſt a clearer Sight,
Their Views extenſive, and their Judgment right:
Nor for their Country's happy State reveal
More ardent Love, or more intrepid Zeal.

Forc'd

Forc'd by the narrow Limits of their Land,
Th' induſtrious People leave their Native Strand,
And on the Product of the Billows live;
While what the Soil denies, the Waters give.
Nor are they only by the Ocean fed,
While Winds and Waves afford them Wine and Bread;
But more, their Sons, who ignorant of Sloth,
O'erſpread the Seas, import the Arts and Growth,
The various Pride of every diſtant Soil;
Out-rival'd only by *Britannia*'s Iſle,
They ſend their numerous Colonies abroad,
And with Barbarick Wealth their Navies load:
Thus from ſtrait Bounds their wide Dominion flows,
And from their Want their great Abundance grows.

This Region, ſo we learn from *Cæſar*'s Pen,
Of all the *Belgians* bred the braveſt Men.
Of Freedom then they ſhew'd a generous Taſte,
And the fierce Pow'rs, that laid their Neighbours (waſte,

Valiant in Arms their Cohorts did attack,
And from their Frontiers drove th' Invaders back.
And while *Iberia*'s Monarchs they obey'd,
Of all the Tribes o'er wide *Germania* ſpread,
None did the Sword with greater Terror weild,
Nor won more Laurels in the Martial Field.
When after free, to Commerce they apply'd,
Studious of Wealth, they were by few out-vy'd.
Swift they aroſe to that prodigious Growth,
That they at once reproach'd *Iberia*'s Sloth,
And ſcreen'd her Empire by their friendly Pow'r,
Beneath whoſe Yoke they ſervile groan'd before.

Fair Induſtry, what Voice can ſing thy Praiſe,
Which could ſo ſoon with Skill ſucceſsful raiſe
A Spot of ſcarcely habitable Land,
To Wealth immenſe, Renown, and wide Command!
Then is it ſtrange, *Batavians* ſo revere
This Founder of their State, and ſo adhere

To her inſtructive Precepts, who are bleſt
With the rich Bounty of this generous Gueſt?

But Avarice do's thro' their Nation reign,
Intent on Gold they all their Sinews ſtrain,
And oft by Fraud, or Force, extort unrighteous Gain.
Of vulgar Taſte, and Manners unrefin'd,
Seditious, fierce, and turbulent of Mind,
When ſtrong Commotions vex their troubled State,
They cruel Nature ſhew, and deadly Hate.
Nor can they neighb'ring *Northern* Realms upbraid,
While lawleſs they intoxicate their Head
With Native Liquors, or with Foreign Wine,
From *Gallia*'s Fields, or thoſe that bound the *Rhine*.

To vertuous Deeds the *Britons* are inclin'd,
Their Manners not too rough, nor too refin'd;
Sincere of Heart, and generous, juſt and kind.
Induſtrious and intent on honeſt Gain,
Robuſt of Nerve, they various Toil ſuſtain:

They

They plant the Garden, cultivate the Field,
Or bold in Arms the Spear and Fauchion wield.
Studious they ſend Abroad to needy Lands,
The Product of their Glebe, or Labour of their Hands.
Hardy their Annual Voyages perform,
And fearleſs ride familiar with the Storm.
Thro' yielding Waves they roam from Iſle to Iſle,
Now viſit *Ruſſia*'s Snows, now *Guinea*'s Soil.
Hence in *Heſperia*'s Silks the *Britons* ſhine,
Wear *India*'s Gems, and drink *Burgundia*'s Wine.
Their floating Oaks of War, from Shore to Shore
Awful advance, and with loud Thunder roar,
Like what they ſuffer'd on the Hills before.
And by the Winds, like that, convey'd it rolls
From Sun to Sun, and ſhakes the diſtant Poles.
This Naval Pow'r the Merchant's Wealth defends,
And *Albion*'s Empire o'er the Main extends.

Nor do we *Britain*'s Soil unfruitful find
Of Men for Council and the Helm deſign'd,

Able

Able, when Clouds and Winds ſedious riſe,
To check the Tempeſt, and relieve the Skies;
Or in the Storm with ſteddy Hand to ſteer
The fluctuating State, and eaſe her Fear.
Nor do's *Britannia* leſs abundant yield
Heroes to lead her Armies to the Field.
Both theſe ſecure their Country's happy Fate,
While One defends, and One directs the State.

From this exhauſtleſs Soil ſtill ſprings a Kind,
Bleſt with ſuperior Senſe, and brighter Mind:
With clear Seraphick Faculties adorn'd,
For Science ſome, and ſome for Buſineſs turn'd.
Hence, *Cam* and *Ouze*, your Lights Divine ariſe,
That grace *Britannia*'s fair exempted Skies,
While on the *Southern* Realm thick *Roman* Darkneſs lies.
Theſe Regions plenteous yield the noble Flame,
Which gives the Bard impulſive Thirſt of Fame,
Rich Genius, Fancy delicate and ſtrong,
And bright Ideas for the Epick Song:

A ſprightly Thought, good Taſte, and Humour fit
To ſooth the Spleen, and form the Comick Wit.

Wit is a Native of this happy Iſle,
It ſprings ſpontaneous from the kindly Soil;
By its own Force it perfect will become,
Fair Branches ſpread, and wear a noble Bloom.
Ripe Fruit adorns her Head, nor can the Frown
Of Fortune blaſt, or Hunger eat it down.
A *Britiſh* Muſe from her own Inſtinct ſings,
Ambitious ſoars with unaſſiſted Wings:
Mindleſs of Penſions, and the Patron's Smile,
Our Poets ſtill renew their hardy Toil.
The tuneful Genius here neglected grows,
And thrives, like *Norway* Pines, in Ice and Snows.

'Tis true exhauſted with continu'd Pains
In ſinging *Marlbro*'s Toil, and great Campaigns,
They now ſit ſilent to recruit their Veins;

Nor

Nor can their tuneful Contributions pay,
But plead their Poverty, and Patience pray.
They have unſung more Triumphs on their Hand,
Than unheard Cauſes on the Roll did ſtand,
When *W*—— our Court of Conſcience did com-
(mand.
Victorious Hero! in Compaſſion give
The panting Muſes Time to breathe, and live.
Let them to Quarters of Refreſhment go,
Their Genius there reviv'd again will flow
To ſing thy Actions in a lofty Strain,
And Laurels won in this laſt great Campaign.
Attending then the Progreſs of thy Sword,
Which ſtill new Themes of Rapture will afford,
They'll tell of Vict'ries ſtruggling in the Womb
Of pregnant Time, and Triumphs yet to come.

While Neighb'ring Realms, too courſe or too
(polite,
To lawleſs Will reſign their Civil Right,
Britannia's brave and generous Sons reſtrain
Invading Might, and ancient Laws maintain.

When

When *Happineſs*, Gueſt of celeſtial Kind,
Rang'd the wide Globe a peaceful Seat to find;
With outſtretcht Wings ſhe did her Way purſue,
Fame, to direct her Flight, before her flew.
Curious th' Enquirer did the Realms explore,
Rich with the glitt'ring Maſs that Men adore,
Wide *India*'s Silver Veins, and *Guinea*'s golden Shore,
The lovely Stanger turn'd her ſcornful Face,
And left the rude inhoſpitable Place.

Then ſwift, as Heav'ns bright Envoys, did ſhe fly
Thro' the thin Void of interjected Sky,
To viſit Realms bleſt with *Euphrates*' Wave,
Which *Indus*' Streams, and thine, *Hydaſpes*, lave.
Her ſearching Eyes the *Spicy-Iſles* ſurvey,
And frontier Kingdoms near the Spring of Day,
Enrich'd with various Luxury, Perfumes,
Silks, Gems, and Pearls, and odoriferous Gums.

But when ſhe ſaw the abject Slaves endure,
The Yoke of Lawleſs Will, and boundleſs Pow'r,
She left the Soil, and, following Fame, her Guide,
Flew to the Courts, where mighty Kings abide.
Here, grac'd with Purple, and a glitt'ring Crown,
Guarded with Arms, and ſtretch'd on eaſy Down,
She hop'd ſhe might reſide; but Cares of State,
Infernal Legions, that attend the Great,
Deny'd her Entrance at the Palace Gate.

Then long ſhe roam'd o'er fertile *Europe*'s Soil,
And reach'd at length auguſt *Britannia*'s Iſle;
The Native's Temper, and the gentle Air,
Reſcu'd the weary Trav'ller from Deſpair,
And rais'd her Hope ſhe might inhabit there.
Following the Track of *Thames*, on either ſide
Fair Towns and verdant Vales ſhe raviſh'd ſpy'd,
And *Indian* Wealth advancing on his Tide.

Envy'd

Envy'd *Auguſta* ſoon ſhe did explore,
Britannia's Glory on the *Northern* Shore,
Proud of her lofty Tow'rs, but of her People more.

In the Weſt Quarter of the winding Flood,
An ancient Palace venerable ſtood
Between two Domes, which riſe with ſolemn Awe,
In one Religion reigns, in one the Law.
Here on her Throne fair Liberty did ſhine,
Engaging was her Form, her Looks divine.
Still pleas'd, with Grace ineffable ſhe ſmil'd,
Serene as Peace, and as a Seraph mild.
Celeſtial Odours from her Boſom ſpread,
While heav'nly Roſes bloſſom'd round her Head;
Elyſian Youth bloom'd lovely on her Face,
And more than human Charms aſſur'd her heav'nly (Race.
Five Hundred choſen Freemen, her Delight,
Props of her Pow'r, and Guardians of her Right,
Check'd the proud Inſults of ambitious Might.

Her

Her beauteous Offspring to the Skies ally'd,
In graceful Order rang'd on either Side
Adorn her Throne; here ſmiling *Plenty*, *Peace*,
Health, *Strength*, *Succeſs*, *Proſperity* and *Eaſe*;
There *Prudence*, *Counſel*, *Sciences* refin'd,
Rich *Induſtry*, and *Arts* of various Kind.

Soon the Seraphick Trav'ller had in view
This ancient Pile, and ſwiftly thither flew:
And ſtooping enter'd at the Palace Gate,
Where the mild Guardian of *Britannia*'s State,
And generous Friend of Humane Nature ſate;
While ſhe ſurvey'd the venerable Place,
And view'd fair *Liberty*'s celeſtial Face,
Who, mid'ſt her bright Attendants, ſhone enthron'd,
She lowly bow'd, and her bleſt Parent own'd.
Determin'd ſoon, the charming Wand'rer cry'd,
Here, here, I fix; in *Britain* I'll reſide:
Nor will I e'er forſake this gen'rous Soil,
While Liberty protects her Favourite Iſle.

O *Albion!* more than Neighbour-Nations bleſt,
Thy Bleſſings know, and court thy heav'nly Gueſt:
Let Northern States by Rapine Wealth procure,
And ſtretch o'er injur'd Realms their lawleſs Pow'r:
Let *Italy*, with Wit, and Arts refin'd,
Invent Religions to enſlave the Mind;
Let the polite, and well-bred Slaves of *France*,
Fine Manners ſhew, and teach to Dreſs and Dance;
With artful Shifts, and Skill in State Intrigues,
Elude their Vows, and break their ſolemn Leagues.
Do thou, *Britannia*, check encroaching Might,
Fair Liberty ſupport, and Civil Right:
Dictate to warring Neighbours, Terms of Peace,
Juſt Arbiter by Land, and Soveraign of the Seas.

Yet muſt th' impartial Muſe the *Britons* blame,
For various Vices, which obſtruct their Fame.

Fickle

Fickle of Mind, and changing as their Skies,
What ſoon they value, they as ſoon deſpiſe.
Long the ſame Way they cannot Eaſe poſſeſs,
Nor in one Track, with Pleaſure taſte Succeſs,
Tir'd with the ſtale, unalter'd Happineſs.

Ingratitude, of curſt infernal Soil
The rank Production, thrives in *Albion*'s Iſle,
Pleas'd with the Glebe prodigious Growth acquires,
See, to the Clouds her blacker Head aſpires;
Whence noxious Dews and blaſting Poiſon drop
On Fame's ſwift Pinions, and her Progreſs ſtop.

Th' intemp'rate Natives oft their Spirits cheer,
With Foreign Wine, or ſtrong Domeſtick Beer;
Till their hot Blood beats high in every Vein,
And fiery Fumes intoxicate the Brain;
While thro' the Pores, the Vapours Paſſage find,
And cloud the bright Apartments of the Mind,
Unbrace the Sinews, and the Senſes bind.

Hence does a crude and unfermented Maſs,
Strive thro' the Veins, and thro' the Strainers paſs;
Which the ſoft Fibres load, pollute the Skin,
Obſtruct the Liver, and diſturb the Spleen.
Hence Dropſy, Jaundice, hence the Limbs remain
Unapt for Labour, and for Thought the Brain.

While Paſſions in their Breaſts ungovern'd rage,
Diſtract the Mind, and War inteſtine wage,
Reaſon divine from her high Throne deſcends,
Lays by her Scepter, and her Pow'r ſuſpends.
Mean time, transform'd, they various Shapes aſ-
(ſume,
Theſe rav'ning Bears, and Lyons thoſe become,
Some odious Swine, ſome Goats, and Aſſes ſome.

Oft Envy, Diſcord, Avarice, and Pride,
With factious Heats, *Britannia*'s Sons divide;
Where each believes his Head is fit for Sway,
And is more pleas'd to govern, than obey;

And

And while with Zeal they Pow'r and Wealth pur-
(ſue ;
And all would Pilots be, and none the Crew,
Strife and ſeditious Tumults they create,
Affront Religion, and unhinge the State.
Bleſt Iſle ! would all thy Sons reputed fit
To guide thy State, to any Chief ſubmit ;
Or had'ſt thou fewer wiſe, th' entruſted Hand
Rever'd and prais'd, might then the Helm com-
(mand ;
Or from a generous Taſte of true Renown,
Did all thy Greatneſs ſeek, and not their own.

The End of the Second Book.

THE NATURE OF MAN.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

The Cauſes which produce a great and worthy Race of Men. 1. *Laws and Government.* 2. *Union, and a Courſe of Virtuous Actions.* 3. *A due Regard to Religion and Divine Worſhip. The Errors and Defects which ſink and deſtroy a great and flouriſhing People.* 1. *Tyranny: Its fatal Efficacy illuſtrated in the Caſe of ancient* Greece. 2. *Diſcord.* 3. *Univerſal Depravity of Manners.* 4. *Irreligion and profane Principles. The Concluſion, being an Account of the Riſe, Encreaſe, and Fall of ancient* Rome.

ON this terreſtrial various Stage, behold
How troubled States are back and forward roll'd;
On what frail Props Imperial Greatneſs leans,
While Nature ſhifts ſo faſt her tranſient Scenes:
Letters and Empire, whoſe confed'rate Pow'r,
Mutual each other's proſp'rous Fate ſecure,
Firſt in the ſpacious Regions of the *Eaſt*
Roſe, like the Sun, then wander'd to the *Weſt*.
Aſſyria's Kings did firſt the Scepter hold,
Which *Aſia*'s num'rous Potentates controul'd:
Till broke and vanquiſh'd by the *Perſian* Sword,
The Realms around obey'd the Victor Lord.
While theſe prevail'd below, their Sages wiſe,
To Nature's Heights by thoughtful Labour riſe,
Explore the diſtant Stars, and triumph in the Skies.
Next Pow'r and Arts did *Aſia*'s Lands forſake,
And their Abode aſpiring *Grecia* make.
But thence invited to *Heſperia*'s Soil,
For civil Virtues fam'd, and martial Toil,

Trans-

Transfer'd their Seat, while num'rous Nations own'd
High *Rome* their Head, with Pow'r Imperial crown'd;
Till gather'd Clans in *Northern* Climates ſprung,
Tho' not polite, yet wiſe, and bold, and ſtrong,
Broke *Rome*'s vaſt Pile, and on her ruin'd Tow'rs
Rais'd various Thrones, and independent Pow'rs.
Since that, each Potent Monarchy and State
Has ſunk and flouriſh'd by alternate Fate;
While Realms by Turns in Strength ſuperior grown
Enſlave free States, or Neighbour Kings dethrone.

Now, Muſe, the moſt ſucceſsful Methods trace
That raiſe, and long uphold a worthy Race,
And the Defects which a great Stock debaſe.

As ſingle Men, Strength by Degrees acquire,
Sink by Degrees, at length by Age expire:
Or elſe, before oppreſt with Years they bow,
Fall by a ſharp Diſeaſe, or by a ſlow.

So

So States and Pow'rs, which ſubject Nations ſway,
By Steps grow vig'rous, and by Steps decay:
Yet ſwifter, ſome compleat their deſtin'd Courſe,
By Diſcord worn, or broke by foreign Force.

To form a generous Race of Men, 'tis fit
They ſhould to ſome Imperial Head ſubmit:
Combin'd in wiſe Societies ſhould live,
And for the common Good induſtrious ſtrive.
For, ſee, the Tribes thro' ſwarthy *Africk* ſpread,
In the wide *Indies* adverſe Regions bred,
And in the ſnowy Climes beneath the Pole,
Who rude and barb'rous, and without Controul,
Roam o'er the Plain, and in the Forreſt reſt
Not with Improvements, nor with Genius bleſt,
A middle Species ſeem of blended Man and Beaſt.

Of Government ill Forms we ſhould prefer
To Anarchy, and the wild State of War:

Where

Where Men of no coercive Laws afraid,
Each Others Lives and Properties invade.
But when theſe civil Plans are well deſign'd,
And all the Parts in juſt Proportion joyn'd;
Where mingled Powrs each Other's Force controul,
Support each Other, and confirm the Whole;
Where Liberty and Soveraign Will reſtrain
Mutual Exceſs, and balanc'd Rights maintain;
Men govern'd thus, if bleſt with temp'rate Skies,
Flouriſh and ſoon to great Perfection riſe.
Here ſee the unexhauſted Fountain-Head,
Whence all the Streams of Induſt'ry are fed!
For all aſſiduous will their Hands employ,
Who reap their Fields, and their own Toil enjoy.

Shelter'd by Guardian Laws in this mild Seat,
From nipping Froſts, fierce Winds, and ſcorching (Heat,
From blaſting Plagues, and every various Death,
Which ſpreads malignant from the Tyrant's Breath,

The

The liberal Arts, nice tender Plants, appear,
Pleas'd with the Soil, and blooming Beauty wear.
Cuſtoms polite, and fine Addreſs that ſooth
The fierceſt Paſſions, and rough Nature ſmooth,
From prudent Laws and civil Order flow,
While Men ungovern'd, rude and brutal grow.

Genius and Wit, which elſe would lie depreſt,
Cheer'd with Rewards, and with Applauſe careſt,
In well-form'd States exert their Force Divine,
And brighter ſtill by Emulation ſhine.
Science refin'd, which Admiration moves,
Directs our Inſtincts, and the Mind improves,
Here ſhines Illuſtrious, here her Schools diſplay
The radiant Stores of intellectual Day.
Ev'n Courage, which the Natives Veins inſpires,
Such artful Force from Diſcipline acquires,
That vaſt confed'rate Hoſts of barb'rous Foes
In vain the Progreſs of their Arms oppoſe.

As Children happy in their Birth, and ſprung,
By Nature's Care, from Parents hail and young,
The nobleſt Principles of Life obtain,
And firm without compounded Druggs remain;
Nor owe to Art precarious Health, but late
By Time alone depreſt, ſubmit to Fate:
So Governments by Conſtitution ſtrong,
Deſign'd and reer'd by skillful Maſters, long
Maintain athletick Force, and wear away
By Steps unheeded, and a ſlow Decay:
While thoſe by artleſs Heads imagin'd, where
Scarcely the huddled Rudiments cohere,
Weak from their Infant State will quickly fade,
If ſtrife Domeſtick reigns, or foreign Pow'rs invade.

Yet not the Goodneſs of a civil Frame,
Tho' rais'd by Founders of unrival'd Fame,
Can make a noble Stock unſhaken ſtand,
If *Virtue* lend not her protecting Hand.

See *Mercy* ſmiling with immortal Grace,
Concord, indulgent *Love to Humane Race*,
And *Publick Zeal*, impartial, unconfin'd,
The Pride and Pleaſure of a generous Mind;
Juſtice behold, whoſe clean unerring Hand,
Steddy her equal Balance do's Command;
Beneficence, adorn'd with heav'nly Charms,
That ſcatters Bleſſings from her lib'ral Arms;
Theſe Kindred Pow'rs a worthy Race ſuſtain,
Without whoſe Help all Arts, all Schemes are vain.

Nor can you hope a generous Breed to reer,
Unleſs Religion's Altars they revere,
Whoſe Rays, more genial than the Sun's, produce
Immortal Life, celeſtial Light diffuſe
On Man's ennobled Nature, and inſpire
Exalted Inſtincts of Divine Deſire.
This radiant Empreſs do's within controul
Our Train of Thoughts, and guide the ſecret Soul;

Do's with her Nod tumultuous Paſſions awe,
Reſtrain the Will, and give the Conſcience Law.
An Empire this, from Humane Reach ſecure,
From Edicts free, and all created Pow'r.
Hence prudent Legiſlators, who deſign'd
To civilize, and cultivate Mankind
With Salutary Laws, Religion mixt
In all their Schemes, and Modes of Worſhip fixt.

Convinc'd the Atheiſt has no civil Right,
Who to the State no binding Faith can plight,
To Death or Exile they the Wretch condemn'd,
Who mock'd their Altars, and their Gods blaſ-
(phem'd.
Is there a Nation found, where none adore
Celeſtial Pow'rs, or Aids Divine implore?
Who think no cauſeleſs Being did create
The World, but ſay it ſprung from Chance or Fate?
No happy Schemes of Government improve
Thoſe barb'rous Tribes, who wild of Nature rove,

Lurk

Lurk in the Caves, or in the Forreſt dwell,
Like the Brute Rangers, which they ſcarce excel.

Muſe, tell the fatal Cauſes, that debaſe
The nobleſt People, and their Stock efface.

Imperial Pow'r by no fixt Bounds reſtrain'd,
And Will deſpotick, lawleſs, and unrein'd,
Ill-us'd, will ſoon the greateſt Race deſtroy,
Let them the happieſt Soil, and Skies enjoy.
Curſt *Tyranny*, which waſted Nations find,
The fierceſt Fury of th' Infernal Kind,
Preys on the Vitals of a State, and drains,
To fill her own, th' exhauſted People's Veins.
The Fiends, her cruel Train, with harpy Feet,
Invade their Rooms, and rav'ning ſnatch their Meat;
From crying Infants tear their Daily Bread,
And with their Pouncers ſtrike the Parent dead.
Their rigid Fate the ruin'd Subjects mourn,
Nor can their Thoughts to fruitleſs Labour turn.

Will

Will hardy Merchants range the threatning Main,
Thro' various Deaths, impell'd by Thirſt of Gain,
Who when they 'ſcape the Storm and faithleſs Sand,
Meet greater Terrors on the cruel Land,
And ſee their Wealth encreaſe the Tyrant's Power,
Whoſe cruel Jaws, what Tempeſts ſpar'd, devour:

Will *Artiſans* their Time and Skill employ,
If arm'd Invaders muſt their Pains enjoy?
Or Farmers till the Glebe, or dreſs the Vine,
If others reap their Fields, and drink their Wine?

And when a Monarch arbitrary rules,
Great Maſters rare adorn the letter'd Schools:
Philoſophy, unfed and in diſgrace,
Conceals her meagre, ignominious Face:
The tuneful Genius unrewarded lies
Grov'ling beneath, nor dares attempt the Skies.

Will conſtant Faſts ſupport Poetick Fire?
Or rapt'rous Ardour famiſh'd Veins inſpire?
Of generous Thoughts Oppreſſion is the Grave;
Can ſlighted Virtue flouriſh? Can the Slave
Become induſtrious, or the Beggar brave?
Bleſt *Liberty!* 'tis thy diſtinguiſh'd Pow'r
To heighten Humane Nature, and ſecure
A noble Stock, which, as thy Force prevails,
In Vigour thrives, and, as it leſſens, fails.

Fam'd *Greece*, when free, with populous Cities crown'd,
For her high Merit, Wealth and Strength renown'd,
Diſdainful view'd the barb'rous World around.
Sagacious Genius, Elegant Addreſs,
And graceful Manners did the Nation bleſs:
In her full Schools exalted *Wiſdom* ſate,
And to improve her venerable State,
Bright Kindred Arts did on the Empreſs wait.
Letters from theſe exhauſtleſs Springs did flow,
As from *Britannia*'s *Cam* and *Iſis* now:

Hence

See, when the Ship of State diſtends her Sails,
Not with too ſtrong, nor with too feeble Gales,
Do's on the Deep of Fear unconſcious dance,
And o'er the peaceful Waves ſecure advance,
While able Maſters at the Helm preſide,
And guide her ſafe from Rocks on either Side;
See ſuddain Storms blown up by *Diſcord* riſe,
Embroil the Main, and terrify the Skies!
Tempeſt with Tempeſt wages furious War,
And Clouds o'ercharg'd with inbred Thunder bear
A while th' impriſon'd Wrath, then burſting rend (the Air
And while conflicting Winds the Fight maintain,
And doubtful claim the Empire of the Main,
The ſuff'ring Ship is this and that way driv'n,
Oft ſunk to Hell, uplifted oft to Heav'n;
Is now inſulted by the Tempeſt's Shocks,
And now the Billows dreads, and now the Rocks:
Ar length grown leaky, and her Rigging loſt,
Splits on her own inhoſpitable Coaſt.

Un-

Unhappy States, where raging *Diſcord* reigns,
And with fierce Flames inſpires the Nation's Veins!
Where guideleſs Paſſions bear ſuperior Sway,
And Right and Order Violence obey:
Where Factions, urg'd with Jealouſy and Pride,
Led by deſigning Heads on either Side,
Determin'd, deaf, and obſtinate of Mind,
Nor by their Country's mournful Cries inclin'd,
Furious contend, and while the various Field
They often win and looſe, and neither yield,
They waſte their Vigour, languiſhing decay,
And grow to foreign Pow'rs an eaſy Prey!
Conflicting Parties thus ſubvert the State,
Which ſad, and yet inevitable Fate
In Ruin both united ſee too late.

As ſtruggling Vapours deep in central Caves
Impriſon'd lie, till by exhaling Waves

Hence far and wide her branching Streams did ſpread,
And foreign Schools with borrow'd Science fed.

Nor did her Warriors leſs Applauſe acquire
By their wiſe Conduct, and their martial Fire;
Who brave in Arms proud *Perſia*'s Monarch quell'd,
From reſcu'd Fields th' invading War repell'd,
And the bright Throne of Liberty upheld.
Greece bleſt with this great Offspring was rever'd
By her own Sons, and by her Neighbours fear'd.

But when inſulted by the Victor's Sword,
And haughty Dictates of a foreign Lord,
To take the Yoak ſhe did obedient bow,
And Liberty receiv'd the fatal Blow;
The hapleſs Nation, by a ſwift Decay,
Sunk from its Heighth, and baſe in Ruin lay.
The Trav'ller now, who ſees thy waſted Lands,
And worthleſs Sons, O *Greece!* aſtoniſh'd ſtands.

And cries, what ſtrange Reverſe of Fate is this?
Good Heav'n! What Change? I *Greece* in *Grecia* miſs.
Where's the *Lyceum?* Where the *Stoa*'s Pride?
Where the great Sages, who did there preſide,
And by wiſe Precepts Humane Nature rais'd?
Where the fam'd Bards, who Gods and Heroes prais'd?
Shew me thy *Plato's*, and thy *Stagyrites*,
Thy *Pythagorean* and *Socratick* Lights.
Would'ſt thou, O *Athens*, own this ſtupid Race?
Or *Sparta*, thou, theſe as thy Sons embrace?
Can it be thought this deſpicable Brood,
From thoſe great Warriors could derive their Blood,
Who at *Thermopylæ* ſuch Honours won,
And triumph'd on the Plains of *Marathon?*

Diſcord, domeſtick Strife, immortal Hate,
Which with Convulſions rack the ſuff'ring State,
And oft in Arms contending Sides engage,
Prove as deſtructive as the Tyrant's Rage;

Deep

Deep in the Bowels of a Nation bred,
And with black Blood, and noxious Humors fed,
The Fury *Faction* gradual Force acquires,
Stretches her hideous Limbs, and trails her ſpeckled (Spires:
Then tries her Infant-Strength, and firſt invents
Grounds of Diſtruſt, and Jealouſy foments,
Whiſpers Detraction, breeds Diſguſt and Spite,
A ſecret Prelude to her full-grown Might.

See, how of *Hydra*-Race this odious Fiend,
While pois'nous Ferments all her Veins diſtend,
Erects her dreadful Creſt, and threatning ſhakes
Her Monſter Heads, and Twiſts of hiſſing Snakes:
Expands her cruel Jaws, and fierce exerts
Her forked Tongues, and throws malignant Darts.
From Town to Town, behold, the Terror flies,
With large unfeather'd Wings, and with her Cries
And horrid Uproar fills the ſuff'ring Skies.

Th' infernal Gueſt, where'er ſhe comes, inſpires
The People's Breaſts with fierce Phrenetick Fires.
Hence ſpiteful Envy, and invective Spleen,
Open Revenge, or Hate conceal'd within,
Paſſions impatient of the Rein, diſown
Reaſon's Dominion, and uſurp her Throne.
As Seeds of Torment, and contagious Death,
Spring from her fatal Aſpect; ſo her Breath
Creates outrageous Storms, which ruſhing ſhake
The ſtrongeſt Empires, and their Pillars break.

Diſtracted States, if *Faction* ſound th' Alarm,
Againſt their rightful Lords ſeditious arm:
How oft have Nations, which in Strength encreaſt,
Triumph'd in Peace, and Empire long poſſeſt,
With Diſcord mad, and with Reſentment ſpur'd,
In their own Bowels plung'd th' unnatural Sword?
And when to foreign Arms ſuperiour grown,
Have Self-Aſſaſſins periſh'd by their own?

See,

And while their Humane Faculties decline,
In Nature's Roll they their high Rank reſign,
Degrade the Man, and chuſe the brutal Line.
Diſſolv'd in ſoft Enjoyments, which unbrace
The vig'rous Sinew, this degenerate Race
Become too weak to bear the pond'rous Shield,
And the hard Labours of the Martial Field,
They purchaſe Scenes of Joy at vaſt Expenſe,
Where, with their Wealth, they diſſipate their Senſe.
Amid'ſt the Dreggs of Sloth unactive ſink,
Unapt for Labour, yet averſe to think.
Such is their buſy Idleneſs, they find
No vacant Hour to cultivate the Mind:
For liberal Arts appoint no narrow Room,
But lazy Life in Indolence conſume.

When the Diſeaſes of the Mind grow riſe,
And the Prophane, and diſſolute of Life,
Diffuſe contagious Vice in fatal Sport,
O'erſpread the People, and infect the Court,

In

In their great Strength the Criminals confide,
And mock Tribunals with unpuniſh'd Pride.
Inferior Rulers they with Numbers awe,
Rulers, who oft, obnoxious to the Law,
With an ill Grace th' Offender muſt arraign
For Faults, which equal their own Manners ſtain.
Will they inflam'd with Wine Exceſs condemn?
Cenſure vain Oaths, while they themſelves blaſ-
(pheme?
Will they th' Adulterer puniſh, when at once
They muſt his Sentence, and their own pronounce?
Hence Vice triumphant reers her hateful Head,
And do's her Poiſon unobſtructed ſpread;
While modeſt Virtue ſeeks ſome lonely Place,
And friendleſs walks with melancholy Pace,
Veils her ſad Looks, and ignominious Face.

While theſe luxuriant Weeds o'erſpread the State,
And baneful riſe to ſuch enormous Height,

Baſe

Baſe Luſt of Gold will wide Dominion gain,
Invade all Places, and all Orders ſtain.
Juſtice, before inflexible, will lean,
Her Eyes enlighten'd, and her Hands unclean.
At publick Sales Promotions Men will buy,
While ſhining Merit *Africk* Mines ſupply:
And while ſuch Tribes advanc'd, great Places fill,
Of Reaſon void, Integrity, and Skill,
Growing Diſtempers muſt the Nation ſink,
Exhauſt her Vigour, and her Spirits drink.

Not can a State worſe Miſchiefs feel, than thoſe
Caus'd by her own Domeſtick, impious Foes.
Should Men believe no Self-exiſtent Cauſe
Created Man, nor rules him by his Laws;
Of Faith and Truth they would regardleſs grow,
Of ſolemn Vows no Veneration ſhow.
If Right and Wrong, if moral Good and Ill,
Are empty Names, Men may purſue their Will,
Steal without Fraud, and without Murder kill.

Free

Free from a Crime, they may betray their Truſt,
Nor were it in their Pow'r to be Unjuſt.
Suppoſe no God; then no Decree divine
To ruling Pow'ers, Obedience can enjoyn;
And giddy Crowds may guiltleſs then diſown
The beſt of Soveraigns, and uſurp his Throne.
Nor could the Subject in the Prince confide,
By ſacred Vows, and ſolemn Compact ty'd:
For not by Oaths reſtrain'd, with lawleſs Might,
Strip them he may, but can't invade their Right;
Since publick Rights on no Foundation ſtand,
If Oaths oblige not by divine Command;
Then from her Seat Men *Juſtice* may releaſe,
Belief and Truſt reciprocal muſt ceaſe;
Leagues were in vain by Neighbour Monarchs ſign'd,
Honour would ſink, nor would our Promiſe bind.
Depriv'd of common Faith's cementing Pow'r,
What Kingdoms could cohere? what States endure?

Where

In Fight engag'd with Subterranean Fire,
Their Numbers grow, and mighty Strength acquire;
In Spite of Vaults coercive now they heave
And urge th' incumbent Rocks, the Mountains cleave
With ghaſtly Chaſms, in Ruin lay the Earth,
And burſt the Caverns, where they had their Birth:
Such Miſchiefs inbred *Diſcord* do's create,
So twiſts, and rends the Bowels of a State.

Degenerate Manners, and immoral Life
Are no leſs fatal, than Domeſtick Strife.
As when the Ocean with impetuous Roar,
Breaks the high Fences of *Batavia*'s Shore,
Sweeps the wide Valley with his ſpreading Train,
And drowns the Hopes and Labour of the Swain;
If then a Dome, tho' reer'd with mighty Coſt,
And greater Skill than *Angelo* could boaſt,
Obſtructs its Way, the Deluge foams and ſwells,
And with its batt'ring Waves the Walls impells;

Till

Till the proud Tow'rs, that long unſhaken ſtood,
Sink, and with holy Spoils enrich the Flood:
So, if enormous Vice with rapid Force
Ruſhes o'er Mounds, and urges on its Courſe,
Diſdainful of Reſtraint, do's far and wide
Roll the black Billows of th' Infernal Tide,
And o'er inſulted Law in Triumph ride;
Plung'd in Pollution, and o'erwhelm'd with Guilt,
The Fabrick, tho' by artful Maſters built,
Muſt fall, nor can the ableſt Heads of State
Uphold the Structure, or prevent its Fate.

Thoſe, who their Wealth and Hours more precious waſte
In finding Pleaſures to regale their Taſte,
For which they ſearch the Hill, and range the Wood,
And of its finn'd Delights defraud the Flood;
Who with delicious Wines inflame their Veins,
And give to looſe Deſire the ſlacken'd Reins;
Will find all generous Inſtincts ſoon effac'd,
Their Nerves enfeebled, and their Minds defac'd.

And

Where Providence ſupream the Tribes deny,
And fearleſs dare Almighty Pow'r defy,
Law-Fences ſoon are levell'd all around,
And Guardian Virtue flys the hateful Ground;
While at the Breach, the num'rous hoſtile Train
Of complicated Woes, free Entrance gain,
Which the licentious Pow'r of Vice attend,
And ſap the State, or by Diſtraction rend.

Muſe, to compleat this tuneful Labour, tell
How *Rome* to Empire roſe, and how ſhe fell.

As yet the *Tyber* in the *Latian* Plains,
Poſſeſs'd by Flocks, and Herds, and peaceful Swains,
A paſtoral Scene, unconſcious of the Bar,
The Pomp of Empire, and the Spoils of War,
Roll'd to the Main his undiſtinguiſh'd Stream,
As yet unſung, and ſcarcely known to Fame;

Till, hither guided by auſpicious Fate,
Wiſe *Romulus* erects his recent State,
At firſt obſcure; at once the Walls arround,
Did his new City, and Dominions bound.
While *Rome* in Embryo, rude and ſhapeleſs lay,
Wiſdom and Law did thro' the Maſs convey
Such generous Ferments, that the State inſpir'd
With active Heat, ſoon Life and Growth acquir'd:
Th' heroick Infant did with Vigour move,
Stretcht out its mighty Martial Limbs, and ſtrove
With Force unuſual at an Age ſo young,
Like great *Alcides*, in his Cradle ſtrong.

Still at the Helm, Directors skilful ſate,
Who ſteer'd ſecure the fluctuating State;
Form'd with deep Thought, their Maxims, and intent
On publick Glory, and their Pow'rs Extent,
Juſt Schemes of laſting Greatneſs did invent.
With ardent Zeal ſupported Virtue's Cauſe,
Fixt wiſe Decrees, and ſalutary Laws:

Did

Did guard the Throne of Juſtice, and command
The Reins of Empire with a ſteddy Hand.
Nor did their Wiſdom leſs conſpicuous ſhine,
While Temples they ordain'd, and Rites Divine.

Now while her Natives Law and Right upheld,
And gen'rous Love of Publick Good reveal'd,
Patient of Toil, and ignorant of Reſt,
In Pow'r and Wealth the frugal State encreaſt.

The Realms around, with Envy now behold
The growing *Roman*, virtuous, rich, and bold;
And, juſtly jealous, dread a riſing Pow'r,
Not fear'd, unheeded, or contemn'd before.
The *Volſcians*, *Sabines*, and the *Tuſcan* Lords,
In vain their ſingle, or confed'rate Swords,
Againſt this well-eſtabliſh'd State employ'd,
Whoſe Strength at firſt they might have ſoon de-
(ſtroy'd.

Her gen'rous Sons, with Martial Virtue fir'd,
Repell'd encroaching Force, and then aſpir'd
To Fame and Pow'r, which ſoon her Arms ac-
(quir'd.
Adult in War, and ripe in Counſel grown,
She triumph'd far, and ſtill new Laurels won;
Beheld, elated from her lofty Tow'rs,
Her Chiefs advance, and fair *Heſperia*'s Pow'rs
Before her Enſigns quit th' inglorious Field,
And to her Yoke their Necks ſubmiſſive yield.

So brave in Arms, the *Roman* does advance,
Such is his Conduct, ſuch his Vigilance;
To Diſcipline he ſhews ſuch wiſe Regard,
Studious alike to puniſh and reward,
That in the Stages of his glorious Courſe,
He meets no Task unequal to his Force.
In her heroick Virtue's perfect Bloom,
Hard and athletick grown by Labour, *Rome*
Intrepid fac'd the blackeſt Storm of State,
And vig'rous, ſtem'd all Tides of adverſe Fate.

Is ſhe unproſp'rous, plac'd on Ruin's Brink ?
Does ſhe diſtreſt, in deep Misfortunes ſink ?
Boyant ſhe'll upward ſtrive, and to her Height
Elaſtick ſpring, and claim her Virtue's Right.
Witneſs at *Cannæ* that diſaſtrous Day,
Which ſhook the Props of *Rome*'s Imperial Sway;
While *Punick* Pow'rs, encamp'd beneath her Wall,
Promis'd their Lords their Rival's ſudden Fall;
Beaten, not vanquiſh'd, with unbroken Mind,
See, *Rome* do's ſtill ſufficient Spirit find,
To free her Bowels from th' Invader's Sword,
And finds her Wounds by ſtrength of Nature cur'd.
Nor did their Arms decide theſe Rivals Fate,
But *Roman* Union *Punick* Diſcord beat,
And ſober Life did Luxury defeat.

The *Africk* Tempeſt o'er the *Alpes* retir'd,
To more extenſive Empire ſhe aſpir'd,
And ſtill the more oppos'd, more Force acquir'd.

As when a Torrent from diſſolving Snows
Down *Alpine* Hills abrupt, impetuous flows,
If Woods or Rocks withſtand its rapid Courſe,
It ſwells indignant, and with mighty Force,
Collected in its Waves, it breaks the Way,
O'erturns the Woods, and makes the Rocks obey;
Then ſtronger grows, and with its conqu'ring (Tide,
Rolls to the Vales the ruin'd Mountain's Pride,
And o'er the Plains, does unreſiſted ride.
So *Rome*—And now *Heſperia*'s Regions own
Her Soveraign Sway, and Kingdoms yet un- (known
Revere the potent Nation of the Gown.

Had here, O *Rome!* thy Luſt of Empire ſtay'd,
While all *Auſonia*'s Towns thy Will obey'd;
If the high *Alpine* Hills, rough *Adria*'s Waves,
And adverſe Sea, which fair *Heſperia* laves,
The Bounds which then did thy Dominions ſcreen,
Of thy Ambition had the Frontier been;

Thou

Thou might'ſt have long ſurviv'd the fatal Time,
Which puniſh'd, with thy Fall, thy Aim to climb.
But now, imperious grown by long Succeſs,
She, ſcornful of Reſtraint, did forward preſs;
To foreign Kingdoms did her Wrath transfer,
And unprovok'd affect ambitious War.

See her proud Eagles o'er the Mountains ſoar,
New Seats, new Scenes of Glory to explore!
The *Seine*, the *Rhone*, the *Danube*, and the *Rhine*,
Tyber, ſubmit their humble Streams to thine.
Numidia's Towns, and *Mauritania*'s Lands,
The Yoke receiv'd, and own'd her high Commands.
In vain *Euphrates*, thy oppoſing Flood,
Tygris, in vain, the Victor's Courſe withſtood:
Aſia's proud Monarchs trembled at her Frowns,
While ſhe at Will beſtow'd Imperial Crowns,
And plac'd precarious Kings on Tributary Thrones.
The *Spicy* Realms, and *Nabathæa*'s Soil,
Reward the *Roman*'s Military Toil.

Thus ſtretcht, and riſing to uncommon Height,
Rome bends beneath her own unweildly Weight.
The more ſhe won, the leſs ſhe grew ſecure,
Weak and diſabled by Exceſs of Pow'r.
She did in Bulk, but not in Strength encreaſe,
Hydropick ſwell'd, augmented by Diſeaſe.
Their active Force ſo ſubtile Spirits looſe,
Which thro' too great a Maſs their Stock diffuſe;
She her own Armies could not long withſtand,
Nor the fierce *Demons*, which ſhe rais'd, command.

Thus ſunk proud *Rome:* And what auſpicious (Fate
Can from its Guardian Legions ſave a State?
The hardy Youth too long in *Gallia* fed,
Forgetting *Rome*, own as their Regal Head
The valiant *Cæſar*, who their Army led.
The Rebel Hero, aided by their Swords,
Invades *Heſperia*, drives his lawful Lords,

And,

And, with uſurp'd Authority enthron'd,
Gave gaſping *Liberty* her mortal Wound.

'Tis true, enormous Crimes, and Diſregard
Of ancient Virtue, for the Change prepar'd;
Flagitious Cuſtoms, and unpuniſh'd Vice,
Riot, Exceſs, and ſordid Avarice,
In every Quarter unobſtructed reign'd,
Vanquiſh'd the Victor, and wide Empire gain'd.
Now Magiſtrates let looſe the Reins of Law,
And powerful Guilt do's weak Tribunals awe;
Plung'd in th' impureſt Dregs the Nation lies,
Wiſe Precepts break, and ſober Rules deſpiſe.
And as theſe Manners diſſolute prevail'd,
The noble Spirit of the People fail'd:
Degenerate Life, and Luxury immenſe,
Weaken'd at once their Valour, and their Senſe.
While at their ancient Diſcipline they ſpurn'd,
The generous Courage of the *Roman* turn'd

To cruel Rage, and now the bloody Prize
And barb'rous Scenes delight the People's Eyes.

Oft hence engender'd Diſcord vig'rous grew,
The Fury hence infernal Fewel drew
To feed her fatal Torch, which livid flam'd
In her Left-Hand, and gath'ring Wrath proclaim'd:
While with her Right ſhe brandiſh'd high in Air,
Her threat'ning Fauchion, and commenc'd the War,
With mournful Triumphs fills *Heſperia*'s Soil,
And urg'd her Warriors to ignoble Toil.

But no Commotions did her State invade,
Which rag'd ſo long, or ſuch vaſt Havock made,
As thoſe the Factions rais'd, who firm remain'd
To *Marius*' Cauſe, or *Sylla*'s Pow'r ſuſtain'd:
While fierce in Arms each other they aſſail'd,
By Turns were vanquiſh'd, and by Turns prevail'd.
A crimſon Deluge drench'd the *Latian* Plains,
Now from *Plebeian*, now *Patrician* Veins.

The raving Vulgar, and revengeful Lords
With deſperate Malice ſheath'd their furious Swords
Deep in the Boſom of their Parent *Rome*,
Thus did her Glory ſink, and Strength conſume:
Whoe'er with Conqueſt crown'd from Fight return'd,
Rome loſt the Battle, and the Triumph mourn'd.

Thus Vice, and Diſcord, and Domeſtick War
With treach'rous Force united, did unbar
Her Gates inglorious to the Victor's Car.
Now mourn, unhappy State! thy Freedom loſt,
The god-like Gift, which at ſo vaſt a Coſt
Thy Patriots long preſerv'd, whoſe glorious Aim
Was thy Dominion, and Immortal Fame.
Henceforth deſpotick Will thou muſt obey,
For thy mild Senate's Rule in vain wilt pray,
And curſe in vain the Tyrant's cruel Sway.
Mean Time by Steps thy boaſted Force will break,
Thy Root will wither, and thy Limbs grow weak:

And

And blaſted by th' Oppreſſor's Breath, thy Head
Will its rich Fruit, and blooming Honours ſhed.

Some greater Minds, who did the Yoke diſdain,
At once impatient of the Shame and Pain,
Made vig'rous Efforts to prevent their Fate,
The Throws and Strugglings of a dying State.

'Tis true the Genius, and heroick Fire,
The generous Thoughts which Freedom did inſpire,
Some Years retain'd their Force, nor greatly fail'd,
While thoſe, who born while Liberty prevail'd,
Applauded Worthies, trod the *Roman* Stage,
Supported and adorn'd th' *Auguſtan* Age.

But let us, *Rome!* thy modern State ſurvey;
Where are the Chiefs, who held ſuperior Sway
O'er Subject Kings, and made the World obey?
Is this ſoft Tribe diſſolv'd in ſhameful Eaſe,
Is this thy genuine Martial Race? Can theſe

To

To the great Line of *Romulus* pretend?
From *Pompey*'s Blood, or *Cæſar*, thine deſcend?
Be wiſe, O *Rome*, thy Monuments eraſe,
The Boaſt of ancient Times, but thy Diſgrace:
Nor let thoſe proud triumphal Honours ſtand
T' upbraid with Fame extinct, and tell of loſt Com-
(mand.

Produce thy *Maros*, who in lofty Lays
Could praiſe thy Chiefs, if thou had'ſt Chiefs to
(praiſe:
Art thou of tuneful Genius quite bereft?
Is there no *Horace*, not a *Lucan* left?
Scarce could one *Taſſo* ſtretch his feebler Wing
In Epick Verſe inferiour Acts to ſing:
For Bards and Heroes both at once expire,
Great Deeds alone can feed Poetick Fire.

Now can'ſt thou only on the Mimick-Stage
Revive the Glory of ſome Martial Age;
Act ancient Heroes to th' Effeminate Ring,
Paint their fam'd Battles, and their Triumphs ſing.

Should

Should *Tully* this degenerate *Rome* behold,
So prais'd for Conduct once, in Arms ſo bold,
How would the Patriot bluſh with Shame, and ſcorn
A Stock ſo baſe, in that proud City born,
Which once the brighteſt Virtues did adorn?
With ſharper Rage he'd this new Nation wound,
Than *Anthony* did ſting, and *Cataline* confound.

Look down, great Genius, ſee thy *Tuſculum*
Now made a ſoft melodious Eunuch's Home.
Where thou did'ſt form thy Philoſophick Schemes,
And write divinely on immortal Themes,
Muſicians play, and to the melting Lire
Sing wanton Airs, and kindle wild Deſire,
Unbind the Soul, and falſe Delights inſpire.
Look where the Palace of great *Cæſar* ſtood,
Sloth reigns ſupine amidſt a yawning Brood
Of ſuperſtitious Monks; and on the Place
The *Scipios* with their Reſidence did grace,

A rich Procurer Virgins Honour ſells;
Where *Cato* liv'd ſevere, a looſe Comedian dwells.

Such Power have Vice and Diſcord to debaſe
Th' exalted Genius of a matchleſs Race
And ſink a mighty State, tho' long rever'd,
With Wiſdom fram'd, and by ſlow Labour reer'd.

The END.

THE POWER OF PASSIONS

Philander, anxious to prevent
The Danger ready to enſue,
With Reaſon's whole Militia went
His Rebel-Paſſion to ſubdue;
On this deciſive wiſh'd-for Day,
Reſolv'd to vanquiſh, or obey.

But when bright *Clelia* took the Field,
And drew her Beauties in array,

How

How did confounded Reaſon yield,
And caſt all Arguments away?
Againſt the Power of *Clelia*'s Charms,
How weak are Intellectual Arms?

Before, he cry'd, I am deſtroy'd,
I'll try if Flight will Conqueſt gain,
By Time and Diſtance I'll avoid
Freſh Wounds, and eaſe my preſent Pain.
Thoſe, who would *Clelia*'s Strength defy,
Muſt not engage, but bravely fly.

How did compounded Realm yield,
And crush all Arguments away?
Which the Power of CUPID Charms,
Their weak and Intellectual Arms?

Before, he scorn'd, I am defeat,
My Art, if Flights will Conquest gain,
Lines and Distance I'll avoid
Fresh Wound, and curb my pretine Pain.
Thus, who would Cupid's Strength defy,
Must not engage, but bravely fly.

PART the Second.

CONTAINING

POEMS

Moral and *Divine.*

YOUTH in Danger.

TO

MENALCAS.

WHEN first to Think your active Mind essay'd,
And young Ideas in your Fancy play'd,
While dawning Reason's unexperienc'd Ray
Drew a faint Scetch of Intellectual Day,
Your Parents, who the Laws of Heav'n revere,
And make Immortal Bliss their pious Care,
Assiduous strove by mild Instructive Light
To form your pliant Infancy aright.

Knowledge Divine they by degrees beſtow'd,
And with bleſt Seed your Heart induſtrious ſow'd,
Whence verdant Iſſues ſoon began to ſhoot;
A Bloom enſu'd, that promis'd generous Fruit.
Drawn by their Pray'r, from Heav'n deſcending Dews
Cheer the fair Plant, and Heat Divine infuſe:
While watchful they deſtroy'd the ſpringing Weeds,
Baneful to Virtue, which our Boſom breeds,
Nature's ſpontaneous Growth, that no Aſſiſtant (needs.

Nor did your diſappointed Friends complain
Their Hopes were idle, or their Labour vain.
Religion thriv'd, with pious Precepts fed,
And crown'd with Bloſſoms rais'd her ſacred Head.
A Blow of Virtues, all of heav'nly Kind,
Mingled their Beauties, and adorn'd your Mind.
While Neighbours round unuſual Joy expreſt,
Admir'd the Son, and call'd the Parents bleſt,
Thinking your early Merit muſt preſage
Uncommon Bleſſings to the coming Age.

But now the Seaſon rolling on the Tide
Of Time arrives, when in the fulleſt Pride
Of Youth, your Virtue muſt the Teſt abide;
And to excite your Vigilance and Care,
The threatning Dangers, which attend you, hear.

Now downy Honours grace your manly Chin,
And high Spring-Tides with bounding Life begin
To ſmell your Veins, while active Spirits ſport,
And Nature triumphs in her Vital Court;
Now, when unbridled Paſſions uſe to reign,
While vanquiſh'd Reaſon wears the Victor's Chain,
See Pleaſure, fair and ſmiling as the Morn,
(Soft Silks her Limbs, gay Flow'rs her Head adorn)
Which with her Breath perfumes the ambient Air,
While ſporting *Zephyrs* heave her golden Hair,
Midſt her bright Train exerts her conq'ring Charms,
And beckning calls you to her open Arms.

Millions the beauteous Sorcereſs deſtroys
With her ſweet Poiſon and bewitching Joys;
Bath'd in Delight, their Sinews feeble grow,
Loſe manly Hardneſs and diſſolving flow.
Her fatal Eyes, like Stars malignant, blaſt
Religion's Shoots, and lay her Garden waſt;
Where Virtue flouriſh'd in her kindly Bed,
Now rank luxuriant Plants their Venom ſhed,
And Broods of Vermin from infernal Seed,
Deteſted Offspring! unmoleſted breed.

At firſt we play along the flow'ry Brink,
View the ſuſpected Stream, and trembling drink:
Affronted Reaſon ſtings us with Remorſe,
Suggeſts the Danger and obſtructs our Courſe:
For Nature yet her Modeſty retains,
Starts to behold her ignominious Stains,
And grieves her Beauties are ſo much defac'd,
Her high Deſcent and Dignity debas'd;

But the ſweet Bowl's intoxicating Fume
Will by degrees our vanquiſh'd Senſe benumb,
And o'er the Mind diffuſe *Egyptian* Gloom.
Now Nightly Horrors ceaſe to haunt the Head,
And we no more familiar Danger dread.
Our faithful Cenſor laid aſleep within,
We undiſturb'd take down full Draughts of Sin.
Repeated Proſtitutions conquer Shame,
Aſſure the Face, and ſtruggling Reaſon tame.

Tho' Youth untaught in Virtues heav'nly School,
Who ne'er rever'd Religion's ſacred Rule,
Make ſwift Improvements, and with little Pain,
Mature in Vice, an Eminence attain.
Should you the Reins to guilty Paſſions give,
And to ſuppreſs reluctant Conſcience ſtrive,
You muſt maintain a long uncertain Field,
By Turns prevail, by Turns inglorious yield.
You'd ſin and grieve, and by alternate Courſe
Know fleeting Joy, and permanent Remorſe.

Now you would taſte forbidden Fruit, and now
Repent your Folly, and renew your Vow:
Thus will your Mind a conſtant Strife ſuſtain,
Amus'd with falſe Delight, or rack'd with real Pain.

Should you at length decide the doubtful War,
Renounce to Virtue, and for Vice declare,
You'll ne'er in Triumph captive Reaſon lead,
On Conſcience wholly conquer'd never tread.
That dreadful Worm may long enchanted lie,
And roll'd in Volumes ſleep, but cannot die;
Rouſing at Times, indignant 'twill exert
Immortal Rage, and ſting you to the Heart.

When Sickneſs, from intemp'rate Pleaſure bred,
Confines you trembling to your reſtleſs Bed,
Where Muſick, Wine and Wit would ſtrive in vain,
To cool your Fever, and appeaſe your Pain;
See, Death approaches with a horrid Pace,
Points to the Grave, and ſtares you in the Face:

How

How will the ghaſtly Form your Soul affright?
How will you ſtart, and ſhudder at the Sight?
And while your conſcious Mind ſhall recollect
Paſt Scenes of Life, and on your Crimes reflect,
What Gripes, what Throws, what Torment, what Deſpair,
Will ſeize your Vitals, and your Boſom tear?

While Senſe of Guilt not wholly is ſuppreſt,
Miſgiving Thoughts muſt interrupt your Reſt;
The hardy Atheiſt, and the Libertine,
Who, Slaves to Vice, ne'er taſted Joys Divine,
May paſs in Peace their Guilty Hours, which you
Who once did Heav'n revere, can never do;
Call to your Aid the Arts of Earth and Hell,
Th' upbraiding Gueſt within you'll ne'er expel.

I tremble now, to ſee your Trial near,
Diſtruſt your Firmneſs, and your Danger fear:
The mighty Strength of Pleaſure do you know,
Can you to all her Charms Reſiſtance ſhow,
And Victor, triumph o'er this lovely Foe;

To

To all the fair Seducer's Beauty cold,
Fly from her Arms, or looſe her claſping Hold?

Should you preſumptuous, quit your ſafer Ground,
And ſeek the utmoſt Lines, which Vertue bound,
And on the Frontier to engage the Foe,
With Reaſon's weak collected Forces go,
You'll ſoon thoſe nice, ill-guarded Limits paſs,
Throw down your Arms, and fond her Feet em-
(brace,
In her ſoft Snares her Pris'ner ſhe'll detain,
And will you then have Pow'r to break her Chain?

Then view the hoſtile Charmer from afar,
And not advance to meet unequal War.
Cautious retreat, and fly th' enchanting Sight,
You'll only conquer by a Running Fight:
Intrepid Courage is deſtructive here,
Where Victors win the Laurels, which they wear,
By gen'rous Flight, and wiſe heroick Fear.

The Foe has ſecret Friends within your Breaſt,
Perfidious Paſſions, which diſſemble Reſt;
All theſe, ſhould you approach her Camp too near,
Riſing in Arms, againſt you will declare.
By this ſtrong Party lurking in your Heart,
Reaſon ſeduc'd, will to her Side deſert.
The Fort of Virtue thus will be betray'd,
And you, uncautious Youth, a Captive made.

If in her Magick Circle you are caught,
Not yet benum'd and hard, correct your Fault;
Spring from her treach'rous Arms, and ſwift return,
Bluſh at your Folly, and your Error mourn.
Never deſpairing to the Sorc'reſs yield,
Tho' wounded, ſtill unconquer'd, keep the Field;
With Vows renew'd, and more attentive Care,
Againſt the Foe maintain eternal War.

While Pleaſure draws her Forces in array,
Attentive to invade you ev'ry Way,
Your Virtue unexperienc'd and untry'd,
A Teſt of equal Danger muſt abide,
While you on Profit and Promotion bent,
Studious contend your Fortune to augment.

How will you gain the Favour of the Great,
Who Heav'n's Adorers with Deriſion treat?
With ſcornful Feet divine Religion ſpurn,
Againſt her Altars all their Battries turn,
Far from their Breaſt deteſted Vertue drive,
And to ſuppreſs their conſcious Cenſor ſtrive.

See, a ſtrong Faction, ſacred Light deny,
Plunge deep in Vice, and threaten'd Wrath defy;
Watchful to ſpread th' Infection they reveal
To Heav'n Immortal Hate, for Hell an ardent Zeal;
By Toleration bold, at Empire aim,
And haughty by Succeſs, their Strength proclaim.

Thoſe,

Thoſe, who their Smiles and Patronage procure,
Muſt take their Teſt, and pious Creeds abjure.
They mock the Good, and only thoſe ſupport,
Who by diſtinguiſh'd Leudneſs make their Court.
Whate'er to break your Morals they pretend,
Stedfaſt on this unerring Rule depend,
They none but Party-Criminals befriend.

Should you reluctant Virtue's Cauſe decline,
Studious ſuppreſs your Senſe of Truths Divine,
And baſhful with their Ways in part comply,
You would in vain to win their Favour try.
You from your Breaſt muſt root Religion's Weed,
Not only ſin, but disbelieve your Creed.
It muſt by daring Blaſphemy be known,
By Principle you're Leud, and all their own.
Should you at length from Virtue's Camp deſert,
To pleaſe your Patrons with Religion part,
Still a new Convert they'll ſuſpect, and fear
You'r Change is feign'd, your Vices unſincere.

You

You by diſtinguiſh'd Crimes muſt Credit win,
Fam'd for ſtrange Guilt, and new enormous Sin.
You Piety muſt Superſtition name,
Exclaim that all Religions are the ſame;
The Prejudice of Education mourn,
And laugh your Parents pious Care to ſcorn.

Beſides Applauſe, Eſteem and general Love,
Another Teſt will your Religion prove,
Reveal you to your ſelf, and faithful ſhow
If from celeſtial Seed your Virtues grow.

Your clean, well-manner'd Wit, that flows with (Eaſe,
With unaffected Strains muſt always pleaſe.
Nor ſparing, nor yet laviſh of your Store,
You never are redundant, never poor:
When you ſhould entertain, you ne'er decline
The Seaſon, nor impertinently ſhine.
You no Reſentment by your Satyre raiſe,
Nor kindle Bluſhes by your decent Praiſe,

While your ſurprizing Turns the Audience charm,
And all the envious of their Spleen diſarm.
Theſe ſhining Parts, this elegant Addreſs,
Will gain to Men of higheſt Rank Acceſs:
All to your Converſation will aſpire,
Applaud your Humour, and your Senſe admire,
Parties of Pleaſure will your Preſence court,
And Crowds of Flatt'rers to your Houſe reſort.
While all ſhall you the Man in Faſhon own,
The riſing Wit and Darling of the Town.

When thus admir'd, applauded and careſt,
Will modeſt Thoughts poſſeſs your humble Breaſt?
Can you ſuch Praiſes unelated hear?
May not this cheering Breath, this ſoothing Air,
Nouriſh too faſt Vain-Glory's ſecret Root,
And make its rank pernicious Branches ſhoot,
Till on your Mind they baneful Bloſſoms ſpread,
And drop malignant Dews on Virtue's tender Head?

While

While you your Hours amid'ſt Admirers ſpend,
And ſcarce to all their Favours can attend,
Will not your Mind uncultivated lie,
Religion languiſh, and Devotion die?
Without a Will or Leiſure to reflect
You'll Heav'n forget, and ſacred Rules neglect.
A ſenſual Tincture will pervert your Taſte
Of Things Divine, with Rapture once embrac't.
And now the fair Ideas, which poſſeſt
Your Mind, by looſe and vicious Thoughts oppreſt,
How will you wing your Way to Realms above,
And feaſt your Soul with Extaſies of Love?

Conſcious of Guilt, you'll not to Heav'n apply,
But dread your Judge, and from his Preſence fly.
The coming World will ceaſe to be your Care,
Formal your Thanks, and cold will be your Pray'r.
To pure Religion you'll Indifference ſhow,
And that Indiff'rence will Averſion grow.

Thus

Thus you'll proceed, till Heav'n ſeverely kind,
By ſharp Affliction ſhall correct your Mind;
Gracious arreſt you in your headlong Race,
And make you Virtue's Cauſe again embrace;
Or angry let you plung'd in guilty Joys,
Obdurate periſh by your fatal Choice.



On FAME.

Printed in 1714.

BY what ſtrong Impulſe anxious Mortals ſtrive,
That their own Fun'rals they may long ſurvive?
Charm'd with its Splendor; all at Glory aim,
And ardent climb the tempting Heights of Fame.

Behold for this imaginary Good,
Intrepid Warriors wade thro' Seas of Blood:
Sages for this, with painful Labour ſpent,
Subvert old Syſtems, and new Schemes invent;
Now dive to view the Wonders of the Main,
Then range the Meteors, curious to explain
The Birth of Storms, and ſecret Springs of Rain.
While others ſtudious 'midſt the ſtarry Skies,
Explore new Worlds with late invented Eyes;
Deſcribe the Empire, which the Sun controuls,
And how each Planet round its Centre rouls.

The

The Poets own, their reſtleſs Aims aſpire
To laſting Fame, for this they ſtring the Lyre,
Exert their Genius, and exhauſt their Fire.

And yet their Atomes ſcatter'd by the Wind
Thro' the wide Void, or to the Tomb confin'd,
Of all we ſay, unconſcious ſtill remain,
They taſte no Pleaſure, as they feel no Pain.
Do's *Maro* ſmile, when we extol his Lays?
Or *Tully* liſten in his Urn to Praiſe?
Do Shouts of Triumph ſooth great *Cæſar*'s Ear?
Or Fame, young *Ammon*, thy cold Aſhes cheer?

While fooliſh Men, with vain Ambition try
To live in Sound and Names, that never die;
Exalted Minds ſhould Toil ſuperior bear,
More Hazards run, and warmer Zeal declare,
Whoſe gen'rous Thoughts inſpir'd by Virtue aim
At Bliſsful Life, and true Immortal Fame.

An ODE *to the* Supreme Being.

(I.)

HAil Nature's Lord! from Thee their Source,
Brute Matter flows, and Thinking Mind,
Bleſt Center, whoſe attractive Force,
Enlighten'd Souls reſiſtleſs find.

(II.)

Mine, while it here an Exile lives,
Detain'd in Clay, with Night oppreſt,
Feels ſhe's miſplac'd, and upward ſtrives
To Thee, and Heav'n its Seat of Reſt.

(III.)

See, as the Hart in *Syria*'s Sand,
Gaſping with Heat, with Labour ſpent,
Viewing with eager Eyes the Land,
Pants for the cooling Element.

(IV.)

(IV.)

My Soul, great Power, her Way would wing
With like Deſire, and ſwifter Speed,
To Thee, O unexhauſted Spring!
Whence living Streams of Joy proceed.

(V.)

Which cheer the Gardens of the Bleſt,
And all the Heav'nly Walks revive,
Which Saints almoſt with Bliſs opreſt
Do ever Drink, and ever Live.

(VI.)

Freely the Miſer may for me,
Amaſs vaſt Heaps of *Guinea*'s Oar,
Lord of the *Indies* let him be,
So Thou art Mine, whom I adore.

(VII.)

With Science let the Scholar's Brain,
And pure Ideas overflow,

Let him all Nature's Works explain,
So I the Lord of Nature know.

(VIII.)

While of my Wiſh I am ſecure,
The Soveraign Good at which I aim,
I'm bleſt with Pleaſure, Wealth and Pow'r,
And envy not the Hero's Fame.

THE

Safety of a Low State.

Printed in 1696.

Tranſlated out of Seneca's Agamemnon Chor. Argivarum.

THE treach'rous Fortune of a Royal Crown,
Places whatever's Rich and Great,
On a ſteep and ſlipp'ry Seat;
Whence with an eaſy Blaſt all tumbles down.
Proud Monarchs can't command ſoft Peace and (Reſt,
Nor chaſe uneaſy Fears away,
They know no ſafe and happy Day,
But painful Cares their Greatneſs ſtill moleſt.

The *Lybian* Sea ne'er with ſuch Fury raves,
When new collected Hills of Sand
Heap'd up by Tempeſts tott'ring ſtand,
And interrupt the loud impetuous Waves.
Euxinus, Neighbour to the Snowy Pole,
Where the bright Carman by the Main
Untouch'd drives round his ſhining Wain,
Can't with ſuch Force his troubled Waters roll;

As when Kings fall, turn'd round by rapid Fate,
Kings, whoſe Deſire is to appear
Awful to move their Subjects Fear,
Which Fear muſt in themſelves the like create.
The Night, to hide them ſafe, do's Darkneſs want,
Soft Sleep, by which a troubled Breaſt
Is ſooth'd, and lies diſſolv'd in Reſt,
Can't charm the anxious Cares, that Princes haunt.

The Men, who born by too kind Fortune riſe,
Soon ſink and fall down from their Height,
Preſt by their own unequal Weight,
Whom thoſe, who envy'd them, as much deſpiſe.
Great Fortunes can't their own vaſt Burden bear,
So the ſwift Ship's expanded Sails,
Swol'n out with too indulgent Gales,
The Winds, they wiſh'd before, begin to fear.

So a proud Tow'r thruſts his aſpiring Head
Among the flying Clouds, but finds
Th' uneaſy Neighbourhood of Winds,
And Thunder-Claps, that are around him bred.
So the rude Storms that ſhake the bending Wood,
Deſign an envious, fatal Stroke
At the ancient well-ſpread Oak,
The Grove's Defence and Glory, while it ſtood.

High Hills, the faireſt Mark for Thunder ſtand,
Great Bodies are but ſeldom found,
Such have moſt room to take a Wound,
And the fat Deer invites the Huntſman's Hand.
What fickle Fortune do's this Day advance,
It throws down with a greater Fall;
Eſtates, that are but low and ſmall,
Laſt a long quiet Age ſecure from Chance.

He's only happy, who of meaner Rank,
Will ne'er his humble State reſent,
But always in his Fate content,
With a ſafe Wind ſails by the Neighb'ring Bank;
Whoſe wary Boat, that dares not truſt the Oar
To the rough Uſage of the Wind,
And the wide Ocean ſeldom kind,
Keeps ſtill in proſpect of the ſafer Shore.

Psalm 42. v. 5.

Why art Thou caſt down, O my Soul, &c.

Declare my Soul, why art thou ſo diſmay'd?
So much dejected and ſo much afraid?
Why ly'ſt thou Agonizing in my Breaſt,
O'erſpread with Darkneſs, and with Woe oppreſt?
Hoarce with thy Groans, and delug'd with thy Tears,
Still do'ſt thou feed thy ill-preſaging Fears;
As fond of Woe indulge thy mournful Strain,
Enrage thy Grief, and aggravate thy Pain?
Why ſhould'ſt thou thus in vain afflict the Air,
With the ſad Accents of thy wild Deſpair?
Fly to thy God, and on his Care depend
To eaſe thy Burden, and thy Life defend;
He will diſpel thy Fears, revive thy Heart,
And for thy Aid Almighty Strength exert.
Securely fixt on this Immortal Rock,
Thou may'ſt defy fierce Perſecution's Shock,
And Earth's and Hell's Confed'rate Malice mock.

Psalm

Psalm 2. *v.* 12.

Kiſs the Son, leſt He be angry, &c.

HEav'n will not ſtill th' Obdurate Rebel ſpare,
It ſuffers long, but will not always bear:
Sin grows ſo pond'rous in its perfect State,
Almighty Patience ſinks beneath its Weight:
Rejected Love do's deadly Hate preſage,
And Goodneſs ſcorn'd proves unrelenting Rage.
Rebel repent, and to thy God ſubmit,
Caſt down thy Self and Weapons at his Feet;
To his Imperial Throne due Homage pay,
Allegiance ſwear, and his juſt Laws obey;
Leſt when his Kindneſs to Diſpleaſure turns,
And his hot Breaſt with Indignation burns,
He ſhould thy tremb'ling Limbs in Pieces tear,
And make thy guilty Soul his Terrors bear,
Terrors ſurpaſſing all that Man can fear.

If

If thy Delays long-ſuff'ring Heav'n incenſe,
And injur'd Love ſhould arm Omnipotence
Againſt thy Head, ſay, whither wilt thou go
To ſcape the juſt, the ſure, the fatal Blow?
E'er yet his Fury do's his Arm extend,
Sinner reflect, and make thy God thy Friend.
An humble contrite Heart his Favour wins,
For he will ſoon repent, if Man begins.
Should'ſt thou beneath his heavy Vengeance fall,
Who can deliver, who thy Fate recall?
Thou by his dreadful Wrath wilt be conſum'd,
To Caves of Fire and Pains Immortal doom'd.

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AN

ODE

TO

JEHOVAH, Creator.

ODE

A N

O D E

TO

JEHOVAH, Creator.

I.



HEAR, O ye Heav'ns, ye Conſtella-
(tions hear,
And Thou, attentive Earth, give
(Ear:
Whirlwinds be gone, aſleep ye Tem-
(peſts lie,
Nor let ye gloomy Clouds, that float on high,
Your Thunder bellow, or your Light'nings fly:

And thou, O Ocean, Peace command,
Let all thy liſt'ning Waves erected ſtand
In Chryſtal Heaps, as when the ſplitting Tide
Sav'd threaten'd *Jacob* from *Egyptian* Pride.

Be each extended Vale, and riſing Hill,
As Midnight huſht, and as the Deſart ſtill,
Whil'ſt I of Seraphs æmulous, reherſe
Allmighty Wonders in extatick Verſe.

II.

Hail Independent, Perfect Excellence!
Of pure Immortal Light Abyſs immenſe!
This and the Orbs around on Thee depend,
From Thee they came, in Thee they end.
Thou, Lord of Lords, Thou King of Kings,
Bleſt Source, whence all Dominion ſprings,
With Glory art adorn'd, and for Defence,
Begirt with dread Omnipotence.
Eternal, Mighty, Cauſeleſs God!
Heav'n is Thy Court, and Bliſs is Thy Abode:
Nor can Thy Being but unchang'd endure
From Thy own Nature's Self-preſerving Power,
While the vaſt Worlds, that roll in Air,
And all the various Equipage they bear,

Unable Beings, are upheld by Thee,
And, as Thou pleaſeſt are, or ceaſe to be.

III.

Above the Regions of Etherial Space,
And far extended Frontier of the Skies,
Beyond the Outlines of wide Nature's Face,
Where Void not yet inclos'd uncultivated lies,
Jehovah! Thy Eternal Throne,
With unprecarious Brightneſs ever ſhone,
Rais'd by Skill and Energy Divine,
From Thy rich Unfathomable Mine,
Whoſe Womb contains, without Decay,
Exhauſtleſs Veins of Light, and glitt'ring Seeds of (Day.
A Throne, whoſe Radiance cannot fade,
Of uncreated Beams, and Gems immortal made.
Pillars of vaſt interminable Size,
Such none but Hands Omnipotent can rear,
Which to a Height inſuperable riſe,
This mighty Weight of Glory bear.

Pillars of Adamant, Tranſcendent bright,
With blazing Heads of fine Celeſtial Gold;
Inwreath'd in Rays of Spiral Light,
Which Saints with dazled Eyes, and ſlanting View (behold.
Here Thou, Great King, haſt always ſate,
Awful in bliſsful Robes of State.
Whence Trains, Divine Profuſion, all below
Of long unmeaſurable Glory flow;
Compleatly filling every Place,
And far outſtretching all imaginary Space.

IV.

Collected in reſiſtleſs Might,
With Majeſty's bright Enſigns crown'd,
Here did'ſt Thou Reign, e'er Time began its Flight,
Or Orbs ſet out to run their Round.
Nothing, Supreme, Eternal King,
Father of Life, of Love, exhauſtleſs Spring,
Nothing could e'er Thy happy State moleſt,
Which ne'er grows leſs, or is encreaſt.

Fixt

Fixt on Thy Sacred Throne, Thou did'ſt poſ-
ſeſs
An all-ſufficient Plenitude of Bliſs;
And did'ſt unnumber'd Ages paſt employ
Whilſt Thou, in full Delight, did'ſt Thy Bleſt Self
(enjoy.
Till Thou, Thy Goodneſs to diſplay,
Beings of various Order did'ſt create,
To whom Thy Bounty might convey
Felicity, and not Thy own abate.

V.

The unfrequented Provinces of Night,
By hoſtile Motion never yet annoy'd,
Not yet diſcover'd by far trav'lling Light,
Profound Tranquility enjoy'd.
Thro' the void Regions of diffuſive Space,
Unfruitful Solitude ſecurely reign'd;
No Track appear'd on Deſolation's Face,
And Silence undiſturb'd her peaceful Throne main-
(tain'd.
Till Troops of Matter, all unknown before,
New-rais'd by high creating Power,

Unregimented, raw, undiſciplin'd,
Receiv'd the great Command to move,
And to inteſtine Feuds inclin'd,
Fiercely for Conqueſt with each other ſtrove.
Confuſion, Strife, diſcordant Noiſe,
And horrid Uproar's hateful Voice,
Vex the dark Regions of the Deep,
Where ancient Night her loneful Court did keep,
And where unactive Shade extended lay aſleep.

VI.

Thou Neceſſary, Self-exiſtent God,
With One Divine pacifick Smile,
With One Allmighty Nod,
Did'ſt all this fierce Contention reconcile.
Obedient to the Word Divine,
In friendly Leagues the new Allies combine,
To their reſpective Tasks they all repair,
The mighty Fabrick of the World to rear,
Of Providence ſupreme th' intended Theater.

The lighter Parts at Thy Command disjoyn'd,
Leave the dull Earth and pond'rous Dreggs behind,
'Twas Thou did'ſt give 'em Wings, and bid 'em riſe,
Refin'd Materials for the Skies.
Aloft th' Etherial Rudiments aſcend,
Around th' immenſe Expanſion hung;
The Spheres their vaſt Circumference extend,
And tune Themſelves preluding to their laſting Song.
At Thy Command th' unfetter'd Light
Emerging from the dark Abyſs of Night,
At the appointed Rendezvous on high,
Muſter'd its ſhining Legions in the Sky:
Th' aſſembled Beams themſelves diſpoſe
In glorious Ranks as Thou had'ſt Order giv'n,
And with their ſep'rate Lines compoſe
All the bright Squadrons of the Hoſt of Heav'n.

VII.

Thou did'ſt extend the waving Fields of Air,
And dreſs the Magazines of Meteors there.

How do's Thy Chimiſtry Divine
In full Perfection ſhine
Thro' the low Regions of the Atmoſphere,
Thy vaſt Elabratory, where
Aerial Furnaces Thy curious Works prepare?
From Flow'rs and Plants beneath exhaling Steams
Perſuaded by the Sun's inſinuating Beams
Forget their Center, and forſake their Place,
And mount to fill the Liquid Space:
Then by Thy cool Alembicks chill'd,
They ſoon regain their Weight, and are in Drops (diſtill'd,
In Drops of healing Virtue, which revive
The thirſty Earth, and make faint Nature thrive.
The Compoſitions for Thy Works of Fire
Digeſted here, Maturity acquire;
Thunder and Light'ning Thy *Arcana*, here
Concocted ring, or flame around the Air.
The hov'ring Snow deſcends at Thy Command,
And ſpreads its downy Fleeces o'er the Land:

Tem-

Tempeſtuous Show'rs of ruſhing Hail,
Pour'd from the Cryſtal Quarries of the Sky,
The Earth's unguarded Face aſſail,
And on the Wounds they make, they weeping lie.

VIII.

Thou, Pow'r Divine and Wiſdom to diſplay,
The deep Foundations of the Earth did'ſt lay;
The beauteous Structure frame with artful Care,
And weigh the pond'rous Maſs, and hang the Pile in Air;
Th' unſhaken Pillars which ſuſtain it, ſtand
Fixt on no Baſe but Thy upholding Hand.
Thou ſpak'ſt, th' aſpiring Hills appear'd,
Their everlaſting Heads the Mountains rear'd,
The Rocks of vaſt unmeaſur'd Size
Obey'd th' impulſive Word, and ſprung amid'ſt the Skies:
The humble Vallies now ſubſide,
And with their Wealth upbraid the fruitleſs Moun-tain's Pride.
The ſtarting Streams begin their Race,
And with their winding Arms the flow'ry Mead embrace.

Now

Now Birds for Flight, their untry'd Wings dif-
(play,
Beat thro' Aerial Waves, and cut the liquid Way.
The Flocks adorn'd the Hills, the Herds the
(Mead.
The bellowing Bull advancing at their Head.
The Woods with various Beaſts were ſtor'd,
Where uncontroul'd their Yellow Lord
Slept in his Den, or thro' the Forreſt roar'd.
The mighty Whale rolls in his weedy Court,
While Finny Trains around their Monarch ſport
More Energy and more amzing Art
In Man at laſt Thou did'ſt exert,
Thy godlike Creature deſtin'd to command
The ſpacious Empires of the Sea and Land:
Thy wide Creation then review'd,
Pleas'd with Thy Works, Thou did'ſt pronounce
(them good.

IX.

Then let the num'rous Actors, which appear
In all the Scenes of this bright Theater,

Ri-

Rivals conſpire to ſpread thy Fame,
And thro' Thy liſt'ning Worlds, Thy mighty Deeds proclaim.

And Thou, my Muſe, ſtretch thy ambitious Wing,
Swift from beneath, as Rays reflected, ſpring,
And raviſh'd thy Great Author's Praiſes ſing.
Ardent exert thy utmoſt Vigour, ſtrain
Thy Vocal Nerves, and ſpend thy tuneful Vein;
Thro' all the Spheres and Orbs that hang around,
Thro' frontier Cryſtal Hills, that Nature bound,
Where-e'er thin Air, or Ether are diſplay'd,
And far as ſounding Accents are convey'd,
Fir'd with a ſacred, pure, impulſive Flame
From bleſt Religion's Altar's ſprung, proclaim
Th' Almighty's fruitful Pow'r, and propagate his Fame.

CON-

CONTEMPT OF THE WORLD.

I.

WHen Trav'llers paſs from Town to Town,
And quit for Foreign Realms their own,
To learn new Modes and Laws, and ſee
New Cities and new Company;
They viſit Courts, and famous Men,
Rais'd by the Sword, or by the Pen:
And are with curious Sights amus'd,
By Nature or by Art produc'd.
When *Gallia* gives no more Delight,
Italia ſooths their Luſt of Sight;
Till cloy'd, they next the Towns demand,
In *Belgia*'s or *Germania*'s Land: The

Then tir'd with Show, the weary Wand'rers come
To reſt in Peace and ſweeter Seats at Home.

II.

So have I roam'd, and ſo purſu'd
New Objects, and new Places view'd:
I've taſted all the Pleaſures here,
They are not laſting, nor ſincere.
My preſent Thoughts condemn my paſt,
I've with my Notions chang'd my Taſte.
To Eat and Drink, Diſcourſe and Play,
To Morrow, as we do to Day,
This beaten Tract of Life I've trod
So long, it grows a tedious Road.
I have the World ſurvey'd, and know
The Worth of what it can beſtow:
It can no more new Scenes adorn,
The ſame known Pleaſures ſtill return;
What can the Coming Time afford me more,
Than I have often here enjoy'd before?

III.

III.

I ſearch in vain, in vain purſue,
Some Scene untry'd, ſome Pleaſure new:
I'm tir'd with Hearing, tir'd with Sight,
Applauſes are a paſt Delight:
The Wiſe and Witty, once my Joy,
By Cuſtom now begin to cloy;
The Wiſe preſcribe, the Witty rave,
Theſe are too Gay, and thoſe too Grave.
Who here on Earth would long remain,
In fleeting Joys and laſting Pain?
Should we not, eager to be gone,
Prefer to this the World unknown,
Hoping to find in happy Seats above,
Exalted Pleaſures worthy of our Love?

Contemplative Solitude.

Printed in 1696.

O Fortunati minium bona ſi ſua norint
Agricolæ.——— Virg.

Contemplative Solitude.

PREFACE.

THO' the Shepherd and the Farmer, remote from Noiſe and Buſineſs, and pleas'd with themſelves, and their Rural Satisfactions, have no Taſte of Dignity and Magnificence, Courts and Theatres, nor of exquiſite Scenes of Splendor and Luxury, and therefore never envy the Poſſeſſors of thoſe Enjoyments; yet the Courtier, and the Man of Buſineſs, often expreſs a great Reliſh of Retirement, and an ardent Deſire after the Delights of a Country Life. 'Tis not the Ideas of Poverty, Clownish Demeanour, Sordid Dreſs and Ruſtick Manners, but the Simplicity, Modeſt Behaviour and Integrity of the Swain, that engage their Eſteem. It is the Advantage, that a Solitary Life affords for Contemplation; and the Eaſe it gives from the Clamour, Strife, Buſineſs, and Impertinence of the Town, that allure their Inclinations. Theſe agreeable Ideas, eſpecially thoſe of undiſturb'd Reſt, and conſtant Serenity of Mind, always excite our Appetites, and attract our Admiration, while we take the Picture of the Shepherd, and a Landskip of the Country, from their beautiful and pleaſing Parts, ſeparated and abſtracted from all that are diſguſtful. This, as

PREFACE.

Mr. Fontanelle *obſerves, is the Foundation of Paſtoral Poetry, which ſtrikes us with the Repreſentation of the Modeſty, Innocence, Sincerity and unaffected Manners of the Inhabitants of the Villages, and their Tranquility and Freedom from the Hurry and Tumult of Populous Cities. When the Heats of Youth begin to cool, and the Appetites of Men have been gratify'd to Satiety in the Purſuit and Acquiſitions of Wealth and Power, they naturally draw off from noiſy Towns, fly for Refuge to a Country Habitation, and exchange their Commerce with buſy Men, for the Sweets of a Peaceful Retirement.*

But none ſeem to have a more exquiſite Taſte, or a more vehement Deſire of this Felicity, than the Poets, who in all Ages have been charm'd with the Pleaſures of Solitude, and have therefore wrote with ſo much Spirit and Elegancy in the Praiſes of a Country Life: Not only Horace *and* Juvenal, *but many more, as well Ancient as Modern, have exercis'd their Pens on this delightful Subject.*

Their Example tempted me to expreſs in Verſe my Sentiments on Solitude under this ſingle View as it affords Opportunity for Contemplation, which I ſuffer'd formerly to go abroad undigeſted and incorrect.

Con-

Contemplative Solitude.

HOW much the Joys of Solitude excell,
The World's rude Mirth and clam'rous (Sports,
The Noiſe of Triumphs and of Courts,
The Mind, that aims at Heav'n, can only tell.

She from the Body, loos'd by ardent Love,
Delights in Upper Sky to ſoar,
And mounts thro' Æther to explore
The Scenes of Bliſs, and joyn the Bleſt above;

Who, Heirs of Heav'n to Godlike Empire born,
Enthron'd, Immortal Scepters bear,
Bright Crowns of ſolid Glory wear,
And look on Earthly Pomp with generous Scorn.

She ſees them lay their Regal Enſigns down,
And lowly proſtrate lie before
Th' Almighty's Throne, whom they adore,
And with Extatick Hallelujahs crown.

What Raptures inexpreſſible the Flights
Of Heavenly Contemplations raiſe;
The Soul breaks forth in Songs of Praiſe,
And covets Theſe, and only Theſe Delights?

Too much dilated for the Breaſt with Love,
And, with her Limbs of Earth oppreſt,
Eager ſhe asks to be releaſt,
To feel more Eaſe, and find more Room above.

She aims and ſtrives to reach the Realms of Light,
And chides her Chains and Screen of Clay,
And riſing Fogs, that take away
Her Heav'nly Proſpect, and retard her Flight.

Safe in Celeſtial, unmoleſted Seats,
From Clouds and ſtormy Winds, that blow
O'er this tempeſtuous World below,
She mourns as oft as ſhe to Earth retreats.

No Fears in thoſe mild Regions vex the Soul,
Seated ſecure, ſhe from on high
Beholds the ruddy Lightning fly,
And hears beneath the diſtant Thunder roll.

She dwells ſecure from impious Angels Pow'r,
That ſtray in this low Void of Air,
And, watching with unwearied Care,
Firſt tempt to Sin, and then their Prey devour.

Thoſe Minds become more Excellent and Pure,
The more they Heav'ns bleſt Air frequent,
Air free from Damps and noiſome Scent;
So wholſome Climates Mens ſick Bodies cure.

When they from Heav'n and Solitude return,
Like Saints, like Seraphs they appear,
So freſh a Grace their Virtues wear,
With ſuch pure Flames of Love their Boſoms burn.

This World is ſtill ſo turbulent and loud,
That Heav'n's ſtill Voice can ſcarce be heard;
Angels have oft to Men appear'd,
To Men retir'd, but never in a Crowd.

In ſilent Groves the Men of old grew wiſe,
Vot'rys in low Proſtration there
To the true God addreſs'd their Prayer,
There Pagans too ador'd their Deities.

To feaſt her Taſte with pure Angelick Food,
The Soul does there herſelf compoſe,
Calmly devout and ſolemn grows,
Aw'd by the Shade, and Stillneſs of the Wood.

The

The famous *Eſſens*, Sages free from Care,
Who ſtarv'd their Limbs to feed the Mind,
To gain Delight and Joy refin'd,
Did ſolitary Woods to Towns prefer.

Their Deeds were harmleſs, and their Looks un-(taught,
Of the next Silver Stream they drank,
Got a cheap Meal from ſome green Bank,
And far from Strife and Clamour liv'd and thought

In Fields and Groves unenvy'd Joys I find;
I Nature's ſecret Springs explore,
And her Almighty Cauſe adore,
Where Objects ſolace and inſtruct my Mind.

Like the rich Valley let me fruitful grow,
May Hills excite me to aſpire,
Like them, to Heav'n with rais'd Deſire,
And may my Thoughts pure, as the Fountain, flow.

Like Birds I'll ſend to Heav'n my grateful Lays,
The Sheep ſhall make me wiſh I may
Be uſeful, and as meek as They,
And hear the Paſtor, that directs my Ways.

Both Birds and Beaſts ſhall my Diſtruſt condemn,
Which ne'er repine, but ſtray about,
Free from all Care and anxious Doubt,
And teach me to depend on Heaven, like Them.

Motives I ne'er ſhall want of Love and Praiſe,
For Heaven and Earth will ſtill ſupply
My Thoughts with ſuch Variety,
As will new Wonder, freſh Devotion raiſe.

Let me my Mind improve by all I ſee,
And by the Creatures ſtill aſcend
To the firſt Cauſe, whilſt I attend
To Nature's Volume of Divinity.

A Cloſet or a ſecret Field with Thee,
Shall, Lord, to me be far more dear,
Than all the tranſient Pleaſures here,
Than all the poiſon'd Sweets of Eaſe and Luxury.

A Thought of Death.

WHEN I with Pain and Sickneſs ſtrive,
And turning This and That Way lie;
Convinc'd, I cannot long ſurvive,
Yet, not prepar'd, afraid to die;

Can I the King of Terrors face,
When he approaches near my Bed,
With threatning Looks, and awful Pace?
Oh! how his Preſence ſhall I dread!

While on my Judge I forward look,
And back on bold repeated Sin;
My ſhuddring Soul, with Horror ſtruck,
Will agonizing thus begin.

To

To the cold Grave when I commit
This ruin'd Frame of Lifeleſs Clay,
Theſe dark Terreſtrial Regions quit,
And wing my Flight in unknown Way,

Oppreſt with Guilt of Crimſon Dye,
Can I th' Almighty's Sight endure;
To whoſe All-ſearching, Glorious Eye,
The brighteſt Angels ſcarce are pure?

At His Impartial Judgment-Seat,
In what Confuſion ſhall I ſtand?
Can I by Fraud his Pow'r defeat,
Or wreſt his Vengeance from his Hand?

Frown'd from his Throne, and doom'd to dwell
In Endleſs Torment and Deſpair;
What Heart can think, or Tongue can tell
The Stings and Anguiſh I ſhall bear?

Can

Can I my dreadful Doom reclaim,
Or Heav'n's Almighty Wrath defy,
When pierc'd with Cold, or ſcorcht with Flame,
I ever Live and ever Dye?

Can I the fierce Remorſe aſſwage,
And Self-avenging Terrors bear,
When Conſcience, with Immortal Rage,
Shall my diſtracted Boſom tear?

Theſe Penal Sufferings to prevent,
And gain the Bliſsful Seats of Day,
Let me, with Aſhes ſpread, repent;
Nor more the Laws of Sin obey.

Why ſhould I hardy forward go
In Ways, that Dying I ſhall blame?
Why ſtill repeat the Deeds, I know,
I muſt review with Grief and Shame?

The Ejaculation.

I.

IMMORTAL Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe,
With dawning Radiance bleſs my eager Eyes:
On my benighted Mind Thy Beams diſplay;
Kindle, O kindle there Celeſtial Day.

II.

Bright Source of Bliſsful Glory, Lord of Light,
Chaſe from my Soul the Horrors of the Night:
Remove the dark Eclipſe, the Shades diſpel,
With which, encompaſs'd round (ſad Fate!) I dwell.

III.

Then I Divine Myſterious Things ſhall learn,
All Truth from Error, Good from Ill diſcern;
I ſhall my God, I ſhall my Saviour know,
Hence perfect Joy and Life Eternal flow.

An Expoſtulation *with* DAMON, *complaining of his* Narrow Fortune.

Printed 1696.

HIS Creatures and his Subjects, we ſhould (owe
Double Allegiance to th' Almighty's Throne!
Our Place is to revere his Sov'reign Sway,
Not to diſpute his Will, but to obey.
To Heav'n ſhall our Remonſtrances be ſent
To plead the Juſtice of their Diſcontent?
For Life and all Poſſeſſions, to his Hand
That ſcatters Bleſſings, we indebted ſtand.
What he is pleas'd to take, you ſhould reſign,
Nor can complain of Wrong, ſince nothing's thin
What if your Fortune's mean, did not the Beſt
And Wiſeſt, who in Heav'n outſhine the reſt,

L

Live in this Vale of Tears, deſpis'd and poor?
Some wanted Food and Garments, few had more.
And ſhould you quarrel with your Fate, when (God
Afflicts, but to direct you with his Rod
In the known Path, which godlike Men have trod?
Toil and Fatigue a Trav'ller beſt become
Amidſt his Foes, and far remote from Home.
Pilgrims, as we are, while Abroad they ſtay,
Muſt quit th' Ambition to be rich and gay.
This is a ſtrange and hoſtile Country, where
Of Pomp, and Pow'r and Eaſe we muſt deſpair:
We only hence a Paſſage crave to Bliſs,
And that, whate'er we looſe, we cannot miſs.
No Wants or Woes can make the Virtuous ſeem
Baſe or inglorious, in their Lord's Eſteem;
Favour Divine they never can remove,
Nor interrupt the Pleaſures of his Love;
And Happineſs to thoſe is yet unknown,
Who cannot find it in that Love alone.

From

From Riches free you ſcape a Thouſand Cares;
By Diſtance guarded from deſtructive Snares.
By a low State you kindly are deny'd
Th' alluring Baits of Luxury and Pride:
And weaker Virtue may be here ſecure,
Which Plenty's ſtrong Aſſaults might not endure:
So little Veſſels may in Safety ride
On a ſmall River's ſmooth and peaceful Tide,
Where gentler Winds with ſoft and eaſy Gales
Scarce heave the Boſom of their humble Sails;
But if they put to Sea, too late they find
Their Strength unequal to a boiſt'rous Wind,
While thro' ſucceſſive Dangers they are born
Split on the Rock, or by the Tempeſt torn.
Thus meaner Stations Virtue moſt befriend,
Giving what's fit, and more would but offend.

If now to Heav'n ſo painful is the Road,
What will it be with Wealth's encumb'ring Load?

Do your Endeavours now ſucceed ſo well,
And all Temptations with ſuch Eaſe repel,
That your Ambition ſhould a harder Task
Demand, and vaſt *Herculean* Labours ask?
That you with Care and Toil ſhould purchaſe Foes,
And ſeek the Place, which thickeſt Danger ſhows:
Are thoſe you cannot ſhun ſo few and ſlight,
That fond of Ruin you ſhould more invite?
This were to raviſh Death it ſelf, and ſcale
The Gates of Hell, leſt milder Arts ſhould fail.
You aim at Heav'n, and will you chuſe to ſtray,
And quit the plaineſt and the ſafeſt Way,
That you a longer Journey may endure,
Thro' Roads more difficult, and leſs ſecure?
Still narrow Fortunes are the ſafeſt found
Free from the Nets, which Wealth and Pomp ſur-
(round:
The humble Valley needs but ſmall Defence,
We juſtly dread the riſing Eminence,
Where Sin and Death their choſen Forces poſt,
And Minds ſeduc'd are in ſuch Numbers loſt.

The greateſt Hazard that your Fear ſhould move,
Is leſt the World ſhould too obliging prove;
For then ſhe's dangerous, when her ſmiling Art,
And ſplendid Dreſs, invite the yielding Heart;
But when ſhe frowns, her Charms are loſt, unleſs
You Miſery purſue, and court Diſtreſs.
For ſuch Unkindneſs may abate your Love,
And turn your Aims to Happineſs above;
Make you for high Eternal Joys inquire,
And Heav'n purſue with more enflam'd Deſire:
For ſtill our Wiſhes after Home and Reſt,
Are by the Badneſs of the Way encreaſt.

'Tis then becauſe we disbelieve or ſlight
The Prize of Virtue, Heav'ns immenſe Delight,
That in an humble State we can't rejoyce,
And make nor Wealth, nor Poverty our Choice:
That Pomp and Plenty we ſo little dread,
So by the Living prais'd, and curs'd ſo by the Dead.

Aſſur'd of future Pleaſures ſeek, no more,
Ask not ſoft *Perſia*'s Pride, nor *Guinea*'s Oar,
So bleſt complain not that your Fortune's poor.
One of ſuch Views poſſeſt, may well employ
His fleeting Hours in calm Delight and Joy,
Who, when a few ſhort Days are paſt, will know
What Raptures from Celeſtial Triumphs flow,
Happy, if thoſe who Heav'n enjoy, are ſo.
Why ſhould you grieve for what you ſuffer here?
All theſe ſlight Sorrows ſoon will diſappear,
And what is Tranſient, is below your Fear.

AN

ODE

TO

JEHOVAH,

Immutable, Merciful *and* Juſt.

ODE

AN

ODE

TO

JEHOVAH,

Immutable, Merciful *and* Juſt.

I.



IMMORTAL Muſe, Eſſential Truth, diſplay
Thy Heav'nly Beams, and whelm me o'er with Day:
Give Force proportion'd to my hardy Aim,
And kindle in my Veins Celeſtial Flame,
While I approach th' Almighty's bliſsful Throne,
And make in ſacred Verſe his high Perfections known

II.

Hail Great I Am!
The First and Laſt, Unchangeably the ſame.
Thou Rock of Ages, Thy Exalted Head,
With Clouds and awful Darkneſs ſpread,
Unſhaken by the rolling Floods of Time,
Above Duration's Deep aſcends ſublime.
Thy undecaying Vigour ever reigns,
And ſtill Thy Arm Almighty Strength retains.
Thou liv'ſt from undermining Years ſecure,
Which this low World with Revolutions fill;
No Ages can abate thy Pow'r,
Nor change the ſetled Purpoſe of Thy Will.

III.

Vain Man, as ſoon as born, begins to dye,
And ſpends his Vital Stock apace,
Swift his ſucceſſive Minutes fly,
Induſtrious ſoon compleat their deſtin'd Race.

The Flame it ſelf, which ling'ring Life ſuſtains,
Preys on the mould'ring Frame, and burns the waſting Veins.
He now an Infant cries, at Manhood now,
Does graſp the Huntſman's Spear, or Warrior's Fauchion wave
'Till bow'd with Years, and ſunk with Woe,
Weary he ſtretches in the peaceful Grave.
His Mind as num'rous Changes undergoes,
At various Times, to various Ends inclin'd;
By Turns his Tide of Paſſion ebbs and flows,
Impetuous as the Storm, and fickle as the Wind.

IV.

The deep Foundations of the Hills,
And the ſtrong Pillars, which ſuſtain the Iſles,
Sap'd by Degrees, ſhall wear and ſhrink,
And let their pond'rous Superſtructure ſink.
The Mountains, which ſo high in Air aſcend,
That their broad Shoulders ſeem to bear the Sky,
With Age at laſt ſhall ſtoop and bend,
And buried in the Valley lie.

The Subterranean Roots of Marble Rocks,
Which Winds and Thunder's fierceſt Shocks
In vain aſſail,
Eat by the ſurer Teeth of Time ſhall fail.
The Sun may from his Track depart,
May ſtand, or frighted backward ſtart;
To ſpread his Luſtre may forget,
And now delay to Riſe, and now to Set.
The Cryſtal Spheres that roll on high,
And ſeem Corruption to defy,
By their own Motion ſhall decay,
And, like a fading Veſture, wear away,
The World ſhall ſtrong Convulſions feel,
Sick Orbs ſhall This and That Way reel.
Exhaling Seas their ancient Caves ſhall leave,
And Earth's vaſt Ribs and Girders cleave:
Thro' the wide Chaſm, the Sun ſhall dart his Ray,
And to th' aſtoniſh'd Center let in Day.
Fixt Balls of Light their Station ſhall decline,
And opening Graves their Spoils reſign.

Frag-

Fragments of Planets, Sheets of Sky,
And Stars abrupt, ſhall huddled lie,
In theſe laſt Throws of Nature's Agony.
And Time it ſelf, that all Things does devour,
Shall periſh by its own conſuming Pow'r:
This mighty *Sampſon* once ſhall break
The Pillars which the World ſuſtain,
And of all Nature dreadful Havock make,
Then buried in her Ruins ſhall remain.

V.

But Thou, Great King! for ever doſt endure,
From all Corruption free, and from all Change ſecure.
Thy happy Days will never ceaſe,
Nor Thy Perfections leſſen or encreaſe.
Thou art without Circumference,
A Center fixt of Bliſs, a Sea immenſe,
Which ne'er from riſing Storms Diſturbance knows,
Nor with ſucceſſive Tydes retreats and flows.
Father of Lights, Thy Self Eſſential Light,
Thy Face unvaried never fades,

Thou

Thou doſt not riſe by Day, or ſet by Night,
And never art eclips'd by interpoſing Shades.
Thou can'ſt not from Thy Purpoſe ſtart,
Nor from Thy ſteady Rule depart.
No watchful Eye in Thee Mutation ſees,
For as Thy Being, fixt are Thy Decrees.
Thou never doſt, like fickle Man, repent,
Thy Words and Deeds ne'er diſagree,
And when Thou'rt pleas'd to ſay, Thou doſt relent,
The Change is made in Us, and not in Thee.

VI.

Hail Mild, Indulgent God of Love!
To Man what Pity in Thy Bowels ſtrove,
When He, who by Thy Goodneſs was upheld,
Won by the great Impoſtor's Art,
Againſt Thy ſacred Throne rebell'd,
And took th' Apoſtate Angel's Part?
Thou, by an Irreverſible Decree,
Did'ſt not to Endleſs Death the Race condemn,
But that Thy Gracious Nature he might ſee,

Did'ſt

Did'ſt of Redemption lay the Wond'rous Scheme.
Divine Compaſſion ſuch ſtrong Efforts made,
And did with ſuch Succeſs perſwade,
That Thou Thy only Co-Eſſential Son
Did'ſt from Thy Bliſsful Boſom give,
That all, who His Celeſtial Meſſage own,
Might the Bleſt Station, which they loſt, retrieve.
Thou to Thy Unconteſted Heir did'ſt ſay,
Be Thou of all Created Nature Lord;
The Subject World Thy Scepter ſhall obey,
And Loſt Mankind by Thee ſhall be reſtor'd.
Proud Princes ſhall diſpute Thy Right in vain,
In vain againſt Thy Throne combine,
Defy their empty Threats, for Thou ſhalt reign,
And, with Applauſe, accompliſh my Deſign.

VII.

Patient how long doſt Thou Delinquents bear?
What Bleſſings undeſerv'd confer?
Not willing to deſtroy, but to amend,
Thou would'ſt by gentle Methods Man reduce,

Nor

Nor does the fatal Blow deſcend,
'Till Rebels proffer'd Life refuſe.
Audacious Scoffers, with Infernal Pride,
Affront Thy Throne, Thy Government deride,
They mock Thy Threats, and formidable Pow'r,
Inſult Religion, and deſpiſe Her Laws,
And, by their long Impunity, ſecure,
Provoke Thy Juſtice to aſſert Thy Cauſe:
Yet Thy Vindictive Lightnings thro' the Sky,
To ſtrike the Wretches dead, refuſe to fly.
Earth, with a Mother's Pity, does forbear
The proud Blaſphemer to entomb,
Nor does the Peſtilential Air,
With fatal Plagues, the impious Race conſume.
They with Thy ſleeping Thunder play,
And with Almighty Terrors ſport,
Condemn as Fools thoſe who Thy Laws obey,
And, by their Righteous Deeds, Thy Favour court.
Becauſe Thou art not Man but God,
Thy mighty Patience can ſuſtain ſo long

So

So heavy and ſo vaſt a Load
Of Provocations, and repeated Wrong.
Thy Heart is tender, and Thy Nature kind;
To Acts of Grace, and not of Wrath, inclin'd,
Quick to forgive, but to Reſentment ſlow;
Thy Vengeance is conſtrain'd, but willing Mercies flow.

VIII.

Beautous as Mercy's Self and Bright,
Thy ſpotleſs Juſtice raviſhes the Sight;
Thy Laws are equal, and Thy Ways upright.
Thy High Tribunal cannot err,
Condemn the Guiltleſs, nor the Guilty ſpare.
Thou ſhow'ſt to Deeds diſtinguiſhing Regard,
The Ill do'ſt puniſh, and the Good reward.
Partial awhile Thou may'ſt appear,
And to the Righteous Man Diſpleaſure ſhow,
But to the Good, tho' oft ſevere,
Thou do'ſt not Bolts of Thunder throw.
Thou do'ſt Thy Rod, but not Thy Sword employ,

Cha-

Chaſtiſe Thou wilt, but not deſtroy.
Long may'ſt Thou let Oppreſſors live,
And ſuffer Godleſs Criminals to thrive;
'Till Guilt to full Perfection grown,
Thou cutt'ſt the ripe Offender down:
And then Thy ſudden Vengeance ſhall declare
Thou did'ſt not pardon, but the Stroke defer.

IX.

Bewilder'd now we can't Thy Ways explore,
Nor clear the Juſtice we adore,
In Paths perplex'd ſhe's pleas'd to tread,
And wraps in Clouds her venerable Head:
But at the laſt deciſive Doom,
When Men ſhall leave the cleaving Tomb,
And to Thy High Tribunal come;
When Thy Impartial Sentence Thou ſhalt give,
And all ſhall due Rewards receive;
When Godlike Men ſhall, crown'd with Glory, reign,
And Rebels groan beneath Vindictive Pain,

Then

Then Juſtice, then ſhall Providence Divine,
Unveil'd, in perfect Luſtre ſhine!
Th' Eternal Scheme of Government diſplay'd,
And all Thy ſecret Counſels open laid,
Shall rapt'rous Admiration raiſe,
And grow the Glorious Theme of Everlaſting Praiſe.

MATTH. V. 29, 30.

If thy Right Eye offend thee, pluck it out, &c.

I.

THE hardy Deed is done at laſt,
My Criminal Offenſive Eye,
Pluckt out by Force, I've from me caſt;
There do's the bleeding Rebel lie.

II.

No more enſnaring Images,
Let in by that perfidious Gate,
Shall, by Surprize, my Boſom ſeize,
And guilty Paſſion there create.

III.

Now for my Hand! at one brave Stroke
'Tis gone, I ſpurn it with Diſdain;
Its Guilt no more ſhall Heav'n provoke,
No more produce my inward Pain.

IV.

IV.

'Tis better far to enter ſo
Diſmember'd into Heav'nly Bliſs,
Than Healthful and Unmaim'd to go
Down to th' Infernal Black Abyſs.

On Riches.

I.

ALLOW a Merchant ſhould forſake
His Kindred, Friends and Native Soil,
And ſhould a willing Exile make
His wild Abode ſome *Indian* Iſle;

II.

Should Hoards of Treaſure there purſue,
And Wealth above his Wiſhes find,
Which, when he quits the barb'rous Shore,
The Fool reſolves to leave behind:

III.

That Man is equally of Senſe,
Of Reaſon and Reflexion void,
Who here amaſſing Stores immenſe,
In endleſs Labour is employ'd;

IV.

Which, when he parts with fleeting Life,
And quits this World for that unknown,
He knows he muſt, with hopeleſs Grief,
Behind him leave, no more his own.

V.

Good Heav'n! That Trav'llers, who muſt make
So ſhort a Stay upon the Road
Of this vain Life, ſhould ſo miſtake
Their Journey for their fixt Abode!

A Paraphraſe *on the* XC*th* Pſalm, *ſtiled, The* Prayer *of* MOSES *the Man of* GOD.

THO' we unſettled wearing Life conſume
Like our Fore-fathers, and without a Home,
Vagrants thro' vaſt and howling Deſarts roam;
Yet Thy protecting Care Indulgent God,
Has been our conſtant and ſecure Abode.

E'er yet th' aſpiring Mountains had their Birth,
Or the ſtrong Pillars, which ſuſtain the Earth,
Were reer'd, e'er yet the World's extended Frame
From the dark Vacant into Being came,
Great God, Thou art, and always wer't the ſame.
Deſtruction is th' inevitable Doom
Of ſhort-liv'd Man, who breaking from the Womb,
Begins his haſty Journey to the Tomb.

When a few Days within its Vital Urn,
His Flame of Life has been allow'd to burn,
Thou bid'ſt him, whence he came, to Duſt return.

The ſpacious Circle of a Thouſand Years,
To Thee by Age uncircumſcrib'd appears
But as a Day that's paſt with ſpeedy Flight,
Or the ſwift Watches, that divide the Night:
Thou Human Kind do'ſt as a Torrent ſweep
From Earth, who as the empty Scenes of Sleep,
Illuſive Dreams and Shades, the Mind amuſe,
And ſoon their unſubſtantial Figure looſe.
As the gay Offspring of the Verdant Mead,
Man in the Morning blooms, but hangs his Head
When Evening comes, decays and with'ring dies,
Or by the Scythe cut down in Ruin lies.

We in this waſteful Wilderneſs diſtreſt,
And by unnumber'd Plagues and Deaths oppreſt,

By Thy Diſpleaſure are to Sorrow doom'd,
And by Thy unrelenting Wrath conſum'd.
To ſhew our ſecret Sins Thou do'ſt delight,
And ſet our Errors in the ſtrongeſt Light
Before Thy Face; and accurate obſerve
Our Steps, that from the Paths of Virtue ſwerve.
Sunk and oppreſt by Wrath Divine, behold,
We ſpend our Minutes, like a Tale that's told;
Minutes, which with unheeded Swiftneſs fly,
And vaniſh like a Thought, a Breath, or Sigh.

The uſual Period of the Age of Men
Extends its Bounds to Threeſcore Years and Ten;
And if by Nature, ſome robuſt and ſtrong,
To Stages much remoter Life prolong,
Pinch'd by the Froſts of hoary Age they find
Pain in their Limbs, and Sorrow in their Mind;
Nor as in blooming Youth, by Steps decay,
But fly like Birds of ſwifteſt Wing away.

Who form ſuch true Ideas of the Force
Of Thy fierce Anger, as with juſt Remorſe,
And pious Senſe of their own Guilt, to ſhew
Becoming Fear to Thy Diſpleaſure due?
Inſtruct us how to calculate the Train
Of our few Days, Days full of Care and Pain,
That we attentive may our Thoughts apply
To ſacred Wiſdom, and prepare to die;
And with th' Account made ready, free from Fear,
And unſurpriz'd, may at Thy Bar appear.

How long, Bleſt Lord, ſhall we Thy Abſence (mourn?
At length intreated, merciful return
To ſuff'ring *Jacob*; let Thy Soul relent,
Thy Bowels yearn, and of Thy Wrath repent.
Lay down Thy Arms, nor as a Foe deſtroy,
That we may taſte our Change of Fate with Joy:
Soon, e'er with Plagues we wholly are conſum'd
And to Deſpair unſufferable doom'd,

Diſ-

Diſmiſs Thy Anger, and Compaſſion ſhow,
That we may Peace poſſeſs, and Pleaſure know.

Let, in Proportion to our Sorrows paſt,
Thy mild Indulgence, and our Comforts laſt:
Nor may our fair delightful Days be leſs
In Number, than were thoſe of our Diſtreſs.
By their Deliv'rance let Thy Servants find
Thy glorious Work, long promis'd and deſign'd,
At laſt compleated; let the Nations ſee
The Scheme accompliſh'd of Thy high Decree:
And let of Thy bleſt Countenance the Light
And glorious Preſence glad Thy People's Sight;
And that our Guilt may not Thy Work obſtruct,
By Thee directed let us ſo conduct
Our Ways, that *Jacob*'s Crimes excite no more
Thy dreadful Wrath, as they have done before.

Right

Right ZEAL.

Printed in 1696.

BEhold the Zeal of high Immortal Race,
In Whoſe bright Charms, you may its (Lineage trace,
Admire this Fervour, and ſublime Degree
Of Love Divine and generous Piety,
Which quickens Minds grown ſtupid, and imparts
An active Ferment to Religious Hearts;
Gives to faint Virtue, Force and blooming Grace,
And ſheds freſh Beauty on her ſickly Face.
It works not out in Froth, nor will it vent
In furious Heats its inward Diſcontent;
For Trifles, never will to Blood contend,
Nor all its Warmth in Noiſe and Cenſure ſpend;

But

But meek and peaceful, as the Sacred Dove,
Do's on the Soul in gentle Breathings move.
It ſmooths rough Nature, ſweetens eager Blood,
Expels the vicious Part, and ſaves the Good.

It will its Riſe and high Extraction prove,
By Charity refin'd, and boundleſs Love,
While it enlarges and extends a Mind
To the ſtrait Compaſs of a Sect confin'd,
Till it embraces thoſe of diff'rent Name,
And finds ev'n for an Enemy a Flame.
With Pity it reduces thoſe that ſtray,
By mild and gentle Methods, to their Way;
But makes no Storms of Thunder break on thoſe
Whoſe Errors leſs Important Truths oppoſe:
Nor do's with Racks or Fire the Stubborn tame,
Employing none but its own lambent Flame.

If it Reforms, it will ſome Faults endure,
And not enrage the Wounds, it ſeeks to cure.

It pleads for Peace, and ſtrives on Mercy's Side,
Controuls fierce Rage, and checks ambitious Pride.
By ſuch heroick Energy inſpir'd,
And by this pure celeſtial Paſſion fir'd,
Men for Religion's ſake and Publick Good,
Will ſhed their own, but not their Neighbour's Blood.

This heav'nly Zeal moſt Heat has always ſhown
For our Great Maker's Honour, not our own:
Inſults and Wrongs, it can with Patience bear,
Provok'd forgive, unask'd th' Offender ſpare.
How ſick without it, Piety appears?
What lean, what pale conſumptive Looks it wears?
Its Beauty faded, and its Vigour loſt,
It ſeems departed Virtue's Meagre Ghoſt.
This Zeal alone can make it freſh and fair,
Reſtore its Charms, and all its Wounds repair.
Such Courage ſprings from this victorious Grace,
As can the various Shapes of Terror face.

It makes us lay our Lives with Pleaſure down,
For Bliſs unſeen and Triumphs yet unknown,
And with Delight perform the various Tasks,
Which Heav'n preſcribes, and our own Safety asks.

This Zeal is wary, not inflam'd with Pride,
And walks not but with Knowledge for its Guide.
When it grows warm, its Lights are always true;
And when 'tis doubtful, 'tis as modeſt too.
Bleſt Zeal! how pure, how ~~ſpiritual~~ Spiritfull and clear,
Thoſe Souls, that feel its active Pow'r, appear?
How much ſuch godlike Heroes us condemn,
Whom they excel, as much as Angels them?



PSAL. XCIV. 19.

In the Multitude of my Thoughts within me, &c.

I.

WHEN Hell and Earth their threat'ning Frowns unite,
Muſter their Terrors, and my Soul affright,
When my ill-boding Fears diſturb my Reſt,
And anxious Cares perplex my aking Breaſt;

II.

When Snares are ſpread on all the faithleſs Ground,
And Rocks and Shelves encompaſs me around,
When thro' my Veins tempeſtuous Sorrows roll,
Their ſwelling Tide, and agitate my Soul;

III.

The Thoughts of Thee, indulgent God, diſpel
Theſe Shades of Death, and change this Face of Hell:

From

From Thee, the Source of Joy, ſuch Comforts flow,
As ſooth my Suff'rings, and appeaſe my Woe.

IV.

The Thoughts of Thee my wounded Spirit cure,
Compoſe the Tempeſt, and my Peace reſtore;
The Thoughts of Thee, Great Power, new Life ex-
(cite,
Revive my Hopes, and fill me with Delight.



The WISH.

I.

O When ſhall my glad Soul releaſt
From theſe uneaſy Chains of Clay,
To the bright Regions of the Bleſt
Wing with a Lover's Speed her Way?

II.

Where raviſh'd with His bliſsful Sight,
I my Redeemer may adore,
And in the pure Abodes of Light,
May live and love, and ſin no more!

A

HYMN

TO THE

LIGHT *of the* WORLD.

Printed in the Year 1703.

A

HYMN

TO THE

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A

HYMN

TO THE

LIGHT *of the* WORLD.

I.



HAIL radiant Offspring! Emana-
(tion bright!
Pure effluent Splendor of Eternal
(Light!
Subſtantial Beam not of Created
(Race;
Th' Effulgent Image of the Fa-
(ther's Face,
Who of the bliſsful Perſons haſt the ſecond Place!

Immortal Life and Love in Thee,
And the full Glory of the Godhead dwell,
O Co-eternal Majeſty!
O Source of Goodneſs inexhauſtible!

II.

Ee'r yet Creation was employ'd
To work her Wonders in the Waſtful Void :
E'er her Incurſions ſhe begun
The ſpacious Realms of Night to over-run,
Or to ſecure the Conquer'd Ground
Had thrown up Frontier Worlds, and fenc'd her (Empire round.
E'er *Nature* out of *Chaos* ſprung,
The beauteous Orbs above in Order hung,
Or tuneful Spheres eſſay'd to roll along :
Before Young Time his Wings did try,
Or Days and Years his active Progeny,
Their laſting Breath and Swiftneſs knew,
Or in ſucceſſive Circles flew :
Before the Mountains were brought forth;
Or Rocks had Roots, or Hills their Birth;
Thou did'ſt inhabit Boundleſs Light,
A Dwelling like Thy Self, beyond Expreſſion, bright.

III.

III.

But when from vacant Space Creating Power
Had rais'd the Seeds of Things, and Elemental Oar,
Dreſs'd Nature's Magazine and Wealthy Hoard
For unform'd future Worlds with crude Materials (ſtor'd,
Projected from Thy Face a Vital Ray
Thro' *Chaos* made its radiant Way,
And drew the tender Lines of dawning Day :
Thy ſmiling Offſpring new-born Light,
Freed from the gloomy Chains of Night,
Did from the dusky Gulph ariſe,
And ſpread its ſhining Wings, ambitious of the Skies.
The grey Expanſion hovers in the Air,
To which new Beams from Priſon loos'd repair ;
Thro' all the Space the bright Infection goes,
And chaſing ancient Shades away,
Do's all young Nature's Charms diſcloſe,
And propagate the ripening Day.
Theſe pure Emiſſions of Thy Glorious Face,
To Heav'n return their Native Place,

Reflected back to Thee, they wing their Flight,
Ocean Immenſe of Independent Light!

IV.

To Thee their Beams the Conſtellations owe,
Thou on the Stars their Beauty did'ſt beſtow;
They, and the Milky Galaxy,
Shine by the Rays deriv'd from Thee.
Thy Magazines on high, that hold
Rich Stores of pure, Ætherial, liquid Gold,
Freely th' Expenſive Sun ſupply,
And feed his boundleſs Prodigality:
The vaſt uncalculated Sums
Of Light, which daily he conſumes,
Thy Treaſures, whence they flow, can never waſte;
Treaſures, that, like Thy Self, for ever laſt.
Should'ſt Thou, the Fountain, ſtop Thy Glorious (Streams,
The ſick'ning Sun, defrauded of his Beams,
Would, with his dusky Orb, the World affright,
And yield his Empire to prevailing Night;

And

And thus the Sun, that borrow'd Glory ſpends,
More, than on him the Moon, on Thee depends.

V.

Are not the Crowns of high Seraphick States,
And great Celeſtial Potentates,
Crowns beyond Expreſſion bright,
And their wide ſpreading Robes of ſpotleſs Light,
Of thicken'd Rays, and labour'd Glory wrought,
From Thy Immortal Wardrobe brought?
Theſe Seraphs, who Thy Throne ſurround,
And ſpread, with proſtrate Throngs, the Heav'nly (Ground;
Theſe Eldeſt Stars, Sons of the Morn,
Who ſing Thy Praiſes, and Thy Court adorn,
With intercepted Brightneſs ſhine,
Emitted from Thy Plenitude Divine.
On Thee they gaze, and with their eager Eyes
Imbibe Unutterable Joys:
So long they feed their raviſh'd Sight
With Beatifick Luxury of Light,

They view Thy Radiant Face ſo long,
They feel their Tides of Pleaſure run too ſtrong,
And with unequal Happineſs conteſt,
Strugling with Glory, and with Bliſs oppreſt.

VI.

Thy Beams irradiate every Mind,
Bleſt Seraphims above, and Men below;
Who Truth, by painful Reas'ning, find,
Or, like Thy Self, by *Intuition* know.
Theſe owe to Thee their piercing Sight,
O Ever-during Spring of Intellectual Light!
Arch-Angels of ſuperior Race,
Who to Thy Throne poſſeſs the neareſt Place,
In more illuſtrious Robes of Glory dreſt,
And by their Crowns diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
To Thee, the Fountain, owe the purer Rays,
Which their inlighten'd Minds to ſuch high Know-
ledge raiſe.

VII.

Thy pow'rful Breath firſt quicken'd *Adam*'s Frame,
Blew up and kindled there the Vital Flame,
And

And Animated Clay a Living Mould became.
Then the warm Blood did from its Goal, the Heart,
To run its Purple Ring with Vigour ſtart.
Then Infant Life began to play,
To bound and leap along th' Arterial Way,
And carry'd on the circling Tide,
Did thro' its winding Labyrinths, and Veiny Mazes,
(glide.
The moving Frame began
To breath and ſpeak, and act the Man.
His noble Mind Thou form'd'ſt of Light refin'd,
A Thinking Subſtance of Celeſtial Kind;
A fair and undecaying Flame
Pure, like th' Eternal Fountain, whence it came;
Which, ſtampt with Thy bleſt Image, ſhone
Bright, as the Cherubs, who adorn thy Throne.
Thou bad'ſt the Heav'nly Gueſt in Fleſh abide,
And by Thy Skill the Knot of Life was ty'd.
Thus Half-Immortal and Half-Mortal He
To Angels and to Brutes ally'd,
A true Æquator is deſign'd by Thee
In Halves the wide Creation to divide.

VIII.

When with Myſterious Links the Heav'n-born Mind
Was firſt with Duſt in Vital Union join'd,
Thy Offspring was all pure and bright,
A ſpotleſs Ray of Self-Exiſtent Light,
Of thy full Glory an illuſtrious Beam,
A clear and uncorrupted Stream
Deriv'd from Thee th' immenſe Abyſs
Of Life and Love, and Endleſs Bliſs.
Then Upright Man, for Endleſs Life deſign'd,
With due Devotion did his God adore,
In Conſort with bleſt Seraphs joyn'd,
Enjoy'd his Goodneſs, and rever'd his Pow'r.
His Breaſt was fill'd with Heav'nly Joy and Love,
Calm and ſerene, as the Bleſt Seats above.
He neither Sin nor Suff'ring underſtood,
Compleatly bleſt, becauſe compleatly Good.
For Guilt and Ruin are the ſame,
And Bliſs and Goodneſs differ but in Name.

IX.

IX.

But when the great Apoſtate's Art
Seduc'd the wav'ring Creature's Heart,
Man from his happy Region fell
To the deſtructive Gulph of Death and Hell;
Now Guilt's infernal Gloom, and horrid Night,
O'erwhelm his Intellectual Sight,
And Clouds, with Vengeance ſtor'd, his trembling (Soul affright.
Darkneſs, like that in Central Caves beneath,
Like that, which ſpreads the loneſome Walks of (Death,
Where never Ray one Inroad made,
The Rebels Mind did ſwift invade.
The Light, which he enjoy'd, abus'd withdrew,
And back to Heav'n, its Parent, flew.
His Breaſt of this Celeſtial Gueſt bereft,
Became a Den of ſalvage Paſſions, left
Without a Keeper, looſe and unconfin'd,
Which now no Guide directs, nor Precepts bind.

X. Whilſt

X.

Whilſt on the Earth ſuch Darkneſs dwells,
Malicious Fiends forſake their hateful Cells,
Like rav'ning Wolves, or roaring Lions ſtray,
Hunt and devour by Night their Prey.
Theſe Tyrants, as their Empire, did poſſeſs
This wide, unlightſome Wilderneſs,
And fierce infeſt th' unhappy Regions, grown
In Guilt and Blackneſs, like their own;
Should from the Earth the Sun conceal his Face,
What Terrors would invade this diſmal Place?
Nature and Order would be ſoon depos'd,
And all their Subjects from Obedience loos'd;
Which their firſt Monarch *Chaos* would reſtore,
And prove the wild Aſſertors of his Pow'r:
Confuſion, Miſrule, Uproar, Chance,
His blind Adherents, would ſupport
Their ancient Lord, and ſwift advance
To take their Stations in his lawleſs Court.

Since

Since Guilt did firſt Admiſſion find,
This is the fatal State of Humane Kind.
Paſſions Subjection to their Guide diſown,
Inſult their Soveraign, and ſubvert his Throne.
Fancy does fickle reign in Reaſon's Seat,
And Thy wild Empire, Anarchy, uphold,
Hoſtile Deſires fierce Wars repeat,
By Turns victorious, and by Turns controul'd:
Which e'er prevails the Suff'ring is the ſame,
A Tyrant 'tis, tho' with a milder Name.
All that unhappy Man can hope to gain
Is various Servitude, and endleſs Change of Pain.

XI.

Thou, Kind Redeemer, toucht to ſee
Such Scenes of Woe, ſuch moving Miſery,
Did'ſt ſoon determine to diſpell
Theſe Shades of Death, and Gloom of Hell.
Soon as kind Heavn, of Love th' exhauſtleſs Source,
Pronounc'd, that Thy Superior Might

Should

Should break th' infernal Serpent's Force,
And to benighted Minds reſtore Celeſtial Light,
Early Thou mad'ſt Thy bleſt Eſſay,
And here and there did'ſt dart a Ray
Preluding to maturer Day.
In every Age Thou did'ſt indulgent ſhew
Diſtinguiſh'd Kindneſs to a choſen few;
'Till Thou to *Abraham*, and his pious Race,
More fully did'ſt reveal the Beauties of thy Face.
O *Jacob*, Thy Auſpicious Star,
That promis'd Night ſhould ſoon be chas'd away,
Smil'd beauteous in the Eaſt, and from afar
Did Beams preſaging brighter Scenes diſplay.
Then were the ſhining Strokes and Outlines drawn,
Then did the Morn of bleſt Redemption dawn.
The Fav'rite Nation was reviv'd with Light,
While *Pagan* Kingdoms lay involv'd in Night;
Had ſcarce a Streak or glimmering Ray,
Thro' the dark Maze of Life to guide their doubtful Way:
Only

Only ſome Happy Men, who dwelt
Upon the Confines of Thy People, felt
A Skirt of that Reſplendent Show'r,
Which on this Choſen Race Thou did'ſt abundant (pour.

XII.

At various Seaſons, and in ſundry Ways,
Thou did'ſt diſpenſe Thy Heav'nly Rays.
Sometimes the Form of Man Thou did'ſt aſſume,
Aſſuring Thy Incarnate State to come.
Thou, who did'ſt ſit enthron'd on High;
Above the Convex of the outmoſt Sky,
Whoſe Robes of Glory, ſpread abroad,
Fill'd all the ſpacious Heav'ns, Thy bleſt Abode
Thou did'ſt forſake Thy Bliſsful Place,
To honour with Thy Preſence *Adam*'s Race;
From Thy ſublime Immortal Throne,
To *Abraham*'s Tent on *Mamre*'s Plain,
In Humane Shape Thou cam'ſt in private down,
Attended but with two of all Thy Heav'nly Train.

Thou

Thou did'ſt converſe, O condeſcending Grace!
With this bleſt Fav'rite Face to Face:
To Him, as to a Friend, Thou did'ſt diſcloſe
Thy ſecret Thoughts, and thy Deſigns propoſe.
When pious *Jacob*, by Divine Command,
Return'd from *Laban* to his Native Land,
Thou met'ſt the Patriarch on the Road,
Who wreſtled with, and overcame his God:
Crown'd with ſo great a Victory,
Well might he *Eſau*'s Force defy;
In vain the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell aſſail
The Victor Saint, who does o'er Heav'n prevail.

XIII.

Often did humble *Moſes* ſee
The bright Eruptions of Thy Majeſty:
Before that happy *Hebrew*'s Face,
Thou mad'ſt thy glorious Goodneſs paſs.
In *Sinai*'s Mount he ſtaid with Thee alone,
'Till with thy dazling Light his Face infected ſhone.

When

When *Joſhua* firſt the Land ſurvey'd,
Where *Jericho*'s proud Kings the Scepter ſway'd,
Thou, Warrior like, did'ſt in his Paſſage ſtand,
Thy Sword up-lifted in Thy threat'ning Hand:
And did'ſt Thyſelf the ready Chief declare,
To lead Thy People to ſucceſsful War.
The pious General, with due Rev'rence, ſtruck,
And, conſcious of the ſacred Place,
Off from his Feet his Sandals took,
And worſhip'd Thee fall'n proſtrate on his Face
Tho' not the higheſt Angel of the Lord
Did e'er conſent to be by Man ador'd.

XIV.

Sometimes without a Shape in Glory clad,
Or wrapt in Robes of awful Darkneſs made,
Thou did'ſt from Thy Etherial Seat
To theſe low Regions kind retreat.
But chiefly with the Mind Thou did'ſt converſe,
And to thy People inwardly reherſe

Thy Purpoſe, and Thy ſacred Will;
And, with pure Light, their Underſtandings fill.
From Time to Time Thou did'ſt thoſe Prophets raiſe,
To guide Thy People, and correct their Ways,
Some Luſtre ſtill Thou did'ſt diſpenſe
To cheriſh Thy Inheritance.
And on their Minds did'ſt in a Pillar ſtay
Of Heav'nly Light, to lead the Way
Thro' this Pathleſs Wilderneſs
To Myſtick *Canaan*'s Realms of endleſs Peace and Bliſs.

XV.

Thus Thy Etherial Beams Thou did'ſt diſplay,
The Pledge and Preface of enſuing Day;
Which by Degrees o'erſpread the *Eaſt*,
And, as Thy Rays advanc'd, encreaſt;
'Till rolling Years had all the Stages run,
Set by Divine Decree, e'er Meaſure firſt begun:
And now the Fulneſs of the Time was come
For Thee our Nature to aſſume.

Then

Then Thou, O Sun of Righteouſneſs, did'ſt riſe
Spreading Thy Beams thro' *Paleſtina*'s Skies.
The Prophets, thoſe illuſtrious Stars,
Thy Envoys, Heralds, and bright Harbingers,
And all the glitt'ring Beauties of the Morn,
That did *Judea*'s Heav'n adorn,
No longer now their Beams convey,
Sunk in full Glory, and effac'd with Day.
Thy guſhing Floods of Light o'erpaſs'd the Mound,
And dark Incloſures, that did *Iſrael* bound,
And overflow'd the *Pagan* Nations round.
Triumphant in its radiant Courſe
It did thro' thickeſt Shades its Paſſage force;
It made curſt Fiends from this Terreſtrial Seat,
And all the Horrors of the Night retreat.
As ſoon as Thy propitious Star had bleſt,
With its fair Beams the Princes of the *Eaſt*,
They left the Sun, and their remote Abode,
An Orb of greater Luſtre to adore,
Such as the World ne'er ſaw before,
Incarnate Glory, and indeed a God.

XVI.

Hail Prince of Peace! Hail pure embody'd Light!
The black uncomfortable Night,
That did theſe wretched Seats moleſt,
By Thy victorious Rays is diſpoſſeſt.
Her dusky Legions routed fly
Before Thy ſhining Forces thro' the Sky,
To hide in Caves and Subterranean Cells,
Where ancient Shade in Silence dwells,
They haſte away, and in Deſpair
Yield up to conqu'ring Light the Empire of the Air.
Bleſt Revolution! happy Hour!
That did this long expected Day reſtore:
This glorious, this auſpicious Day,
That with its mild reviving Ray,
Cheers deſponding Mortals Sight,
And back again to Hell ſends abdicated Night.

XVII.

Bleſt be the Day, be bleſt the happy Morn,
In which th' Eternal Infant God was Born.

Let

Let it in all the Pomp of Joy appear,
And with its brighter Glory crown the Year.
Ye ſwift-wing'd Hours for ever ſhew
The Rev'rence to your Soveraign due.
When it returns, halt for a while to gaze,
And bleſs this Pride of Time, this Chief of Days.
Mercy, Compaſſion, Pleaſure, Peace
And Plenty, in your gayeſt Dreſs,
All your celeſtial Charms diſplay,
And here your Annual Homage pay,
For is not This your Reſtoration Day?
When Weeks and Years, their circ'ling Eddies done,
Shall their appointed Courſe have run;
When aged Time his ebbing Streams ſhall ſee
Sunk in the ſtagnant Gulph of vaſt Eternity,
Let that bleſt Day eſcape the Fate,
Which on vulgar Hours muſt wait;
Let it be reſcu'd from the common Doom,
And live to Ages ſtill to come:

Let it be ſav'd, that did Salvation bring,
And ſhew'd Apoſtate Man his Great Redeemer King.

XVIII.

When this bleſt Day returns, be calm the Air,
Let the fair Morn her richeſt Purple wear,
And let her ſpring from the dark Womb of Night,
Pure as the ſmiling firſt-born Light.
Let all her heav'nly Roſes ſpread the Way
Before this glorious riſing Day.
Let it advance, as lovely and ſerene,
As the bleſt Peace and Joy it brought to Men:
And let its Face appear ſo charming mild,
That all the Earth may ſee kind Heav'n is recon-
(cil'd
In all his Splendor let the Sun
From his Rooms of State ſublime,
As an eager Bridegroom run
To wed this Day, the faireſt Child of Time:
Nor let the Sons of Art in Plannets wiſe
With long far-ſeeing, Aſtrologic Eyes,

Be able now to trace
One Spot or Speck in all his radiant Face.
Let no outrageous Winds the Seas moleſt,
Let Storms, their Fury ſooth'd, in Caverns reſt.
Let no black Cloud, no ſullen Vapour riſe,
To trouble, or pollute the Skies:
Let not a Frown appear
Upon one Brow, or on one Face a Tear:
Let Grief this Day be ſilent, let Deſpair
With no ſad Accent vex the peaceful Air.
Let anxious Care not dare to ſigh, nor Pain
Preſume to groan, nor Anguiſh to complain.
Let nothing but melodious Lays,
Triumphant Shouts, and cheerful Sound,
No Voice but that of Joy, no Song but Praiſe,
Ring thro' the Earth, and from the Skies rebound.

XIX.

Let the ſucceeding Night approach in Peace,
Let not the Caves their ſtormy Gueſts releaſe.

Only, ye *Zephyrs*, now prepare
Your ſofteſt Breath to fan the Air:
Curle gliding Rivers with a gentle Breeze,
With ſilken Wings paſs ruſling thro' the Trees.
And let no boiſt'rous Blaſts eſſay
To interrupt your inoffenſive Play.
Let no unwholeſome Reeks aſcend this Night,
No ill-preſaging Fires Mankind ſurprize;
May only harmleſs Meteors take their Flight,
And ſhoot in lambent Flames acroſs the Skies.
Let not the Nightly Raven croak,
Nor Owls forſake the Hollow Oak;
May no fantaſtick Horrors of the Air,
The late benighted Trav'ller ſcare.
Let no wild Beaſt ruſh from his ſecret Hold,
To fright the Shepherd, and deſtroy the Fold;
In cavern'd Rocks let no Sea-Monſters yell,
Nor Fiends the Earth infeſt, but rage and howl in (Hell.

XX.

Ye Conſtellations with your cleareſt Light,
With your whole Store of Beams adorn this happy (Night.
If any abſent Star ſhould not appear
This Night to grace the Hemiſphere,
Caſhier'd and broken from the heav'nly Hoſt,
Let it in Darkneſs ſink, and be for ever loſt.
Ye Seraphims who did in Myriads ſtand
Rang'd on the Azure Frontier of the Skies,
That all the rolling Worlds below command,
And ſtoop'd and ſtrain'd your eager Eyes
To ſee the Bleſt Redeemer-God
Take up in Fleſh his vital kind Abode;
Strike your Immortal Harps, and raiſe
Your Voices to exalt his Paiſe.
The ecchoing Spheres with Sacred Anthems fill,
Sing laſting Peace on Earth, and ſing to Man Good- (will.

THE

THE Vanity *of* Human Life.

I.

WHAT art thou Man? Why all this Pomp (and State?
Whence can this haughty Mien, these (Looks proceed?
What can this wond'rous Vanity create,
And of thy self this Admiration feed?

II.

High Thought of thy Extraction can'st thou have?
Art thou not fram'd of Clay, to Worms ally'd?
Rais'd from the Dust, and destin'd to the Grave,
The Grave of all thy Joy, and all thy Pride?

III.

Art thou one Moment of thy Life secure?
Do's not thy Fate invade thee ev'ry way?
Do's not thy Vital Flame it self devour?
And will not Age and Aches bring decay?

IV.

IV.

What means this Toil? why doſt thou Caſtles build?
Why heap up Gold, and ſtately Houſes reer?
Why do'ſt thou carve thy Roof, thy Chambers gild?
Do'ſt thou not know, there's no abiding here?

V.

Thy Life, a tranſient Vapour ſet on Fire,
A miſty Meteor kindled in the Air,
Will as the Evening's lambent Flames expire,
Or as the Morning Dew ſoon diſappear.

VI.

This World's illuſive Scenes of Vanity,
Of painted Pageants, and of gaudy Toys,
Can laſting Treaſure ne'er ſupply,
Nor pure Delight, that never cloys.

VII.

All real Pleasure that we here enjoy,
Is on our pious Actions to reflect,
Our Lives in Virtue constant to employ,
And the Reward of Virtue to expect.



Hap-

Happineſs Diſcover'd.

Printed in the Year 1696.

WITH fruitleſs Toil I've ſearch'd the World (to find
Pleaſures adapted to a Deathleſs Mind:
Honour, Abundance and Delights have ſpent
Their Smiles in vain to give my Breaſt Content:
The Joys they bring, which pleaſe a ſenſual Taſte,
Diſſolve and diſappear, when cloſe embrac'd;
Never extinguiſh, but inflame Deſire,
And add freſh Fuel to a reſtleſs Fire.
What is a Drop to thoſe, who cry, we burſt
With feveriſh Drought, and for a River thirſt?
My Mind can graſp each *India*'s wealthy Store,
And ſtill continue empty as before.
For Earthly Pleaſures their Intention miſs,
Ingulph'd and ſwallow'd in a vaſt Abyſs.

When

When a small Current, or a single Wave,
Shall fill the Deep, and crown the ample Cave;
When a few Sands of this Terrestrial Mass
Shall rise, and spread the whole Etherial Space;
Then may the Treasures, which on Earth I find,
The Compass fill of my capacious Mind.

I have survey'd whate'er the World can shew,
All that it promises, but gives to few;
And still some lasting Happiness I want,
Which these vain Scenes of Life can never grant.
Hence, Power supreme, my Thoughts to Thee ascend,
The Cause of all Things, and their Guide and End;
Thy Goodness inexpressible, immense,
And far remov'd above the Reach of Sense,
Which is most pure, and will for ever last,
Can only please, and satisfy my Taste.

I find my Soul is from her Center driv'n,
While here misplac'd she strives and aims at Heav'n

And is to ſome ſuperior Good inclin'd,
Which ſhe deſpairs, except in Thee, to find.
My Faculties Thy-ſelf can entertain,
Thou did'ſt not make thoſe Faculties in vain.
And, as I can, ſo I aſpire to be
Happy for ever in enjoying Thee.
On Earth of Thy Bleſt Face a tranſient Glance,
Do's ſo tranſport, and ſo my Mind advance,
That I am conſcious I could ever reſt
In Thy full Sight, and be compleatly bleſt.
When I Thy Glorious Attributes admire,
And to Thy Preſence full of Bliſs aſpire,
I ſuch pure Pleaſures, ſuch Delights enjoy,
Delights that always grow, and never cloy,
That I no more with doubtful Thoughts contend,
But reſt convinc'd, that for this happy End
Theſe Faculties Thou did'ſt on me beſtow,
My Will to love Thee, and my Mind to know.
How ſhall my uſeleſs Soul its Vigour ſpend,
If not in loving Thee, its Cauſe and End?

If Joys Divine my Breaſt muſt never fill,
Why have I Godlike Reaſon? Why a Will?
The low Delights of Senſe might be enjoy'd,
Were I of Choice depriv'd, of Reaſon void:
Theſe Objects in Perfection I might taſte,
Were I a Salvage, or Domeſtick Beaſt.

Felicity on Earth I ſeek in vain,
New Diſappointments ſtill renew my Pain.
The more I graſp, the more my Wants require,
Freſh Acquiſitions but encreaſe Deſire;
My Wiſhes ſtill unſatisfy'd Return,
And make me all my loſt Endeavours mourn.

Heav'n does to all, but Man, Perfection grant,
That, with their Happineſs upbraid my Want.
No Hopes or Fears unanxious Stones moleſt,
Which in the Earth's Embraces peaceful reſt.
Trees to their deſtin'd Size and Stature grow,
And no Defect of Fruit or Branches know.

Flowers

Flowers fully blown perfume the ambient Air,
And in their Smiles conſummate Beauty wear.
Beaſts that the Forreſt range, or feed in Stalls,
Bleſt with Supplies, for which their Nature calls,
Pleas'd with themſelves, are happy Animals.
Above the Field their Wiſhes never fly,
Nor do their Looks erect regard the Sky.
No Thoughts of Joys Divine and Bliſs immenſe,
Tempt them to ſcorn the low Delights of Senſe;
No Views of vaſt Eternity can ſhow
To them how ſhort their Pleaſures are below;
Nor can they Dangers at a Diſtance ſee,
But from the Fears of Death and Torment free,
They ſtill poſſeſs Tranquility and Reſt,
And are with pure unmix'd Enjoyments bleſt;
While conſcious Minds, that high as Heav'n can (climb,
And look beyond the ebbing Streams of Time,
Become unhappy by their Eminence,
Their Reaſon ſerves but to diſturb their Senſe.

When the ſad Mind her ſolemn Thought employs,
And finds ſhe's form'd to taſte immortal Joys,
And on her high Divine Deſcent reflects,
She ſcorns this World, and all its Toys rejects.

Since then my Native Faculties aſpire
To Heav'n, and endleſs Happineſs require,
To this my Wiſh right Reaſon will agree,
Would I had never been, or may I always Be!
If ſome refin'd and intellectual Good,
Which I demand, and anxious have purſu'd,
By perſevering Zeal I cannot gain,
I all my Soul's Capacities arraign
As uſeleſs, as impertinent and vain.

I hence infer our Author muſt intend
Himſelf alone Man's Beatifick End.
On thoſe pure Minds he'll this Reward beſtow,
Who mock'd this World, and ſpurn'd the Pride below.
What This denies, the Coming Life will give,
Where in Eternal Bliſs the Juſt ſhall live.

A

Morning Thought.

HOW much the Night's refreſhing Reſt
Has lull'd my Thoughts, and eas'd my Breaſt,
Which now becomes a peaceful Scene,
Like this fair Morn, theſe Skies ſerene?

II.

My Soul impatient of Delay,
Thro' Heights Etherial wings her Way,
And like the Lark in early Lays,
Do's Light's Immortal Fountain praiſe.

III.

But oh! from this Celeſtial Seat
To Earth reluctant I retreat,

Where, while I ſojourn, I muſt bear
Affronts and Wrongs, Fatigue and Care.

IV.

Thence riſing Vapours Night diſplay,
Oppreſs my Mind and cloud my Day,
Spread black Pollution o'er my Soul,
While murmuring Tempeſts inward roll.

V.

Oh! when ſhall I, from Buſineſs free,
From Cares and Noxious Company,
To the pure Seats above aſpire,
By Thoughts Divine engroſt entire?

VI.

Then ſhall I ſtill unhinder'd riſe,
And keep bleſt Commerce with the Skies;
Sill Heav'ns ſerene and cloudleſs ſee
Fix'd, Power Supreme, alone on Thee.

A

HYMN

TO THE

SACRED SPIRIT.

A

HYMN

TO THE

SACRED SPIRIT.

I.

HAIL Sacred Spirit! Hail Immortal Dove!
Eſſential Purity, Uncomprehended Love!
Hail Vigour Emicant! Effulgent Beam!
The Uncreated, Co-exiſtent Stream,
Proceeding from the Father, and the Word,
In a high myſterious Way,
That finite Wit can ne'er diſplay;
'Tis not to be unfolded, but ador'd.
In Thee, Eternal Love and Grace Divine,
The full Perfections of the Godhead ſhine:

Thou art of Goodneſs an immenſe Abyſs,
An ever-during Spring of perfect Joy and Bliſs.

II.

Nature and all her numerous Progeny,
Prolifick Spirit, ſprung from Thee;
The bleſt Inhabitants above,
That People all the Seats of Life and Love,
All Things, which theſe inferior Regions bear,
That range the Fields, or in the Ocean feed,
That cut the Lakes, or beat the Air,
From Thy exhauſtleſs Energy proceed.
Did'ſt Thou not move on the dark Water's Face,
And with expanded Wings the Deep embrace,
To form the Seeds of Light, and to produce
Enlivening Ferments fit for Nature's Uſe?
Thy fruitful Leven, with reſiſtleſs Might,
Diffus'd its Vigour thro' the Plains of Night.
Old Shade and Cold were ſoon depos'd,
And Heat and Light were from their Fetters loos'd:

All

All *Chaos* labour'd with the Genial Strife,
And felt the Struglings of prevailing Life.
Soon did the crude and formleſs Maſs
Put on Diſtinction, and a charming Face:
Soon from the dark Abyſs aroſe,
This, and the Worlds around, which the vaſt Whole compoſe.

III.

In the Great Conſult Thou did'ſt joyn
To carry on the bleſt Deſign
Of raiſing wretched Man from Sin and Hell
To the high Station, whence th' Apoſtate fell.
This Project of Inimitable Love
Thou did'ſt from all Eternity approve.
Mov'd with Compaſſion's tender Cries,
Mankind to reſcue and convert,
Thou in the gracious Enterprize
Did'ſt condeſcend to bear a Glorious Part.

IV.

The Mind, e'er Guilt had Man undone,
With Heav'nly Luſtre, like bleſt Seraphs, ſhone.

Of

Of Fault unconſcious and unſtain'd
In unpolluted Flames of Love,
And pure Deſires it upwards ſtrove,
And full of Peace and Joy the happy Creature reign'd.
Since Sin theſe Regions did invade,
What Deſolation has the Tyrant made?
While Man a willing Slave to Guilt becomes,
The World a Scene of murder'd Souls appears,
Interr'd in living Sepulchres,
And moved from Place to Place in walking Tombs.
Sad State of Things, the Human Being's Dead,
And the Brute Beaſt lives in his Shape and Stead.
Black Guilt involves the World in horrid Night,
And clouds our Intellectual Sight.
The Soul is darker than the deepeſt Cave,
Hard as the Rock, and colder than the Grave;
Which Hell wants Terrors to affright,
And Heav'n ſufficient Pleaſures to invite.
Thou, to fulfil the high Decree,
Enroll'd in Heav'n from paſt Eternity,

Did'ſt

Did'ſt undertake the Choſen to inſpire,
With new enliv'ning Light, and pure Immortal Fire.

V.

Soon as the Sun of Righteouſneſs appear'd,
Emerging from the Shades beneath,
And from the Grave his Head in Triumph rear'd,
Leading his fetter'd Captives Sin and Death,
And then aſcended thro' th' Etherial Road
To his high Throne, and bleſt Abode,
He on his gracious Purpoſe bent,
His promis'd Bleſſing Thee, Great Spirit, ſent,
Of pious Minds to be th' unerring Guide,
And ſtretch his Heav'nly Empire far and wide.

VI.

Theſe Regions Thy Almighty Fruitfulneſs
With a Celeſtial Progeny does bleſs.
Seraphs look down from Heav'n to ſee
Th' Effects of Thy diffuſive Energy,
Tranſported view th' Immortal Vigour ſpread,
Awak'ning, as it goes, the drouſy Dead.

Thy

Thy Light benighted Minds pervades,
Repairs their Ruins, and diſpels their Shades,
Whence they regain their firſt exalted State,
A Work, as nobly Great, as to Create!
And when the Sons of God are thriv'n
In this Terreſtrial Nurſery of Heav'n,
Thy Colonies Thou kindly doſt remove,
From theſe low Seats to people thoſe above.

VII.

Only the choſen, happy Few,
Whom Thou art pleas'd, pure Spirit, to renew,
Can aim at Bliſs, and warm with Love Divine,
The worthleſs Trifles here, with Scorn, decline.
The ſenſeleſs Many, who poſſeſs
This World, ah wretched Happineſs!
Without a Vital Principle within,
Benumb'd with Guilt, and ſtupify'd with Sin,
Bereft of Feeling, and of Sight,
Have no Perception of Divine Delight:

They

They ſtrive no Heav'nly Pleaſure to acquire,
For what they cannot taſte, they can't deſire.
When the pale Dead ſhall in the Grave
Demand rich Wines, and Banquets crave;
When Beaſts, to live with Men, the Forreſt quit,
And ſhow a Senſe of Eloquencc and Wit;
Then ſhall th' Impure, unhallow'd Race,
Unconſcious of Celeſtial Grace,
Feel ſacred Tranſports, and expreſs
Reliſh of Joys Divine, and Endleſs Happineſs.
Thy Radiance, which illuminates the Mind,
And all bright Virtues of Etherial Kind,
They cenſure, as a Viſionary Dream,
The Wonders of Thy Grace condemn,
And like the *Jews*, Thy Acts of Power blaſpheme.
Subjects Divine, which they illuſive treat,
Are now the Prieſt's, and now the Stateſman's Cheat,
Fanatick Cant, and Fancy's feveriſh Heat.

VIII.

VIII.

When Chriſt had finiſh'd his Divine Intent,
His Labour of unrivall'd Love,
And made in Triumph his Aſcent,
To ſit enthron'd in Light above,
Dejected, and diſconſolate,
Th' afflicted Twelve in Counſel ſate,
And did Thy promis'd Coming wait:
Thou, from on high, did'ſt make a ſwift Deſcent,
(A ruſhing Wind before Thee went,)
And reſting on their Heads in Tongues of Fire,
With Fortitude Divine did'ſt their warm Breaſts in-
(ſpire,
Kindly Thou cam'ſt to ſtrengthen their Belief,
Confirm their Courage, and abate their Grief,
To clear from Miſts their Intellectual Sight,
And fill their Minds with Truth and Heav'nly Light.

IX.

The Saviour King ſent Thee his Advocate,
To manage here the Int'reſts of his State,

To

To plead with Unbelieving Man his Cauſe,
And win him to obey, and love his equal Laws;
Full Pow'rs to Thee, his Reſident, were giv'n
To treat and ſettle laſting Peace
Between the guilty Earth and Heav'n,
And Sin's unhappy Captives to releaſe.

X.

Inmate Diyine! Celeſtial Gueſt!
Who doſt inhabit every pious Breaſt,
Vile Man becomes, when purify'd by Grace,
Thy Living Temple, and abiding Place.
His Heart is made Thy Altar, whence
To Heav'n ariſe pure Flames of holy Fire,
It moves by Thy impulſive Influence,
And feels the God within, freſh Heat and Life inſpire.
Minds, deſtitute of Native Purity,
Quicken'd, ennobled and refin'd by Thee,
To the bleſt Seats above aſpire,
Wing'd with Celeſtial Love, and ſtrong Deſire.

They

They by their ſtriving upward prove
Th' attractive Center is above,
Thither their Motions they direct,
All which the Sun of Righteouſneſs reſpect:
Govern'd by Him they take their Courſe,
Drawn by his Glorious Orb's Magnetic Force.

XI.

Thou in the Mind the noble Plant doſt rear
Of Life Divine, and its Immortal Root,
With Heav'nly Dews, and Heat indulgent, cheer,
'Till freſh it ſprings, preſaging generous Fruit;
'Till all abroad its Branches ſpread,
And to the diſtant Regions of the Skies,
Is raiſes ſwift its verdant Head,
And thence all hoſtile Pow'r defies.
Let Perſecution now her Ars'nals drain,
And for ſure Ruin arm'd employ
Her vet'ran Deaths, and moſt experienc'd Pain,
Thy bleſt Production to deſtroy;

Let

Let heavy Tempeſts groan along the Air,
Let Fire and Rain confed'rate Wrath prepare,
And muſt'ring Clouds denounce outrageous War,
Thy Offſpring will their rude Aſſaults ſuſtain,
Which on its Head will ſpend their Rage in vain.
Preſt with the Storms impetuous Shock,
It may from Side to Side incline and rock,
But ſtill it ſhall preſerve its Root untorn,
Still ſhall its blooming Head its Parent Heav'n adorn.



THE RETIREMENT.

IF I, of ſo much Happineſs poſſeſt,
Of bounteous Heav'n might greater Bliſs re-(requeſt,
At a fit Diſtance from this noiſy Town,
A ſmall neat Box would all my Wiſhes crown.
To ſuit my Fancy let the Building ſtand
In a dry Air, upon a riſing Land,
On whoſe green Face the *Southern* Sun diſplays
His warmeſt Glory and his kindeſt Rays.
A murmuring Brook ſhould at the Foot complain,
And ſweep the Meadows with its Silver Train.
Oft by the Cryſtal Stream I'd walk and think,
Oft ſit and write upon the flow'ry Brink.
Let on the *North* a Grove of ancient Oaks,
Or lofty Elms from all the furious Strokes

Of

Of Snowy *Boreas* and his ſtormy Pow'rs
Protect my Dwelling, Fruits and ſpringing Flow'rs.
I muſt have Books, Books are my daily Food,
But I demand but few, for few are good.
I ask the Works of deep and clear Divines,
Firſt *Tillotſon*'s, by whoſe Immortal Lines,
Britannia's happy Iſle inlighten'd ſhines:
Celeſtial Genius! whoſe ſeraphick Pen
To Men tranſforms wild Beaſts, to Angels Men.

Then of the Poets, I would *Milton* chuſe,
Of all, that *Albion* boaſts, the nobleſt Muſe.
His hardy Efforts boldly did explore
Regions untrodden and unknown before.
None e'er had Courage to attempt his Flight,
None Strength of Wing to ſoar to ſuch a Height.
Cowley once pleas'd me with his careleſs Charms,
Whoſe ſprightly Vein the Reader often warms.
Still I delight in *Waller*'s eaſy Song,
The great Refiner of the *Engliſh* Tongue.

He firſt reform'd th' unpoliſh'd Poets Faults,
Pure in Expreſſion, and as chaſt in Thoughts.
I grieve, I can't in the fam'd *Spencer* find
The Charms, that touch and captivate Mankind.
Forgive, great Bard, my undiſcerning Taſte,
My want of Reliſh can't thy Beauties blaſt,
Lines that have liv'd ſo long, muſt ever laſt.

Some good Hiſtorians I would likewiſe chuſe,
Fit to inſtruct me, or at leaſt amuſe;
Where I'd the Actions of the Ancients read,
Recal paſt Ages, and revive the Dead.
Travels by Men of Senſe and Voyages,
Writ with good Judgment, would my Fancy pleaſe;
Here I ſhould Nature's various Wonders view,
And to admire ſhould ſtill find ſomething new.
I'd by their Help thro' all the Kingdoms go,
Where fertile *Nile*, or fam'd *Euphrates* flow;
I would their Manners, Arts and Cuſtoms know.

I would the Rocks and ſtormy Winds deride,
And fearleſs cut the Deep's impetuous Tide:
I'd range the World, and in my Cloſet roul
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, and viſit either Pole;
Would ſail to ev'ry Continent and Iſle,
And ſafe at Home enjoy the Trav'ller's Toil.
I ask a Friend, whom I might often meet,
Of pleaſant Converſation and Diſcreet;
Whoſe Faithfulneſs is by Experience prov'd,
One pleas'd with me, and fit to be belov'd;
One who do's ill and mean Deſigns deteſt,
Of open Hand, but of a ſecret Breaſt.

A

Thought *of* Repentance.

LET down my Cheeks, my melting Heart
In trickling Streams inceſſant flow,
Let mournful Looks my Grief declare,
And Sighs my deep Contrition ſhow.

Let Woe, Confuſion, bluſhing Shame,
My Breaſt inhabit, and expreſs
In my ſad Face their wildeſt Shape,
While I to Heav'n my Guilt confeſs.

Would my ſad Eyes were Springs of Tears,
My Head an unexhauſted Source
Of wat'ry Stores, that moiſt Supplies
Might feed my Sorrow's endleſs Courſe.

On

On me, kind Saviour, caſt a Look
  Like that to guilty *Peter* ſent,
That touch'd, like his, my Soul may grieve,
  And yield to weeping Trouble vent.

Should not a Wretch with numerous Stains,
  And Wounds and Sores ſo overſpread,
To ſome unpeopled Deſart fly,
  Or hide in ſome dark Cave his Head?

Should I not leave frequented Towns,
  The Seats of Mirth, and Sons of Joy,
That I my ſhort Remains of Life
  May penitent in Sighs employ;

That I my Actions may review,
  My Faults and Follies paſt bewail,
And for Remiſſion proſtrate cry
  To Heav'n, till conſtant Pray'r prevail?

But tho' a bleeding Heart's requir'd,
No Grief by Contrite Sinners ſhown,
Without the Merits of the Croſs,
Th' incens'd Almighty can atone.

Saviour to Thee, to Thee I fly,
With wrathful Juſtice intercede;
That I Forgiveneſs may obtain,
Thy dying Paſſion gracious plead.

THE

CARTONS

OF

RAPHAEL URBIN,

IN THE

Gallery at *Hampton-Court.*

Printed in 1703.

CARTOONS

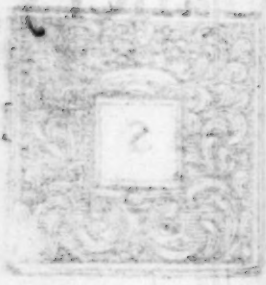
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THE

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OF

RAPHAEL URBIN,

IN THE

Gallery at *Hampton-Court.*

STAY, Stranger, here, in this A-
(partment ſtand,
And view the Wonders of great *Ra-*
(*phael's* Hand;
Whoſe Skill do's all the Sons of
(Art controul,
They only paint the Body, he the
(Soul.
Such Admiration will thy Eyes poſſeſs,
As none but *Raphael's* Pencil can expreſs.

THE

THE STORY of *ANANIAS.*

SEE *Peter* there, who by his fatal Breath
At once gave Sentence, and inflicted Death:
His Eyes juſt Zeal and Indignation wear,
Such awful Frowns his Face and ſuch an Air,
As all to Heav'n's Commiſſioner allow,
While Juſtice ſate vindictive on his Brow.

See *Ananias* there reſigns his Breath;
How *Raphael* lives in that Immortal Death!
Down the Diſſembler fell amid'ſt the Crowd,
As ſtruck with Flaſhes from an opening Cloud,
Or deadly Damps, which Caves beneath prepare,
Or ſuddain Blaſts of red malignant Air.
Mark how his Eyes reſiſt invading Night,
And labour to detain retreating Light;

Swim-

Swimming in Clouds, they ſeek the doubtful Day,
And ſinking deep in Shades, Hold eager lay
On every glimm'ring Streak and every broken Ray.
His Mouth ſtill ſeems to mutter in the Duſt,
Some ſecond Falſhood, to excuſe the firſt:
His quiv'ring Lips of Life th' Appearance wear;
But to believe the Hypocrite forbear,
For by the Painter's Art they dead deceive,
And falſe, as living, wrong Impreſſions leave.

Obſerve attentive round th' Apoſtles ſpread
The thick Aſſembly ſeiz'd with ſhiv'ring Dread,
Who look ſurpriz'd, and at the wond'rous Sight,
Seem to ſtart back, and own their great Affright.

THE
Story *of* ELYMAS *the* Sorcerer.

NEXT to th' Apoſtle of the *Gentiles* turn,
How do his Eyes with Indignation burn?
In his warm Cheeks, what angry Colours glow,
What threat'ning Clouds ſit gather'd on his Brow?
Whilſt the Magician with a curſt Deſign,
Obſtructs the heav'nly Light and Truth Divine,
Which *Paul* on noble *Sergius* did diſplay,
To chaſe Infernal Pagan Shades away,
And o'er his Mind diffuſe celeſtial Day.

See to chaſtiſe audacious *Elymas*,
Auſterely looking on the Sorcerer's Face,
He do's his Wonder-working Pow'r aſſume,
And ſtrikes th' Impoſtor Blind, to ſtrike him Dumb.
Thick Darkneſs on the *Necromancer* fell,
Like that upon his Soul, or that in Hell.

Scales

Scales made of Miſts condens'd and ſolid Shade,
Repel the Beams, which his loſt Sight invade;
This ſable Curtain blunts the keeneſt Ray,
And ſtill unpierc'd reverberates the Day.
The Sorcerer's Mien ſo juſtly is deſign'd,
His Face conceal'd, his Limbs will ſhew him blind:
With groping Hands to feel his Way he tries,
For Hands and Feet are now his only Eyes.

There *Sergius* ſeiz'd with decent Wonder ſits,
Such as a great and noble Mind befits.
From the Magician's Blindneſs he receives
His Intellectual Sight, and then believes.
Thus from the Shade that on the Sorc'rer lies,
On the wiſe *Roman*, Rays celeſtial riſe.
So in Creation, when the Infant Light,
To try its golden Wings firſt took its Flight,
The gentle Beams, that did around diſplay
The tender Seeds and Rudiments of Day,

Sprang

Sprang ſmiling from the dark Chaotick Gloom,
And broke from ancient Night's reluctant Womb.

What Conſternation, what Exceſs of Fear,
In all the Figures ſtanding round appear?
Their Poſtures repreſent their juſt Surprize,
They wonder with their Hands, their Lips and Eyes.
Strong Marks of Admiration all betray,
All are amaz'd, but in a diff'rent Way.



The CRIPPLES *at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.*

SEE, Stranger, there the famous Cripples wait
At the high Pillars of the Temple Gate,
Hoping the Rich, who in that Holy Place
Solicit Mercy and Celeſtial Grace,
Who Alms Divine and Heav'nly Gifts receive,
Will, in Exchange, ſome Temp'ral Succours give.
Yet to the craving naked Creatures, few
Expreſs the Pity to their Sorrow due.
No Wight, ſo very beggarly and poor,
Did ever importune a Rich Man's Door.
Ne'er in a living Object did we ſee
Such moving Want, ſuch perfect Miſery.
Pale Cheeks, ſunk Eyes, and ghaſtly Meagerneſs,
Famine, in all its woful State, expreſs.

Their Bones, diſtorted from their Place, begin
To ſtart, and break the loathſome wither'd Skin.
How ſlack their Sinews are? their Limbs how lame?
How ſhatter'd all the breathing Engine's Frame?
Diſeas'd, decrepit, and with Hunger worn,
The Wretches make a Figure ſo forlorn,
That all Spectators muſt Compaſſion ſhow
To ſuch Diſtreſs and undiſſembled Woe.

Soon as the great Apoſtles they eſpy'd,
Aloud for Alms the crawling Cripples cry'd;
With fruitleſs Accents they for Silver pray
To theſe bleſt Men, who were as Poor as They.
Yet they ſolicit with ſuch earneſt Cries,
And on th' Apoſtles fix ſuch eager Eyes,
As if they firmly thought, but knew not why,
That theſe kind Strangers would their Wants ſupply;
Which ſoon they did, not by beſtowing Wealth,
But a far dearer Bleſſing, perfect Health;
The Apoſtle only ſpeaks the high Command,
And the rejoycing Cripples riſe and ſtand.

The

The Story of St. PETER's *Draught of Fiſh.*

SEE *Peter* at His Feet, whoſe mighty Word
Had the wide Net with Fiſh portentous ſtor'd.
This wond'rous Piece, with Admiration view,
Did ever Face ſuch juſt Confuſion ſhew?
Did Paſſions e'er in ſuch Perfection reign,
Where each for Conqueſt ſtrives, but ſtrives in vain?
Devout Diſturbance, Gratitude and Love,
A pious Medley, equal Wonder move.
From trembling Joints his Spirits upwards riſe,
And to expreſs th' Apoſtle's vaſt Surprize,
See his whole eager Soul collected in his Eyes.
In Limbs and Face ſo much he ſeems alive,
That Lookers-on might well this Judgment give,
That he has Voice, and ready is to ſpeak,
But that Amazement do's his Utt'rance break.

Remark the holy Rapture in his Mien,
'Tis in each Vein, and every Muſcle ſeen.
Were ever Hands, Compaſſion to implore,
So tenderly devout ſtretcht out before?
If any Force can Heav'n's rais'd Stroke arreſt,
And from his Arm th' Almighty's Thunder wreſt,
Or can invade the diſtant Seats of Bliſs
With proſp'rous Violence, 'tis ſuch as This.
All will pronounce, who here attentive dwell,
The Painter's Art, another Miracle.

The Story of St. PAUL *and* BARNABAS *at* Lyſtra.

HOW ſoon the various *Many* change their (Mind,
As Waves unſtable, fickle as the Wind?
Thoſe they condemn'd as impious juſt before,
As Gods in Humane Shape they now adore.

So was the Saviour us'd, one Day the Sky
Their loud Hoſannahs fill, the next they cry
Seize Him, the vile Blaſphemer crucify!
They call'd th' Apoſtles *Mercury* and *Jove*,
Arriv'd on Earth from their bleſt Seats above;
To theſe ſuppos'd Celeſtial Strangers they
Honours Divine and Adoration pay.

Mark with Attention how the zealous Throng,
Inſpir'd with wild Devotion, ſhove along
Their Ox, with flow'ry Superſtition crown'd,
You'll think they ſhout, and that you hear the (Sound.
With impious Clamours to the Altar they
The Beaſt, leſs ſtupid than themſelves, convey.
The brawny Prieſt do's by the Victim ſtand,
His fatal Ax uplifted in his Hand.
Obſerve the ſleek and pamper'd Glutton, ſee
His Skin, that ſhines with holy Luxury.
See how th' Apoſtles, fir'd with Zeal divine,
Run in to ſtop th' Idolatrous Deſign.

What ſtrong Confuſion, what a mighty Dread
Of undue Worſhip, in their Looks are read?
What great Diſorder, how diſturb'd an Air,
What juſt Abhorrence do their Faces wear?
Their Anger, how unfeign'd? their Trouble, how
(ſincere?
None Honour e'er purſu'd with greater Zeal,
Than theſe bleſt Men, in ſhunning it, reveal.
So high their ſwelling Tides of Paſſion riſe,
Such holy Fury flaſhes in their Eyes,
They ſo deteſt the barb'rous Crowd's Intent,
And ſhow ſuch Care their Purpoſe to prevent,
That Lookers-on have oft a doubtful Strife,
If 'tis the Picture, or the the real Life.

One would expect their Lips ſhould Silence
(break;
But, if they can't, their Looks and Geſtures ſpeak,
By which expreſſive Language they reveal
What inwardly they think, as well as feel.
If they had Voice, you would ſuch Accents hear,
Miſtaken Men, your mad Deſign forbear;

To

To us your Adoration is not due,
We are but Men, as mortal Men, as you.
We can of no Divine Extraction boaſt,
We are but breathing Clay, and mould'ring Duſt;
Weak Fleſh and Blood like you, like your's our Frame
Is brittle, and our Paſſions are the ſame.
The Power, by which this Miracle is done,
We grant Divine, but know, 'tis not our own.
We give, bleſt JESUS, in Thy Pow'rful Name,
Eaſe to the Sick, and Vigour to the Lame.
The Worſhip, you intend us, we abhor,
You muſt the God, that made the World, adore.
If we the Lame reſtore, and cure the Blind,
'Tis to enlighten, and confirm the Mind.
Our mighty Works, that ſo much Wonder move,
Show that we bring our Doctrine from above,
And theſe Credentials our Commiſſion prove.

St. PAUL *Preaching.*

THERE does the Humane Seraph preach-
(ing ſtand,
Whoſe very Looks th' attentive Crowd
(command:
Divine Perſuaſion, with a Heav'nly Grace,
Sits on his Lips, and Pity in his Face.
No Preacher's Eyes did e'er before reveal
Such tender Love, mixt with ſuch ardent Zeal.
That Orator muſt certain be obey'd,
Whoſe Mien is eloquent, whoſe Hands perſuade:
To ſay he ſpeaks, Spectators, do not fear,
For if you cannot, ſure his People hear,
Elſe how could ev'ry Face ſuch pious Paſſions wear?
With how much Eagerneſs the liſt'ning Throng
Gaze on his Eyes, and hang upon his Tongue?
On 'em, his Words, like Heav'nly Lightning, dart,
They leave the Body ſound, but melt the Heart;

And

And to the Mind the Seeds of Truth convey,
Which glow a while, then kindle into Day.
Celeſtial Meekneſs with ſuch Ardour joyn'd,
Mild Gravity, with ſo much Fire combin'd,
The moſt reluctant Paſſions muſt controul,
Pierce thro' the Heart, and touch the inmoſt Soul.
The Preacher, with reſiſtleſs Eloquence,
Do's, as the Sun from his bright Orb, diſpence
O'erflowing Streams of pure Etherial Light,
That chaſes far away Infernal Night.
Paul ſhews ſuch great Concern, ſuch ſacred Awe,
As if the Heav'nly Majeſty he ſaw,
By whoſe ſupreme Commiſſion he was ſent,
To treat with Rebel Man, and bring him to repent.
Only that Preacher can th' Affections touch,
Who's ſo in Earneſt, and whoſe Zeal is ſuch.
'Tis plain that *Paul* his Hearers do's inſpire
With his own Paſſions propagated Fire;
And while the Speaker, with Seraphic Art,
Divine Enchantment ſends to ev'ry Heart,

He

He, by his own, do's their Devotion raiſe,
And to their Breaſts his very Soul conveys.
Then, while with ſacred Flames their Boſoms glow,
And their ſoft Hearts begin to melt and flow,
He, to compleat his Maſterly Deſign,
On 'em imprints fair Images Divine.
See, how he triumphs with reſiſtleſs Skill,
How he inſtructs the Mind, commands the Will.
His Breath, like Winds, that on the Ocean blow,
Moves all the waving Multitude below,
And drives the Tide of Paſſion to and fro.
This mighty Pow'r his Auditors confeſs,
Who ſuch Emotion in their Looks expreſs.
Was more ſincere Devotion ever known?
Did e'er the Soul ſuch painted Paſſions own?
Were e'er her various Shapes to ſuch Advantage (ſhown?
Th' Apoſtle's Words divine Deſires produce,
And holy Ferments thro' their Breaſts diffuſe;
From Man to Man the bleſt Contagion flies,
They catch it at their Ears, and drink it at their Eyes.

Th'

Th' obdurate Wretch with Thunder he invades,
And with the Terrours of the Lord perſuades:
And as the hardy Kind his Threats affright,
So his mild Arts ingenuous Minds invite.
One there inlighten'd, and convinc'd of Sin,
Shews in his Eyes, what Pangs he feels within;
Fierce Conſcience binds him on her dreadful Rack,
And ſtretches all his Heart-ſtrings, 'till they crack.
By the Diſturbance in his Face appears,
What Pains he ſuffers, and what Wrath he fears.
He's ſo undone, ſo perfectly diſtreſt,
As melts with Pity each Spectator's Breaſt.

That Figure mind, how much it does relent:
With ſadder Looks, can any Face repent?
How juſt a Trouble, what a pious Grief,
Temper'd with Hopes of Mercy and Relief?
His melting Eyes, that ſwim in Tears, declare
How deep his Wound, how ſharp his Sufferings are.

View

View the next Face, Spectator, thou wilt ſay
Confuſion there do's all its Pomp diſplay.
Did ever Man ſo much his Guilt deplore,
Deteſt and hate himſelf ſo much before?
How that unfeign'd, inimitable Shame,
And laſt Diſtreſs, advance great *Raphael*'s Fame?

Our SAVIOUR *and His* TWELVE APOSTLES.

THERE in the bleſt indulgent JESUS ſee
How Heav'nly Sweetneſs ſtrives with Majeſty;
Tho' each in full Perfection is deſign'd,
Yet more conſpicuous Paſſions there we find,
Mercy in all her Charms, and Love to Human Kind.

See, holy *Peter* on his bended Knee
From his Great Maſter's Hand receives the Key,

That

That opens wide high Heav'n's immortal Gate
To all pure Souls, that for Admiſſion wait,
But locks it faſt againſt the impious Train
Doom'd to the Seats of Death and endleſs Pain.
Thus the Redeemer did the Saint inveſt
With Pow'r Divine, but not above the reſt.
For all the ſacred Tribe, as well as he,
Have Pow'r to bind, and ſet a Sinner free.
Much leſs this Grant did Sov'raign Right convey,
Obliging all th' Apoſtles to obey
Their Monarch *Peter*'s Univerſal Sway:
But do not ask what *Raphael*'s Notions were,
His Judgment might, his Pencil cannot err.

THE

The *PASSAGE.*

I.

NOW thro' a Desart World I stray,
Expos'd to rav'ning Beasts a Prey,
While I to Heav'nly *Canaan* beat my Way!

II.

Cast on this wild Terrestrial Isle,
'Mid'st base-born Natives of the Soil,
I strive thro' various Deaths with endless Toil.

III.

Passing the Burning Waste along
I'm by the fiery Serpent stung,
Hurt by his Teeth, or by his pois'nous Tongue.

IV.

Oppress with rig'rous Heat I stand,
Viewing with eager Eyes the Land,
And for the Fountain, search in vain the Sand.

V.

V.

How much the Springs above I want,
I long, I languiſh, gaſp and pant
For the bleſt Streams, which Heav'n alone can grant.

VI.

Let me my ardent Wiſh obtain,
Let me the happy Regions gain,
Where Living Waters bliſsful Life ſuſtain.

VII.

Where Rivers of Delights are ſpread,
And Floods of endleſs Joys are fed,
By unpolluted Pleaſure's Fountain Head.

The Impertinence of Earthly Things.

I.

WHAT are Poſſeſſions, Fame and Pow'r?
What all the Splendor of the Great?
What Gold, which dazled Eyes adore,
And ſeek with endleſs Care and Sweat?

II.

II.

Expreſs their Charms, declare their Uſe,
That I their Merit may deſcry;
Tell me what Good they can produce,
Or what important Want ſupply.

III.

If wounded with the Senſe of Sin
To them for Pardon I ſhould pray,
Will they reſtore my Peace within,
And waſh my guilty Stains away?

IV.

Can they Celeſtial Life inſpire,
Nature with Pow'r Divine renew,
With pure and ſacred Paſſions fire
My Breaſt, and looſe Deſire ſubdue?

V.

When Age and Sickneſs Life invade,
Should I oppreſt to them complain,
May I depend upon their Aid
To ſooth my Grief, and eaſe my Pain?

When

VI.

When with the Pangs of Death I ſtrive,
And yield all Comforts here for loſt,
Will they ſupport me, will they give
Kind Succour, when I need it moſt ?

VII.

When at th' Almighty's awful Bar
To hear my Doom I trembling ſtand,
Can they incline the Judge to ſpare,
Or wreſt his Vengeance from his Hand ?

VIII.

Can they protect me from Deſpair,
From the ſad Seats of Death and Hell,
Crown me with Bliſs, and place me where
The Juſt in Joys immortal dwell ?

IX.

Sinner, thy Idols I deſpiſe,
If theſe Demands they cannot grant,
Why theſe Deluſions ſhould I prize,
That can't relieve my only Want ?

To Devout Chriſtians.

I.

YE pious Minds of high Celeſtial Race,
Deſtin'd to Glory and immortal Bliſs;
Ye Sons of God, by free adopting Grace,
And Heirs of Life Eternal after This;

II.

In your peculiar happy Fate rejoyce,
Nor let the World's Enjoyments be your Care,
Leave them to thoſe, who chuſe, ah fooliſh Choice!
Their Portion, all their worthleſs Portion, here.

III.

Should Princes of the Great Redeemer's Blood,
Debaſe by mean Deſigns their noble Birth,
And condeſcend to ſtruggle in the Croud
For ſhining Sand, and Bags of yellow Earth?

IV.

IV.

You to divine immenſe Poſſeſſions born,
Who aim at Empire, and expect a Throne,
Theſe tranſient Trifles ſhould reject with Scorn,
And act like Heroes worthy of a Crown.

V.

You ſhould a juſt and generous Senſe retain
Of your high Calling, and expected Joys,
And with becoming Pride, and brave Diſdain,
Should mock the World, and ſpurn its proffer'd Toys.

VI.

Will you, who own a Taſte of Things Divine,
And to the Banquets of the Bleſt aſpire,
Deſcend to ſordid Pleaſures, and with Swine
Feed on Pollution, and demand the Mire?

SOLOMON's *Irony*:

A Paraphraſe on *Eccleſ.* XI. 9.

Rejoyce, O Young Man, in thy Youth, &c.

Printed in 1714.

WHAT all-aſpiring Mortals have in View,
And by a thouſand diff'rent Ways purſue,
With ardent Zeal, true Happineſs diſcern,
And what it is to live, *Philander*, learn.
Let Chiefs, by daring Toils, enjoy their Aim,
Their Laurel Gugaws, and their Bubble Fame;
Litigious Coifs infeſt the clam'rous Bar,
Prolong Diſputes, and thrive by manag'd War;
Let hardy Merchants, bent on uſeleſs Gain,
Patient of Terrors, plough the Liquid Main;
Let idle Students on their Volumes pore
To cloud with Learning, what was clear before;

The

The Stateſman fill with Plots his aking Head,
And Miſers, 'mid'ſt Abundance, want their Bread.

While theſe their Hours in various Error waſte,
Laviſh of Time, that ſpends it ſelf too faſt,
Do thou, inſpir'd with wiſer Thoughts, excite
Thy Native Fires, and every Senſe invite
To ſlake its Thirſt with exquiſite Delight.
Since *Future* is not, and what *Was* is gone,
And we the *Preſent* only call our own,
Be thy whole Life, in various Mirth, employ'd,
And let no Minute periſh unenjoy'd.
Now thy young Cheeks freſh roſy Beauty dyes,
And darting Spirits ſparkle in thy Eyes,
While from th' impulſive Heart the ſprightly Floud
Exploded leaps and bounds along the Road;
Piercing thy Sight, and exquiſite thy Taſte,
Thy Joynts all pliant, and thy Sinews brac't;
While theſe fair Hours extend their am'rous Arms,
Dance laughing by, and proffer all their Charms,

Eager advance, and catch the willing Joy;
With Feaſts renew'd thy craving Senſes cloy.

With raviſh'd Eyes view Pleaſure's ſmiling Tide,
See her rich Banks diſplay their lovely Pride;
See, the pure Volumes of her flowing Train,
With flow'ry Verdure crown the beauteous Plain;
Amid'ſt the Flood thy ſelf with Tranſport throw,
Diſſolve in Pleaſure, and in Rapture flow.

Be thy ſoft Limbs with ſofter Silk careſt,
Shine in the ſplendid Labour of the *Eaſt*,
By *Perſia* now, and now by *India* dreſt.
Let Goblets, flowing with the ſparkling Juice,
Which *Gallia*'s Plains and *Tuſcan* Hills produce,
Diſtend thy Veins, and on the generous Tide
Let youthful Joy in circling Triumph ride.
To crown thy Table with delicious Food,
Rifle the Mountain, ranſack every Wood,
And cull each finny Pleaſure of the Flood.

Le

Let thy unrivall'd endleſs Banquets grac'd
With artful Diſhes in long Order plac'd,
Surprize with new Delight the moſt luxurious Taſte.

Ravish'd ſurvey thy Garden's charming Scenes,
With Statues proud, and everlaſting Greens;
The fair, yet unforbidden Fruit behold,
Pleaſant their Reliſh, and their Colour Gold;
Traverſe the beauteous Walks, and free from Care,
Regale thy vital Flame with fragrant Air:
Now ſtretcht on Roſes in thy Myrtle Bow'rs,
Thy Head adorn'd with Wreaths of rival Flow'rs,
In conſtant Tranſports paſs the happy Hours.

To Heights ſuperior yet Enjoyment raiſe,
Taſte all the various Kinds of Heav'nly Lays,
Which tuneful Heads with ſtudious Care compound,
Of blended Airs and ſoft voluptuous Sound.
For thy Delight hear Maſter-Voices ſing,
Now breathing Tubes, and now the ſpeaking String,

While in the Ear attentive Spirits watch,
Sieze the ſweet Accent, and the Rapture catch.

Now with the Men of Wit and Mirth converſe,
And hear the Bards their am'rous Songs rehearſe.
Let Beauty now thy eager Paſſion move,
Embrace its Charms, and feaſt thy Soul with Love:
In Pleaſures tir'd, with coſtly Scarlet ſpread,
On downy Pillars reſt thy weary Head.

How ſwift the fleeting Minutes wing their Way?
Thou'lt die to Morrow, therefore live to Day.
When Man diſſolves, and mingling floats in Air,
His ruin'd Form what Artiſt can repair?
His ſcatter'd Atomes, and his looſe Remains,
No Pleaſure taſte, and feel no torturing Pains.
He now in Vapours climbs, now falls in Snows,
He's fix'd in Marble, or in Streams he flows,
And thro' the various Scenes of changing Matter goes.

But

But know, vain Youth, an ever-during State
To this ſucceeds, and brings a diff'rent Fate.
Death but removes the Flame of Life to burn
More clear and bright, and in a laſting Urn.
When breathleſs grown, thou wilt not ceaſe to Be,
To other Seats transfer'd thou'lt live, and ſee
How Wrath Divine the impious Race deſtroys,
While guiltleſs Minds imbibe immortal Joys.



New Year's Day.

I.

IN Annual Spires the circling Sun
Has travell'd round th' Etherial Waſte,
So one Year's Task of Life is done,
And one more Stage of Time is paſt,
Whoſe ebbing Streams apace ſubſide,
And in Duration's Deep make haſte to looſe their (Tyde.

II.

The Train of my determin'd Years,
With a ſwift Pinion wing their Way,
Daily my Vital Vigour wears,
Daily the active Springs decay;
The Sun ſtill kindly goes and comes,
Kindly unthrifty Time my Stock of Life conſumes.

III.

Patience a little longer hold,
A while this mortal Burden bear, When

When a few Moments more are told,
All this vain Scene will diſappear.
Immortal Life will follow this,
And Guilt and Grief be chang'd for endleſs Joy and
(Bliſs.

IV.

Repeat, kind Sun, repeat thy Race;
Swiftly, ye Hours, O ſwiftly fly,
Ye ling'ring Minutes mend your Pace,
And do not long my Joys deny:
Quicken indulgent Time thy Flight,
And bear me on thy Wings to the bleſt Coaſts of
(Light.

AN ODE TO THE DIVINE BEING.

I.

HAIL all Perfection, Source of Bliſs!
Hail Self-exiſtent Cauſe of Things,
Eſſential Goodneſs, bright Abyſs,
Whence Beatifick Glory ſprings!

II.

Bleſt Object of my Love intenſe
I Thee my Joy, my Treaſure call,
My Portion, my Reward immenſe,
Soul of my Soul, my Life, my All.

III.

Freely the Pomps and Triumphs here,
Illuſive Phantomes, I reſign,
Princes unenvy'd you may ſhare
The canton'd World, while Heav'n is mine.

IV.

IV.

You, who Delights and Pleaſures court,
For me may all your Senſes cloy,
You may unrivall'd Dance and Sport,
While my bleſt Author I enjoy.

V.

Have all the ſpacious Heav'ns around,
With him an Object to compare,
On Earth is any Pleaſure found,
Which to his Favour I prefer?

VI.

When Cares invade on every Side,
And reſtleſs Paſſions urge my Soul;
When gloomy Grief its pond'rous Tide,
Do's thro' my aking Boſom roll;

VII.

Fountain of Glory, Lord of Light,
From thy bright Face, one darted Ray,
Will calm the Storm, diſpel the Night,
And re-eſtabliſh baniſh'd Day.

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